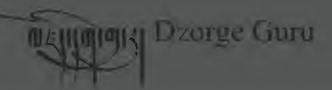
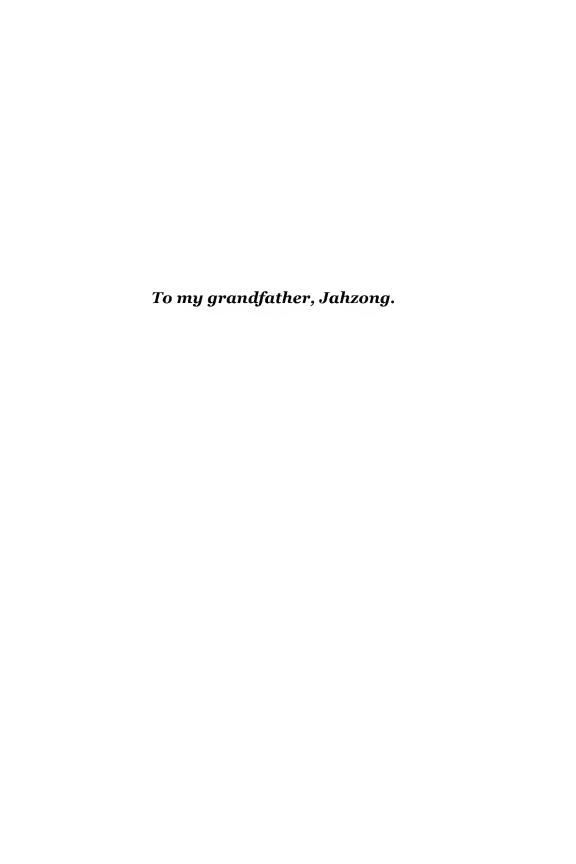


JAHZONG

Tibetan Tribal Leader





ACCLAIM

Il too often the Tibetan experience is filtered and conveyed to the outside world by accidental tourists and other non-Tibetan sojourners. In this remarkable first novel, an authentic Tibetan voice painstakingly reveals to us the complex interior tapestry of a society, a culture, and a family in transition." Richard Baum, Director, UCLA Center for Chinese Studies

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"Anyone anywhere with any interest in the underlying story of modern Tibet must read this fascinating first novel by a young Tibetan." *Lewis M. Simons, Pulitzer Prize winning journalist; author of* Worth Dying For *and* The Next Front

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"An electrifying, revelatory experience. In it, we learn much about the lives of Tibetan tribal groups that cannot be found in any academic treatise." *Victor H. Mair, Professor, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia*

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"I am still gasping from Guru's novel that I have just finished reading. I read it on the edge of my seat and did not put it down from beginning to end. He is a truly gifted storyteller, and the story he is telling, based on his grandfather's life as he told the story when Guru was growing up, is magnificent. I can barely believe that a mere twenty-two-year-old could tell it - the horrible fighting between hostile tribes, the coming to leadership of his then very young grandfather, the marvelously

nuanced complications of love and eventual marriage. One of my greatest worries about many Tibetans is that their stories are not being told. And of course, we in the United States have often made our own stories of Tibet that often have little to do with the lives of real Tibetans. That the storytelling talents of someone like Guru could be nurtured, that he could come to write and to publish, would be a wonderful contribution both for his fellow Tibetans and for us who would be given the opportunity to learn." *Anne Thurston, Johns Hopkins University*

•••

"Blood, love and the challenges of leadership - this novel evocatively captures the dynamics of rural life in early twentieth-century Tibet. Using an epic style, but built from transmitted personal family narratives, the story powerfully evokes the sights, sounds, and even smells of a disappearing village life. This young Tibetan author provides a unique insight into the social framework, conflicts, and moral dilemmas of these communities. Highly recommended for scholars of Inner Asia and explorers of the human spirit." *Hildegard Diemberger, University of Cambridge*

•••

"A dramatic story from the tribal society of Tibet. A text that rolls like a great movie. An exceptional literary talent." *Juha Janhunen, University of Helsinki*

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"A rare insight into an intriguing world of violence and compassion that has all but disappeared." Fernanda Pirie, Oxford University

• • •

"A gripping account of a vanishing way of life on the Tibetan Plateau, full of vibrant detail and personal perspective. Often poignant, but never sanitized, the tale challenges us to accept Tibetan life as it was in reality, with all its conflicts, violence, and passion." *Bill Bleisch, China Exploration and Research Society*

•••

"This gripping tale of war and love brings to life a time and place little known to the outside world and is nearly forgotten in its own. Action leaps off the page from beginning to end, drawing the reader into a narrative where danger and heroism define every turn." *Keith Dede, Lewis & Clark*

•••

"A fascinating story about the real life of Tibetan tribes prior to the PRC. For anyone truly interested in understanding the Tibetan situation, it is important to learn about the difficult and often violent life of Tibetans without myths of Shangrila. This book tells that story in an interesting and readable way from the viewpoint of one who knows. Amazing that it was written by one who started with A, B, C just three years prior to writing this novel." *Ron Anton, Peking University*

•••

"Ethnographic and immediate, Guru's novel brings readers into a world of Eastern Tibetans generations ago. The spell-binding chain of events echoes the dynamics of traditional heroic epic and folktale." *Mark Bender, The Ohio State University* • • •

"An exceedingly revealing first foray into English language fiction by a young Tibetan writer. His vivid and unflinching account of war and romance among Tibetan tribes in the early twentieth century tells us as much about the historical shape of life on the Tibetan grasslands as about the nature of cultural memory in contemporary Tibet." *Charlene Makley, Reed College*

•••

"It is almost unbelievable that Guru was able to write such a text after only three and a half years of training in English, and I congratulate him for this. It adds a new dimension to fiction writing by Tibetans in Tibet. Until now, most writing was done either in Tibetan or Chinese. The topic is also compelling as it represents a side of Tibetan village life in Amdo that few Westerners could ever imagine, namely the khyod shi nga gson 'cut throat' and ageless rivalry between communities. It also gives an interesting and precise account of how tribes unite and split that was common in pre-1950 Amdo society, but which is never described precisely in historical writings. The plot is well woven and I felt compelled to reach the end to learn what would happen to Jahzong and his community." Françoise Institut National des Langues et Civilisations Robin, Orientales, Paris

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"This sensitive, realistic story of life in the eastern Tibetan highlands captures the vision and spirit of the author's local heritage." *Paul Nietupski, John Carroll University*

• • •

"A beautiful story: simple, direct, and engaging. It is acutely revealing of both the author's compassion and his candor. The novel will appeal to all those seeking a more genuine understanding of Tibetan culture." *Katherine Morton, The Australian National University*

•••

"A treasure. A window to the past and present of a dynamic Tibetan culture. A story full of life flowing with harsh reality and vivid imagination." *Douglas Duckworth, Florida State University*

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FRONT COVER: Storm clouds gather above a *lab rtse* on the banks of the Yellow River, Khu sen Township, Rma lho Mongol Autonomous County, Rma lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Qinghai Province (photograph by Gerald Roche, 2011).

BACK COVER: The peak of Gnyan chen thang lha rises above prayer flags, 'Dam gzhung County, Lha sa Municipality, the Tibet Autonomous Region, (photograph by Elena McKinlay, 2009).

SUMMARY: This novel in English and Tibetan traces the life of Jahzong from childhood until the time he unites warring tribes before 1949.

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Note: This is an edited version of Guhruh (K Stuart, ed; Tsepakygap, illustrations). 2005. *Jahzong: Tibetan Tribal Leader*. Morrisville, NC: Lulu.com. The Tibetan translation was prepared using the original English version.

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THE AUTHOR

uhruh was born in 1983 in Rangnan Village, Qiujie Township, Zorgay County, Nahwah Tibetan and Qiang Autonomous Prefecture, Sichuan Province. At the time he wrote the story, Guru was a student in the English Training Program, Qinghai Nationalities Teacher's College, Qinghai Normal University, Xining City, Qinghai Province, PR China. Since the book was first published, he has completed a graduate degree in International Studies at Miriam College in the Philippines.

INTRODUCTION

y grandfather (1910-2003) was the chieftain of eight Tibetan villages - the Holy Wind Tribe. After 'Liberation' Grandfather lost his position and his property and was imprisoned for many years.

I was born in 1983 when Grandfather was already in his seventies. He was the kindest and most compassionate person I ever met. My parents thought that if he took care of me, he would stop doing heavy housework, but this plan failed. He good-humoredly added taking care of me to his other voluntary duties.

He never stopped working and remained very active even in his late eighties. He said if he stopped working his joints would get rusty and he would be unable to move even his fingers. One of my earliest memories is of Grandfather weeding the fields while carrying me on his back. I did not leave Grandfather until I started school.

Conflicts between neighboring Tibetan tribes were frequent before the Red Army's arrival. These conflicts had a long history and were not easily solved. Later, when Grandfather became chief of our tribe, he married the daughter of an enemy chieftain, even though many in our tribe opposed the marriage. This marriage brought a time of welcome peace to our tribe.

I wrote this novel in English based on what I remember Grandfather telling me, what I heard from others, and what I imagined. A leader retains his leadership only as long he serves those he leads.

he Holy Wind Tribe lived in a village situated at the end of a narrow, flat valley. In front of the village ran Deep River, fed by the melting snows of surrounding mountains. In front of the village towered perpetually snowcapped Benefiting Mountain, barren at its higher level but covered with grass at the foot. Densely forested Rear Mountain stood at the back of the village. The choice of the village site by long-dead ancestors was wise and understandable - grass for livestock abounded at the lower levels of the mountains, Deep River provided a clean source of water, the forests gave fuel, and the valley floor was ideal for farming.

Jahzong slowly sipped homemade barley beer from a well-polished copper cup under a boundless darkening sky. The rich, pungent smell of the beer wafted around his white hair and snow-white eyebrows before journeying heavenward. The stars seemed intoxicated too, winking ever more quickly until a big white chunk of cloud buried them inside its soft body, like a loving, plump mother caressing her children.

I squatted between Grandfather's legs, burying my jaw in my hands and staring at the glimmering stars. Suddenly, I asked, "Grandfather, where are all the stars now?"

Grandfather slowly put his cup down on a small black wooden stool beside him and answered, "They are in bed with their mother." "Then do all mothers love their own children?" I asked with widened eyes.

"Of course. They give what they have without expecting anything back," said Grandfather, stroking my slender braid worn like that of all the other village boys. Some boys had one or two pieces of coral tied in their braid. Grandfather braided my hair every morning.

I moved closer to Grandfather, not caring about the pungent smell of beer and embraced his neck tightly. I wanted him to hold me in his strong arms forever. "Mother didn't give me her earring, Grandfather. You said all mothers give anything they have to their children. Am I really her boy, Grandfather?" I asked sleepily. There were no more words. Everything was utterly still, except for my even breathing that vibrated with the gentle breeze through the darkness.

I enjoyed sitting in the darkness and listening to Grandfather telling his life story: "Listen my boy, a real man shows his greatness only in hard situations. There's nothing wrong with having difficulty, it only adds character."

Even though Grandfather passed beyond suffering when I was eighteen, he still is the most vivid figure in my memory - like a flower that withers in autumn, but whose fragrance is never forgotten.

t was a freezing winter. A furious wind invaded every corner, picking up whatever was in its way and swirling it high into a dusty gray sky. The small village was deadly quiet. Only the incessant barks of dogs came from among scattered homes. In a dilapidated house around a twinkling fire, old men periodically raised their heads as the house creaked in the battering wind. In time they were assured the house would not collapse and then everyone pretended nothing of importance was happening. Some spun their prayer wheels automatically. Others stared blandly at the arhythmically swaying fire. Two men mumbled to each other and then concluded with deep sighs. Suddenly it became abnormally silent. Everybody was as motionless as the carved stone image of Buddha on the table.

An old lady tossed open a cracked, sagging door next to the offering table. The image rocked dangerously back and forth but then stood firm. She ran in with bloody hands and clothes. "It's a boy! Thank Buddha, it's a boy!" she burst out. Then the stoically waiting men smiled at each other as though relieved of a heavy, unbearable burden.

An old man went to the table and knelt before the stone Buddha image. "Thank you my Lord for sending a son to this poor girl. Thank you, and may Buddha show compassion to this unfortunate little creature. His father was a hero and died for this village. Please, my Lord, bless this poor creature."

At this time the old lady called, "Hey! Guhhay, even a dog won't eat nameless bread. Everything comes to this world with names but not this little boy. Since you are a man of respect and the leader of the Holy Wind Tribe, why don't you

give him a name? Our lama is busy with religious rituals for our tribe."

Guhhay continued kneeling and staring at the stone Buddha, as if waiting for approval from the Benevolent One. A moment later he stood vigorously, despite his sixty years, and tears glistened in his eyes. Nobody knew what he had seen during his session with the image, but everybody later said the stone Buddha image smiled at Guhhay. Everyone gathered around a small altar and made offerings to the mountain deities. Every time before battle, before harvesting, and before the start of any celebration they made offerings to the mountain deities, beseeching protection and blessings from the omnipotent ones.

The old lady paced anxiously back and forth in the house. She stuck her head out from the cracked door now and again. The wind still howled above the shaking house, as if it were going to tear the fragile house into pieces. The exhausted mother lay with her baby in a yak-hide-covered bed. The sorrow of her husband's death, like a sharp knife, had carved still more wrinkles on her tired face. Although the baby was compensation, pain still seared her pale face. She slowly turned her face towards the baby and tears dribbled down her bleached cheeks as she said, "Oh my Lord Buddha! Why are you so unfair! You leave this innocent child no father, and me no husband! Show compassion if you still are what people say you are!"

The door curtain lifted and Guhhay entered the room, strode to the bed where the mother was sobbing, sat on the edge, and murmured, "Don't cry Bahnso, my child!" Everyone in their tribe called him 'Grandfather', and he also regarded them as his own children. Whoever had a problem, he took it as his own without hesitation.

"Look at this little creature! He's got his father's nose and your eyes. Let's call him Jahzong (Iron Awl). His father was

brave so let's wish this little one to be like an iron awl. Nothing will stop him from gaining what he wants," Guhhay said. He removed a turquoise bead from his own necklace and tied it around Jahzong's neck with a thread. Turquoise protects from all harm and evil spirits and when Bahnso saw this, she felt something catch in her throat. Turquoise beads were very expensive and she had never had one in her life. There was so much in her chest she wanted to remove, but she did not know where to begin. She clutched Guhhay's hand in hers and sobbed her heart out before this Buddha-like grandfather, who was even kinder than the Lord himself. He was human, and knew exactly what people needed. He kissed the little one on his forehead as he was leaving, and the infant twiddled with the turquoise as though he had not a care in the world.

His first day in this world was exciting and wonderful. When he first stuck his head out of that dark cave, his new world seemed peaceful and a place full of love. Even though his welcome to this new world was not grand or significant, everyone around him seemed pleased. He was the happiest among them all and thought he had stayed inside too long. He liked this new world - wondrous, bright, and mysterious. Everything seemed encased in a thin foggy veil - the beginning of a thorny, hazardous journey.

ime passed quickly, but nothing much changed except the people. Youngsters grew up rapidly as elders grew older. Guhhay remained chief of the Holy Wind Tribe. There had not been a major conflict with their neighboring tribe - the Divine Goat Tribe - for several years. Was this a good omen, or the calm before a destructive storm? Jahzong's life was ordinary, although sometimes other boys bullied him because he had no father. Sometimes they sang, "A fatherless child, a homeless dog; if you don't believe there are such lamentable animals, please ask Jahzong," then burst into malicious laughter and fled, leaving him alone and feeling he no longer belonged in what had once been a wonderland. When cruel boys tormented him, his mother patiently said, "Dear son! Ignore them. Although your father is not here, he was a hero and lives in our hearts and in the hearts of all the villagers. Be proud of him." Pride swelled in Jahzong's heart. Although he had never seen his father and did not know what he looked like, he imagined him to be the most handsome and kindest person in the world.

As he fed his pigs by a river near the village one day, a rock plunked nearby, splashing water on his clothes. The alarmed pigs rushed into the river and were soon in danger of being swept away by the powerful current. Hearing giggling behind him, he turned and saw Jikmed, Guhhay's grandson. Jikmed was eight years old - two years older than Jahzong. He seized every chance to bully Jahzong and was the nastiest person Jahzong had ever met. He led the children because of his age and his family's status. Of all the children, only Jahzong was not afraid of him. A ball of fire burned in Jahzong's

stomach and his eyes became blood red. Jikmed was frightened by this unusual reaction. Then an unseen voice called, "Son, be tolerant. Forgive those who act rashly because of their ignorance. Be a good boy." He bowed his head and left, ignoring the pigs.

Jikmed then regained his courage and shouted, "Hey! Bastard! Why don't you acknowledge me, a great king, and then you can leave like the guilty cowardly dog you are." He laughed arrogantly. "A child like you should know how to be polite when someone important comes!"

Jahzong pretended not to hear, although he could not help but hear Jikmed's loud adult-sounding cackles. Jahzong secretly vowed that one day he would teach Jikmed a lesson and make him remember that his father was a hero and that Jahzong also had his father's courage. The deities are sometimes the only ones you can communicate with but, actually, prayer must never be answered for if it is, it becomes mundane correspondence.

nother year swiftly passed. One morning Jahzong got up early. While his mother was tending the fire in their small adobe stove, he decided to walk around the still-sleeping village. He climbed up a small hill behind the village and was struck by the beautiful morning scenery. The village seemed peaceful and carefree as slender columns of light blue smoke curled and twisted above the homes before joyfully dissipating into thin air. Majestic surrounding mountains protected this small village.

He heard the crack of breaking twigs and turned. It was Guhhay. Maybe he, too, was carried away by his own village's impressive morning scenery.

"Hey! Early bird! What were you thinking? Anything wrong? Tell your grandfather," said Guhhay with a big warm smile.

"What a beautiful place!" Jahzong chirped, pointing at the awakening village.

Guhhay came closer, patted Jahzong's shoulder, and said, "Boy! If you climb atop that distant mountain what do you think you would see?"

Jahzong blinked twice and said, "Will I see the whole world from there?"

The distant snow-capped peak was a holy mountain. Folks from neighboring villages came and circumambulated it annually. Jahzong's mother had carried him to the holy mountain when he was an infant, although he had no memory of the event.

"Yes, you can see the whole world from there. Remember, mountains are high, but you can be the peak. The sky is infinite, but it's for you to fly in and explore. Have a will, a dream, and fight for it," said Guhhay just as the unselfish sun broke through thin morning clouds covering the horizon. Guhhay had cared for Jahzong since his father had been killed. Jahzong's father had been his best friend. Together they had united eight villages that later became the Holy Wind Tribe. He cared more about Jahzong than his own grandson.

After thinking for a moment Jahzong said, "I want to be a leader like you, Grandfather," and looked into Guhhay's face curiously.

"My boy! Bravery and wisdom make you real. Your mother may be looking for you. Let's return," Guhhay said, and then they left for home, hand in hand. The boy's laughter mixed with the twittering of birds as they descended the steep meandering path.

Nobody understood why this reticent boy laughed so joyfully that morning. Bahnso, his mother, was astonished. She had never heard him laugh so delightedly. His joy made her laugh, too, but then she suddenly sensed something was brewing beneath this perhaps-provisional happiness. She stopped laughing, knelt, and prayed. Jahzong was her everything and she knew that she must not lose him.

A person who can't take revenge has no seat among others.

Never pass your shoes over a stove if you want to keep your tutelary deities, and never let women touch your weapons if you want to conquer your enemies.

he crops awaited harvest. The sun scrambled up from the foggy horizon, gilding everything yellow. The fields became a golden lake. Waves surged, one after another. Villagers were busy reaping a bounteous harvest like scampering bees. Guhhay stood, belted out a few lines of a harvest song, and then everyone in the field joined in. Though not a battlefield, it was a great place to demonstrate your abilities. In rhythm to the songs, the men competed to reap their allotted area first. The women and children came behind, trussing up the fallen stalks into large bundles. Jahzong straightened his back and looked around. What beautiful scenery! Then he was shocked to see a stranger behind a nearby bush aiming a gun at Guhhay. Nobody noticed because all were engrossed in the fieldwork.

"Grandfather! Someone's about to shoot you!" Jahzong yelled. Guhhay immediately dived into uncut stalks tall enough to hide him. He had remained alert since the outbreak of the fighting with the Divine Goat Tribe, knowing that with Jahzong's father dead, he was next on their enemies' list.

The would-be assassin missed his target and tried to escape, but was quickly shot dead by some sharpshooters who,

as always, had brought their rifles to the fields. From that day on, the villagers were on guard, knowing the other tribe would take revenge.

Jahzong had heard that it was his responsibility to avenge his father from the very beginning of his life. The war between the two tribes was like a volcano. Nobody knew when it would erupt, but it would sooner or later. And now, after the failed attempt to assassinate Guhhay, harvesting was ignored. The crops might rot in the fields and then everybody would starve the next year but their enemies were in the same predicament, bringing some solace. The men stayed at home, polishing and oiling their guns and swords, preparing for the unavoidable coming conflict. The men went in turn to a fortress between their territory and that of the Divine Goat Tribe to keep watch. Jahzong was also on guard several times.

Meanwhile, children played as usual. Only Jahzong seemed concerned about the coming war, though he was only thirteen. Whenever he had time, he went to Guhhay's home to practice shooting a gun at a target, and learn how to sharpen a sword. He practiced with his father's gun and sword, soon became a good shot, and took his father's gun with him wherever he went. He became the youngest hunter in the village. His mother was proud. Jahzong's home had meat when others had none. Gradually, the other children drew closer to him, ending his isolation. He then replaced Jikmed as the new leader of the children.

Others may forgive you but that only makes you feel worse. When you have done something, can you really undo it?

here was less vigilance the next year. Villagers went out to herd, collected fuel, and held several festivals.

One unusual day, Jahzong went hunting and returned empty-handed. Bymaguhreh and Gongbuya were waiting for him to have lunch at the fortress. It was their third day there. As Jahzong neared he mumbled, "What a day! All the animals seemed to know I was coming. I didn't even see a rabbit's tail!"

"Hey boy! It's fine. We still have some tea and *tsamba*.¹ The animals can't hide forever, try tomorrow," said Gongbuya, pouring Jahzong a bowl of tea.

Then Bymaguhreh quickly stood, gestured to a nearby hill, and said, "Look, something is moving."

Gongbuya instinctively snatched his gun from the ground as he stood next to Bymaguhreh.

"Boy! Are you scared? Why are you still sitting there like a log? Get your gun loaded. I'm sure they're from the Divine Goat Tribe," said Gongbuya, loading his own gun.

Jahzong sprang up, looked in the direction Bymaguhreh was pointing, and could make out a group of about ten people

¹ *Tsamba* is made of ground, whole-grain roasted barley mixed with hot tea, and then rolled into small lumps and eaten. Butter, dried cheese, and sugar are often added, depending on availablity and personal preference.

moving towards them. Shaking like a leaf in the wind, he tried his best to stand still and not show fear. Even though he had killed many animals he had never shot a person. Then he was jerked to the ground, "You want to die? If you keep standing there, they'll shoot you," said Bymaguhreh.

Jahzong's face suddenly became pale. He asked, "Do we really have to shoot them?"

"Of course, if you don't want to die. Just shoot them like shooting rabbits," said Bymaguhreh.

Everything abruptly became quiet. Jahzong listened to the throbs of his own heart. He was not sure if he was afraid or excited, and then nervously remembered his mother saying, "When you kill someone, his soul will return and torture you brutally until you die." He looked at his calm, more experienced companions who had fought in many battles and won respect from others as men of bravery.

The enemies were drawing near. He aimed at the head of the nearest man. He thought it would be easy to blow his head off. His palms sweated desperately. He remembered he had no father. Because of these men, his mother had become a widow at the age of twenty-seven, while her contemporaries enjoyed their husbands and families. He suddenly longed to blast all their heads off. Jahzong looked at Bymaguhreh eagerly with blood-red eyes, silently asking for permission.

"Let them get closer and then we'll miss nobody," murmured Bymaguhreh, as though whispering to himself. Although Jahzong heard, a fire burned in his chest, pushing him to squeeze the trigger. The atmosphere around them became stiff and he felt it was difficult to breathe. Something extraordinarily heavy was pushing down on him. He told himself to be calm and wait for the proper time to fire.

"Bang!" Jahzong fired. The earth-shaking sound of the gun swiftly penetrated the thick air and rushed far inside the small valley, where the Holy Wind Tribe lay shrouded in a deceptive semblance of peace. Villagers thought the gunshot was from hunters in the nearby mountains and ignored it.

The bullet missed its target and warned the enemies, who seemed to vanish into thin air. Bymaguhreh and Gongbuya looked at him distractedly. Both were about to erupt, but an instant later Gongbuya's body jerked fiercely, as though a snake had bitten him, then fell flat before he could utter a word. The other two stared at the log-like body blankly. Next to Gongbuya's spine, near his neck, blood streamed out, feeding a small pool of dark red blood that quickly grew bigger. He was very dead.

Bymaguhreh stared at his friend's corpse motionlessly. Another brave man called back to his origin. Jahzong knelt by the already stiffening body, sobbing quietly, and wondered, "Why are human lives so fragile? Such a small bullet can take your life away without warning. Maybe it is this impermanence that makes life so precious."

"Jahzong, let's go home," Bymaguhreh said a few minutes later, putting the corpse on his back.

"Go home? Gongbuya died because of my mistake. I won't leave. I'm no coward. I'll make them pay, even if my life is taken!" replied Jahzong stoutly.

"It's not your fault. If there is someone to blame, then it's me, Bymaguhreh, not you. You are a child. It's good of you to think that way, but never forget to use your special gift - your brain," he said as they headed home.

The way back was short and quiet, and soon they were in the village. Several black crows flew in lazy circles above, cawing huskily. They were always the first to announce bad news and when the villagers heard them, they came out, one after another, surrounding the living men and the corpse. Several old men scolded Bymaguhreh for coming back without his friend alive. Gradually the crows grew quieter as the villagers went to the martyr's home to console his aged mother, his only close relative. Jahzong stood motionless, unable to forgive himself. The north wind struck his face like a sharp knife. The death of Gongbuya permanently scarred his heart.

A warm hand touched his shoulder softly. "My son! Don't reproach yourself," said his mother tenderly. "It won't change anything. Learn from your mistakes, son."

As this familiar voice came to him, he broke into tears and long mournful sobs. He had thought he was alone in this tremendous world, too weak to survive amid such ruthlessness. Now he realized his mother would always be with him. When he was about to reach out for his eternal refuge - his mother's arms - his legs failed and he fainted.

We shed tears for what we have done but after the tears dry, the same events are repeated amid yet more tears.

hen he awoke the next day, his mother was kneeling in front of the stone Buddha, praying, a slight figure praying piously for her beloved son, tears streaming down her face. She turned at once when she heard Jahzong and said, "You're awake. How do you feel now?"

"Mother! Water! I'm thirsty," he said.

"Don't move, dear! I'll get some. You haven't eaten for a day," she said as she stood to fetch water for him.

As Bahnso handed Jahzong a bowl of water, the signal-bell sounded. Jahzong grabbed his gun, leapt out of bed, and was running unsteadily towards Guhhay in the village center before Bahnso could stop him. All the village men were already gathered around Guhhay, listening intently to his instructions. He squeezed his way through the crowd and stood next to Bymaguhreh. Only Jahzong and Guhhay remained after Guhhay's directives. "Your job is to protect the elders and the children here," Guhhay said.

Jahzong immediately realized that he was not going with the others to the battlefront. "I'm going with you. I want to shoot off the killer's head. I promise I'll obey your orders this time," he pleaded.

"Somebody like you is needed here. Our enemies may attack the village while we're away. Keep both your eyes open in the daytime, and keep one eye open at night, boy," said Guhhay as he mounted his horse and sped like an arrow after the others.

Jahzong stood staring in the direction the others were headed for a long time. The dust left by the rushing horses was drifting away, and the narrow winding path came into view again. The once vibrating path became drab and normal again as he stood there. After many generations, people still trod the same path as their ancestors.

There was nothing to do in the village with the men away fighting. Every day, old women anxiously stared at the same narrow lane, hoping for the men to return. There was little news and the days crawled by like a heavily burdened snail. Even the messenger crows seemed to have grown bored for they had vanished without a trace. The valley became eerily silent. Though Jahzong was only fourteen, he obeyed Guhhay's order. He was the last to sleep every night, though there was little possibility of an attack. The enemies were busy fighting the Holy Wind Tribe, but he still guarded his own post alertly. He did not want to make a fatal mistake twice.

The conflict between the two tribes dragged on for another year. One day while on guard, Jahzong saw a group of exhausted men with tired-out horses behind them lumbering towards the village. Corpses burdened their backs. More widows and fatherless children. This time he was unsure what the reaction to this catastrophe would be.

When the group drew near, Jahzong sensed something terribly wrong. Every time the villagers had retuned from a battle in the past, Guhhay had ridden ahead on his white stallion, majestically leading his loyal followers. Jahzong noticed something missing, something very familiar - Guhhay. Instead of sitting in the saddle, he was bound tightly to his horse's back. Not only his men, but his old horse too, moved feebly forward, as if a heavy burden were pushing them from all directions into the dusty ground. A presumptuous whirlwind started its way through the exhausted people as they inched forward, burying them in furious dust, but nobody paid

attention to this intrusive wind, as they moved mechanically towards the trembling village.

he next day, the villagers gathered in front of the old village prayer wheel house - small groups of people here and there. Nobody spoke, they only looked at each other's faces now and again, waiting for somebody to break the silence. Finally, a stocky man burst forth, "It's no use sitting here without even a fart. Now we, the leaders of the eight villages, are all here. Who has the balls to speak up?"

"Doorgee! I know what you want. You have been waiting a long time for this," responded the leader of Longwa Village, Dorgo, who had always been Guhhay's loyal assistant. He had advised Guhhay to unite the eight villages in order to keep all the villagers safe from the Divine Goat Tribe. Now that Guhhay the great tribal leader had passed away, only a few village leaders wanted to remain united under a single tribal chief. After Guhhay had become the leader of the eight small villages, the village leaders had lost most of their power. Even though they assisted Guhhay with all their might, they secretly hated him and longed for a return to the time when they were more powerful local chiefs.

Another leader stood and said, "We won't reach a decision if we continue like this. Why don't we return to the lives we had before?"

Jahzong was there as the leader of Rangnan Village, according to Guhhay's wishes. He knew nobody would listen to him, a child. He sat silently, but when he heard the discussion about breaking up the Holy Wind Tribe, he wanted to remind these heartless men of the benefits they had enjoyed by being a part of the larger tribe.

The meeting went on for hours without reaching a consensus. Just as everybody expected, the meeting finally broke into a fight - Guhhay's old loyal followers under Dorgo's lead against Doorgee's followers. Jahzong did not join either side but, instead, went to see his grandfather for the last time.

Standing next to Guhhay's naked corpse, Jahzong wept bitter tears that trickled down to his almost-stopped heart. Awakening from his grief, he whispered, "What a kind grandfather and a great leader you were to us all! But now, see? None of your beloved grandsons put even a blanket over your departing body. Your so-called loyal assistants came before the vultures to tear your body into pieces," and his eyes filled with tears again.

A filthy curtain hung in the doorway, keeping the little room dim, warm sunrays hesitating outside the disgraceful screen. Jahzong wondered if there was also such a curtain between Heaven and Hell. Jahzong turned and glanced once more at the motionless corpse with nothing covering it. He stepped to the curtain, grabbed it in his left hand, took his sword in his right hand, and brandished it at the mild-mannered curtain. The sword suddenly paused. The flesh on Jahzong's cheeks jerked and he fell deep into thought, standing with the sword in his right hand before the calm curtain. He realized it was not vital to cover the corpse with something that did not really belong to it. "After all, people enter the world naked," he thought, then strode out towards the village men who were still fighting in front of the sacred prayer wheel house.

The dull sun was falling behind the magnificent mountain behind the shocked village. Some people had stopped fighting and sat on the ground, looking bored and dejected. Others still twisted on the ground with their previous friends. A group without a leader is like scattered sand on the ground.

Doorgee and Dorgo continued to pound each other.

"Stop!" shouted Jahzong as he approached. "Do you want to be conquered by our enemies?"

"You little dog! Don't tell my men to stop. Kill us all if you're brave enough. Nobody can make me stop!" roared Doorgee, not forgetting to launch blows at Dorgo. Doorgee was the best fighter in the whole tribe, and nobody could defeat him.

Jahzong felt his blood boiling under his skin and charged Doorgee. Everyone stopped and turned as they heard a sharp, horrible cry. Jahzong stood with Doorgee's head in his hand, blood streaming from the stump. The headless body lay twitching next to Jahzong's feet, dark red blood spurting from the headless neck.

Everybody was shocked, especially Dorgo. He knew Jahzong, but never expected a fifteen-year-old boy could kill someone like Doorgee in an instant. Meanwhile, Jahzong furiously stared at the open-mouthed people around him. "Our enemies are ready to take our land any time because the most feared one, Guhhay, is gone. And at this critical moment you fight among yourselves. Do you understand what kind of situation we are in now?" Jahzong roared, like an offended lion ready to pounce on its prey.

Those gathered bowed their heads. Nobody uttered a word. Dorgo picked his sword up from beside the stiffened body and walked through the astounded people. He slowly turned as he stepped out of the group. The dilapidated houses creaked as a world-shaking cheer for a new leader drifted vigorously through them. When the warm, exciting cheer reached his ears, Dorgo wondered where this new leader would lead them and then walked to his home, sighing deeply.

Jahzong was lost in thought, thoroughly stupefied by what he had just done. When he recovered from the shock he noticed that he was standing in the village center. A sudden chill passed through his body as he stared at those around him. "Oh! My Buddha! What have I done?" Jahzong asked himself, now regretful. But he also understood that he could not escape from the trap he had set.

"I knew he wasn't a common boy when he was born," an old man said, spinning a big clacking wooden prayer wheel piously.

"Did you hear the thunder the day he was born?" asked another gray-headed man.

Rumors reached the Divine Goat Tribe the following day. The leader rejoiced in the news of an inexperienced boy taking leadership of the Holy Wind Tribe and prepared to lead an attack on them at this moment of weakness. Meanwhile, Jahzong instructed the villagers to prepare to defend their homes. He knew it was difficult to make someone trust you unless they see action. Therefore, he double-checked the tribe's preparation and also asked the elders for advice.

arkness as thick as a blanket seemed to cover the sky. The once noisy village fell silent. Jahzong stared at the dark trees silhouetted against the quiet stars. For the first time in his life he could not sleep. Suddenly an amiable face popped into his mind, and a gentle voice said, "My last thoughts are of you, though I've entered into complete peacefulness. Believe in yourself!" Jahzong would never forget this gentle, touching mirage.

A warm hand drew him back. Standing behind him was his mother. "Get some rest, son, and welcome a new beginning with enthusiasm," she said worriedly.

Warm sunshine filtered through the creviced wooden wall as Jahzong woke up the next day. Outside, birds were singing joyfully in warm sunshine. The air was filled with the aroma of just-brewed milk tea, whetting Jahzong's appetite. His mother was waiting for him when he got downstairs. "Had a good sleep, Son? Bymaguhreh came this morning. He saw you sleeping like a log so he didn't disturb you. He asked you to come and give our people encouragement," she said gently.

"I slept very well, Mother. Can you make me a bowl of *tsamba*?" asked Jahzong as he washed.

"Oh! What will your people think if they discover their leader cannot even make *tsamba*?" she chuckled and then got a bowl to make *tsamba*.

The door slammed open before Bahnso finished making *tsamba*. Bymaguhreh stood in the doorway and wheezed, "They're coming."

"Good! It's been too long since our grandfather was killed in that terrible battle. I've been looking forward to this chance. Today will be the best day of my life. Let's go!" said Jahzong, reaching for the gun and sword hanging on the central pillar, and then he kissed his mother goodbye. Bahnso watched her son disappear among the others. Two glistening, tremulous tears rolled from her eyes. Once her husband had also told her that the battle was going to end and that they would eat together when he returned, but he never did. Suddenly she stormed back into the house, picked up the bowl of still-warm *tsamba*, and ran after her son.

Everybody was lying still in the newly made trench, waiting for the approaching enemy. Jahzong lay next to Bymaguhreh. Many thoughts tumbled about in his mind. He remembered Gongbuya shot to death at his feet, and the wornout horse carrying Guhhay's corpse, approaching him. Jahzong shuddered. A warm hand softly touched his shoulder. It was Bymaguhreh, staring at him sympathetically, a glint of passion in his eyes. "Will you always stand by me, Bymaguhreh?" asked Jahzong, looking at him fixedly.

"Of course, as long as you need me. I've only met one trustworthy man in my life, but now he isn't with us anymore because of me," Bymaguhreh said, looking into the blue sky. There was no sign of an approaching storm. He continued, "Once a respected lama told me my birth date was an evil day, and I would bring death to those with me. And I brought the devil to Gongbuya and our great leader Guhhay..."

"No. It has nothing to do with you. It was already fated before we came into this world according to our past deeds. No one can change this, not even Buddha," Jahzong replied sincerely.

The click of guns being loaded disturbed their conversation. Jahzong stuck up his head and saw the leader of the Divine Goat Tribe riding his steed majestically ahead of his fellows. Jahzong whispered to the others, "First let's pray," then he bowed his head a little and prayed as the others followed

him. Jahzong then hissed, "OK, let's greet our 'friends'. Fire after me." The men nodded and moved to their posts.

ahzong breathed deeply before he fired. His hands trembled, but nobody noticed because all were busy finding their own targets. He aimed at the head of a man riding a red horse next to the leader. The man fell off his horse as Jahzong squeezed his trigger, landing on his back. As the rest fired after Jahzong, the enemies' horses whinnied and ran wildly in all directions. The fighting continued for several hours. Only a few enemies finally escaped. Jahzong led his men down to the field where the corpses lay to look for anyone still alive, but those who seemed to be dead were, indeed, dead. It was a complete victory and the first time they had defeated their enemies so utterly. Although Guhhay had led them to several victories, both sides had suffered casualties. This time, however, none of the Holy Wind Tribe had been casualties.

Jahzong searched among the corpses for the enemy leader, whom he had not seen escape. Jahzong was sure he had not fled back to his village. As he was about to rejoin his men, he saw the leader's white horse wandering among the corpses. Jahzong ignored this, and walked toward the others, feeling pity for the horse looking for its master.

"Look! Someone is escaping!" someone yelled. Jahzong loaded his gun instinctively and turned toward the fleeing horse.

"It's the enemy leader!" shouted another man.

Jahzong immediately aimed at the man lying flat on the horse's back, quickly diminishing as the horse galloped away. Though Jahzong could only see a black dot on the horse, he fired just as the horse disappeared into the distance. Several men immediately ran after the horse. Some shouted it was impossible that the bullet could have found the man. Some even whispered Jahzong had deliberately missed in fear of the leader's relatives taking revenge. The discouraged runners stopped. All eyes focused on Jahzong, who was still staring into the distance. Suddenly Bymaguhreh jumped out from behind Jahzong and began trotting in the direction the horse had disappeared.

Jahzong felt the air grow warm and squalid, making it hard to breathe. The others watched Bymaguhreh's eversmaller figure. Jahzong closed his eyes and stood still, waiting for Bymaguhreh to reappear empty-handed.

Time seemed reluctant to step forward and Jahzong felt growing panic. He wanted to be a leader like Guhhay but, now that he was almost there, this unexpected escape had leapt into his life. Jahzong wondered if obstacles would continue to present themselves in this way, stopping him before he really got started. Then a figure appeared in the far distance and came slowly nearer. He watched intently, hoping to see Bymaguhreh carrying something. Jahzong closed his eyes, not wanting to see the result he expected. Everyone moved automatically forward as Bymaguhreh approached but Jahzong's feet seemed to no longer obey his commands.

"Oh! Something's on his back! Look! I bet Jahzong's bullet found the bastard," someone shouted.

"Are you sure? Why can't I see that bastard's corpse?" another retorted.

Meanwhile, Bahnso stood waiting for her son at the village entrance, a bowl of *tsamba* in her left hand. The other hand spun a small prayer wheel. Now and again she raised her head to see if her son was returning. The battlefield was just a few miles from the village. The elders, children, and women remained in the village and crowded into the small prayer-wheel building. Though they had been told to stay in their own

homes, everyone gathered in the same place. They felt a need to talk, but when they assembled not a single word was uttered. Only the sound from the small bell hanging in the room next to the big wooden wheel tinkled again and again as the metal bar from the wheel hit it rhythmically, seemingly trying to awaken the worried people from their deep concerns about their loved ones.

When Bymaguhreh drew closer, he dropped the corpse and shouted, "Jahzong, you got him! You got the bastard! You got him right in the head!" Bymaguhreh then ran to Jahzong, who was still standing with his eyes closed, while others rushed toward the stiffening body. "I knew you wouldn't miss that one," said Bymaguhreh, glancing back at the men joyfully kicking the corpse.

"Thank you for going after that bastard," Jahzong said, his eyes shut.

"Can you guess what I saw over there?" asked Bymaguhreh, pointing into the distance.

"What?" Jahzong said.

"I saw the white horse kneeling by that bastard. How sad! It became mad when I tried to capture it for you. It nearly kicked me in the nuts, so I let it go," said Bymaguhreh, disappointedly.

"How can an animal like a horse have such strong feelings for its master?" wondered Jahzong, scratching his head in puzzlement.

"Sometimes they are more human than humans themselves, don't you think?" Bymaguhreh said.

"Yes. Maybe that's the reason why people always ride horses. They're good companions. Do you ever ride a horse? I've never seen you riding one," said Jahzong.

"No. To tell the truth, I'm afraid of riding horses," Bymaguhreh said and blushed. Jahzong had thought Bymaguhreh was not afraid of anything. Jahzong felt someone more real was standing by him now.

"Hey! Do you really think that man deserves this death?" asked Jahzong, looking even more puzzled.

"Certainly! A man like him will burn in Hell for centuries," pronounced Bymaguhreh with absolute assurance, and then joined the men still kicking the increasingly battered corpse.

ahzong also wanted to join his boisterous fellows, but his body turned against his will and he slowly plodded home. On the way, he saw a group of men kicking a man madly. Jahzong was shocked when the tortured man turned to face him, for it was Jahzong himself - a helpless lamb among fiendish wolves - being tormented by an enraged mob.

A bell clanged clearly and passionately and he was relieved to realize it was only a dream and that, somehow, he was at the village entrance. For some reason, Jahzong did not feel happy, though he had won the battle and slain the leader.

When his mother saw Jahzong coming home alone, she did not offer him the bowl of *tsamba* but instead demanded, "Where are the others? Why are you coming home alone? Anything wrong?"

"No. Things went very well - the way we all wanted," he said and left Bahnso standing alone as he trudged on to their home.

Bahnso wondered what had really happened, though her son had told her things had gone well. He had wanted to lead the villagers to defend his own village, but now that he had done just that, he seemed depressed. Bahnso felt tremendous relief but this emotion was restrained when Jahzong appeared to be under such great pressure. She trailed her son home.

Jahzong lay face-down on his small, narrow bed, thinking about his strange dream, wondering what the final destiny of all leaders was. The cracked door opened before he found the answer. His mother entered with a bowl of steaming noodles and said, "Son, eat this. You must be famished."

"Mother, I'm not hungry. Did the other men return?" he asked, sitting up in bed.

"I guess they're back now. Son! What's wrong? You don't look right," Bahnso said and stepped closer. "Son, remember, don't lose passion for your dream. Also remember that reality may not be what you expected when you achieve your dream, for the gods may punish us by granting us our desires."

The bowl of noodles cooled as they talked. Bahnso said she would reheat the noodles and left. Jahzong lay back on the bed. He could not sleep. Every time he was about to fall asleep, the dream returned, keeping him awake. Jahzong looked out the window and saw black clouds rolling east. His mind was full of questions about the troublesome dream.

Bahnso returned with the reheated noodles, but Jahzong was already fitfully sleeping. She covered Jahzong with a wool blanket and left.

he sun was high in the sky the next morning when Jahzong awoke. He peered through the half-closed window and saw many people hurriedly passing outside. Nobody was in the house when he got downstairs. A wooden bowl sat next to the stove, its lid pushed a little to one side. The family cat had been eating the food prepared for Jahzong. As he stepped to the front door, he wondered why the cat habitually did not eat from its own bowl.

"Ah!" came a sharp cry. He turned, realizing he had bumped someone, and saw Pema standing with noodles all over her robe, staring at him fiercely.

Jahzong laughed and said, "Hey! Pema, look at you! Why were you in such a hurry to eat noodles?"

Pema, Jahzong's childhood sweetheart, suddenly bowed her head as tears streamed like water through a broken dam.

Jahzong was shocked. They had known each other since childhood, but Jahzong had never seen her so distressed. "I'm sorry, Pema, I'm really sorry," Jahzong said, picking up the empty pot. "This pot of noodles was for someone very important, right? I'll ask Mother to cook another pot for you," said Jahzong, heading inside with the pot in his hand.

Before Jahzong reached the threshold Pema said, "Actually, it was for you, Jahzong."

Jahzong halted, slowly turned, and asked, "For me?"

"Yes. This morning the village will celebrate victory over our enemies. I heard that you fought very bravely in the battle," she said, flushing, and then stammered, "And I cooked this for you, myself. But now look..." Pema again broke into tears. Jahzong was astonished. He had never imagined anyone but his mother cooking for him. Jahzong looked above Pema's head in a fluster. He remembered his mother saying, "The prettier a girl, the greater trickster she will be." But when Jahzong saw Pema still sobbing because of his carelessness, he reached out a hand and gently wiped away her tears. He still did not understand why women had such a powerful weapon tears. Guhhay had told him to be courteous to all and intimate with few, especially with women, whose tears soften a man's passion for life, and erode his strength to live. Even a man of steel may fall on his knees before a woman's tears. Nevertheless, the seed of love was already sprouting in Jahzong's heart.

Before Jahzong could say more to comfort Pema, Bymaguhreh arrived and informed Jahzong that everybody was waiting for him to begin the celebration. Jahzong was puzzled. Why were they waiting for him? Whenever there was a celebration or a meeting, it was an elder's duty to start it. Although Jahzong did not understand, he walked with Bymaguhreh to the gathering, then turned and saw that Pema was gone. He felt something strange tickling his heart something he had never felt before with other girls. A hoarse voice pulled Jahzong back to life. "Hey Jahzong, are you still asleep? You young people never understand how important it is to get up with the early sun and go to bed with the mild moon," Dorgo croaked, rejoining the group of elders.

People stirred a little when someone shouted, "Here comes Jahzong! Make way!" Standing timidly at the center, Jahzong looked around before announcing the beginning of the celebration. People were rejoicing in this moment of peace and joy. Still, Jahzong saw fear and sorrow in the eyes around him.

Just as Jahzong was about to make the announcement, an old man said, "Listen, my people! We've been waiting a long time for this moment. Now, due to this boy, that moment has come." Moistening his throat with barley beer, he continued, "Buddha sent this boy to deliver us from suffering. I have lived ninety winters, and I am very glad to see the sun brighten once again because of Jahzong."

Jahzong did not know what to do except stand silently as everyone happily looked at him. Nobody spoke. The focus had moved to the group of elders at the far end of the crowd. Jahzong also looked over to the group of elders, but he could hear nothing. Only their heads nodded now and again.

"Attention please," a man said, standing up from the group. He smiled at Jahzong and said, "Here I declare by the Sky and the Earth as our witnesses, and in our Lord Buddha's name, that Jahzong is the new leader of the Holy Wind Tribe."

The crowd burst into cheers. Jahzong was astounded, thinking over what Dorgo just said. He slowly moved near Dorgo after calming himself and whispered, "Uncle Dorgo, I'm only sixteen, I'm afraid..."

Dorgo patted Jahzong's shoulder and said, "I know you can do well, better than your predecessor. This is our wish, and Guhhay's as well."

Jahzong looked around at the reveling people and trembled, unsure if he could shoulder this responsibility, but he secretly pledged, "Unless my fragile bones break, I'll never give up."

Bymaguhreh handed Jahzong a large cup of barley beer. As Jahzong offered some to the Three Jewels,² those gathered fell silent. He then swallowed the remainder in one mighty gulp, feeling the strong beer burn all the way down, deep into his gut. And with it, his fear vanished. That cup of beer made

 $^{^{2}}$ 'The Three Jewels' refers to the Buddha, the Dharma (Buddha's teachings), and the Sangha (spiritual community).

his speech eloquent, though later Jahzong could not remember much of what he had said.

He was no longer a child.

he revelry continued and Jahzong got very drunk. The next morning when he woke up his head seemed about to explode and he could not understand why some people drank so often. He had found no pleasure from that pungent beer and was never drunk again.

While Jahzong was suffering in bed, a gentle knock sounded from his bedroom door. "Come in," grunted Jahzong without opening his puffy eyes. "Mother, I'm dizzy and don't feel like getting up this morning," Jahzong said, pulling the cover up over his head. There was no reply. Jahzong felt something was odd, reluctantly stuck his head out from under the cover, and saw Pema standing in the door with a bowl of steaming broth. When she saw Jahzong staring at her without blinking, she placed the bowl of broth next to his bed and left. The appetizing smell next to his bed suddenly attracted his attention.

Jahzong felt better after the broth, got up, and went out for fresh air. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and understood why Dorgo said it was important to get up early. Jahzong remembered something important and paced to the prayer wheel building where several black crows wheeled about the small building. Other crows perched atop the roof from which dangled the enemy leader's head, its orbits empty. Vivid traces of black blood from the gaping eye sockets added more horror. Jahzong stepped back a little, and felt the broth churning in his stomach.

At that moment an aged, gray-haired woman emerged from the prayer wheel house, chanting the Six Sacred Syllables.³ "Boy, killing never brings complete peace," she said, lifting her head, and gazing at the bloody head. "It is a lack of understanding, a fear of something different and thus beyond understanding, that makes people act in hateful ways," shaking her head disapprovingly from side to side, and sighing deeply at the sight of the ghastly head. "May the words that flow between people connect us and create for us a world of peace, *Om mani peme hung...*" she intoned.

The head was gone the next day. Nobody expressed knowledge of where it had gone. Elders came to Jahzong to discuss holding a ritual in the face of this disturbing omen. Jahzong said it was unnecessary. Others insisted on inviting a lama from their local monastery. To lessen his fellows' worry, Jahzong eventually agreed and all the monks from the nearby monastery were invited to the village the following day for a ritual that lasted seven days and seven nights. At the end, the lama said the dead man's soul had been delivered to Heaven and would not harm the villagers. The monks were given butter, tsamba, and cheese in return, and then they left.

The head was gradually forgotten and life returned to normal, until a pig rooted out a head near the village some days later. The missing head was again recalled. Shortly thereafter, villagers dug out the body from the same place. It was clear someone had buried the head with the body there. When Jahzong was asked what should be done, he told the villagers not to worry since they had already done the ritual. Villagers then offered the corpse to vultures. Enemies or traitors were usually hung from the prayer wheel house till the crows ate all

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³ oM ma Ni pad+me hUM (om mani peme hung), an oft recited mantra associated with Avalokiteshvara, the Bodhi-sattva of Compassion.

their flesh. Jahzong also did not understand why he had asked his people to feed the corpse to vultures instead of crows. ahzong did not see Pema for several days after the ritual and missed her as though he had lost his soul. Sometimes he stared out the window for hours thinking about her. Worse, he could not sleep well at night, had little appetite, and was becoming progressively thinner. His mother noticed these disturbing changes, but thought Jahzong was a leader and had many things to worry about, and pretended nothing was amiss.

Jahzong passed Pema's home several times hoping to meet her. He talked to her parents more often. Sometimes he had little to say but still visited her home and expressed concern. Every time he visited, it seemed Pema was intentionally hiding.

Bahnso noticed her son was absentminded at breakfast one morning and asked, "Is anything wrong? What bothers you so much that you can't enjoy your meal?"

"Nothing. Nothing is wrong, Mother," Jahzong replied in embarrassment.

"Son, you're getting thinner and I can't help but worry," said Bahnso, tears starting to swim in her loving eyes.

Jahzong was shocked to see his mother's tears of concern. Since he had no father, Bahnso was his everything and he vowed he would never let his mother shed a tear. He knelt in front of Bahnso and said, "I'm truly fine. I must manage many things."

"You're like your father," said Bahnso, staring blankly at the bowls, as if trying to recall the time they had spent together. "He also never wanted me to worry. He often awakened at midnight and paced back and forth near our bed. I knew he was concerned about the newly formed tribe and about the villagers. Whenever I asked, he just said everything was fine." Beads of tears gathered in the wrinkly corners of her eyes. These tears fell on Jahzong's heart. He understood how much she suffered. Many people had lost loved ones. He also knew that much of this suffering was caused by the never-ending conflict with their longtime enemy.

"Mother, can't we make an agreement with our neighboring tribe?" asked Jahzong.

"Son, you don't understand how greedy they are. They took most of our land and still want more," said Bahnso, wiping away her tears.

"If we don't try, we'll never succeed," said Jahzong, standing up abruptly from his stool.

"We did try but they didn't keep their vow," said Bahnso, her attention drifting from Jahzong. "Do you know how many brave men lost their lives last time they broke their promise? I understand what you're thinking, but don't forget they are untrustworthy," she concluded, got up, and went out to feed the complaining pigs.

Jahzong knew maintaining a good relationship with the village elders was critical. He was the nominal leader, but the real decision-making power was in their hands. Jahzong was still a boy in their eyes. He was the leader only because this was their former leader's command. Some young men also thought he was capable, thus there was general agreement over leadership.

Jahzong called the elders and Bymaguhreh to come to his home, and asked what they thought about the conflict, and whether they should stop. As Jahzong expected, the answer was unanimous. None wanted to end the conflict since their enemies were insincere. Jahzong then agreed it was useless to urge them to negotiate, although he believed killing would not bring real peace.

The meeting was soon over. After all the elders left, Jahzong was about to close the door when a familiar figure passed by. Jahzong rushed out. It was Pema, carrying a wooden bucket of water on her back, moving along like a snail. Jahzong paused, unsure of what to say. When he made up his mind to speak, she had vanished.

Jahzong blamed himself for not acting more decisively. He was puzzled why he was desperate to meet her, but then wilted when she was just several steps away. He returned to his room as deflated as a punctured yak bladder and went to bed without eating. His mother knocked on his door several times. Though he was awake he did not reply. He lay on his bed, his mind full of images of Pema.

Finally giving up the idea of sleeping, he quietly slipped outside where the only sound he could hear was the pulsating of his heart into which everything seemed to have merged. He stopped by the high wall of Pema's home, hesitated for several minutes, and wondered if he should climb up the wall or just go back to bed. At last he decided it was wrong to disturb somebody so late at night, though climbing over walls to sleep with unmarried village women was a common nighttime activity for young men. He heard his mother coughing loudly on purpose when he entered his bedroom. This time when he lay down, he quickly fell asleep.

year passed and nothing happened between Jahzong and Pema. Then, suddenly, Jahzong heard the news of Pema's impending marriage one crisp spring morning. He could not believe it, and climbed over her home compound wall for the first time that night. When he entered her chamber it seemed she was expecting him. They sat next to each other on the bed for a long while. "I've been waiting for this moment all these years. Finally you're here, but I think it will also be the last time," said Pema, removing her robe.

"Why didn't you tell me about this?" asked Jahzong, fire burning in his eyes.

Pema dropped her robe on the floor and said, "Why didn't I tell you about this? Why didn't you propose? You idiot!"

Regret flooded Jahzong's heart. "I'm sorry. It's all my fault," he said, lowering his head in shame.

Pema reluctantly smiled. Was she really waiting for this late apology as she stood naked before Jahzong, displaying beauty shaped by nature? Her light-brown skin beamed soft and smooth in clearly-carved curves. Jahzong's heart sank and he dared not look at her, though he had longed to hold her in his aching arms. "OK, since you are here tonight, there's no reason to refuse. Let's just do it quickly," said Pema, lying down.

This pierced Jahzong's heart like a dagger. He stood, his lust gone, took a last glance at this natural beauty, and dashed home. His mother came out of her room when his bedroom door slammed behind him, gently pushed the door open, and found Jahzong sitting on the edge of his bed, his face buried in his hands. Bahnso went over and stroked his tousled hair. He slowly lifted his head and glanced at his mother, noticing more wrinkles on her face. He had been so occupied by thoughts of Pema that he had almost forgotten his dear mother. This frail woman standing silently before him radiated warmth from her glimmering eyes. Jahzong felt bitter happiness. Every time he was depressed, she was the one he turned to. What an undutiful son he had been! A son meant happiness to a family, but he could not remember when he had brought happiness to his kind mother. She had been living in grief and mourning since he was born. Her strong shoulders were increasingly stooped by worries and troubles created by her only child. He thought if his deceased father could see what had become of Bahnso, he would not forgive his careless son.

Bahnso told him to go to bed early because, as the leader, he had to bless the bride the next morning, and left the room after covering Jahzong with a blanket. Although he had to wish his loved-one happiness as the leader and not as a husband, he felt the heavy burden was completely gone. He realized how warm and comfortable the home made by his mother was that night for the first time.

Loud singing awakened Jahzong, who thought he was dreaming, then immediately understood that he was late for the bridal departure ceremony. Everybody looked joyful when he arrived a short time later, but Pema's eyes moistened with tears when he wished her happiness. Pretending not to notice, Jahzong escorted her to the groom's home with the other villagers.

Our ancestors made a home in the wilderness, where a man and a woman could live. We are people who take our joy, our courage, and our greatness from pasture and tilled earth, but now this land is the cause of countless deaths.

ymaguhreh stopped Jahzong at the gate, looked around, and whispered, "The Divine Goat Tribe is choosing a new leader today."

Jahzong looked puzzled and said, "So? What's your point?"

"Don't you think it's a very good chance?" said Bymaguhreh, grinning like a naughty boy who had just done some mischief.

Jahzong was totally lost, unable to fathom what Bymaguhreh was thinking. Bymaguhreh always kept a cool approach, and was very straightforward. He liked him for his calm, frank manner. Today he seemed another man. Jahzong knew he had something important to say, but he did not know how to get him to talk. He stared sharply into Bymaguhreh's eyes and then said nothing, knowing sometimes it was better to remain silent.

"Hey, Leader, don't look at me like that!" said Bymaguhreh, his face flushing as red as an apple. "Don't you think it's the best time to give them some bullets?"

Jahzong would surely have agreed a couple of years earlier, and galloped back home to get his weapons. Now he was more restrained and asked, "Who else knows about this?"

"Nobody except Dorgo. I heard it from him but I think all the others are ready," said Bymaguhreh, sensing criticism in the way Jahzong stared at him.

Jahzong knew Dorgo had been waiting for such a chance ever since Guhhay's death. Though he had been loyal, Guhhay had never entrusted much power to him, having concluded that Dorgo, while faithful, did not have much of a brain. Without saying anything more, Jahzong rushed to the gathering place and found Dorgo giving orders to the villagers. "How can you decide this without me?" he calmly asked Dorgo. That was Jahzong - he never showed his real thoughts to others.

All the villagers but Dorgo bowed to Jahzong when they heard him. Jahzong said not a word to the elders, though they never bowed to him. He was convinced that one day they would all show him respect.

"I didn't want to bother you with such trifles, son, so I decided," said Dorgo, smiling complacently.

Jahzong's eyes swept over the still villagers and then he turned to face Dorgo, who was still smiling proudly. "Did any of the other elders agree with your decision?" Jahzong asked in a still calm tone.

Dorgo looked a little confused. This was not what he had expected. As his smile disappeared, he replied in a slightly shaky voice, "They don't know about this, but I think they would agree if I informed them. I know they are all determined to avenge Guhhay. I'll surely go, even if everyone else stays," he concluded forcefully, stirring the gathered villagers' morale.

"Yes, what you say is right, Uncle. But I suggest that we not go because nobody is really sure about this leader selection," Jahzong said.

"You think it's a trap? Let those who think so stay here," Dorgo sneered.

"No, Uncle, I mean..." said Jahzong.

"I'll be responsible for what happens," said Dorgo, and ordered the villagers to set out at once.

As Jahzong saw them disappearing from sight, he remembered the last time Guhhay had led men to the battlefield and had returned dead. Jahzong thought many innocent people from the other village would die. He felt helpless that his men were going to kill children and old people, but he could do nothing to stop it.

"I know you tried. Let's go home," Bymaguhreh said, standing beside him.

"Do you think what I'm doing is right?" asked Jahzong, doubting himself.

Bymaguhreh shrugged and said nothing. Jahzong slowly headed home. Pigs rooted around, looking for food. He stopped at Pema's gate for a few seconds, and then went straight home. He knew news from the battlefield would come soon.

he sun sank behind the mountains. There was no news. Jahzong waited impatiently at his home with the elders, who feigned unconcern as they sipped tea and talked animatedly. Only Jahzong sat near the fire pit without talking. The door opened and everybody turned around. Bymaguhreh came in with a worried look and said, "No news?" then sat next to Jahzong, who shook his head helplessly without looking up.

"Hey, you two look like someone died. Things will be fine. Boys, come over here and have some tea with us," said an elder as the others laughed vigorously.

Jahzong and Bymaguhreh ignored them. Both were lost in their own thoughts. Bymaguhreh was thinking about the time with Jahzong at the fort - the little boy who had trembled when the enemies approached was now worrying about the men he led.

Jahzong was quietly praying for his men's safe return when the door opened again. All eyes swept to the door as a man stumbled in. Everyone held their breath. "It was a trap. We were attacked," he wheezed. "Some were killed. The rest were captured. Only I ... " he trailed off and then sobbed like a child.

Everybody stared at the man openmouthed. Jahzong slowly got up, moved to the door, suddenly turned, and said, "Bymaguhreh, get your gun. Let's go." It was already dark as rain began to fall. Bymaguhreh returned quickly with his gun and, though some elders objected, they rushed into the night's dark jaws.

The Divine Goat Tribe was not far away, but the heavy rain and the darkness made the meandering path difficult and hazardous to navigate. When Jahzong and Bymaguhreh finally reached their destination, only a few families were still up, signaled by sparks blowing out from the small open vents on the roofs and then quickly extinguished by the pouring rain. Streams of muddy water ran along worn-out paths. No human could be seen.

"Leader, where shall we go now?" asked Bymaguhreh, wiping away the bothersome water from his forehead.

"I'm not sure," Jahzong said, pushing wet hair away from his eyes as he looked around, "but I know this tribe has a meeting hall. We'll find our men when we find that building."

"We haven't a clue where it is. It's so dark, I can hardly see my own fingers," Bymaguhreh said in frustration.

"Let's find their meeting hall," said Jahzong, standing in the rain, the water invading the surface of every part of his body.

"Yes! Somewhere at the village center," said Bymaguhreh through clenched teeth.

"Let's find it, and the quicker the better," said Jahzong, entering the labyrinthine village.

Amid unrelenting rain, Jahzong and Bymaguhreh searched a long time, but all the buildings looked the same in the dark. Jahzong climbed up walls several times hoping to see something familiar. Surprisingly, not even a single local man appeared. It seemed all the locals had vanished without a trace. Panting heavily, Bymaguhreh suddenly ran up to Jahzong, who was atop a wall, searching for anything promising. "Leader! I found it!" he said, pulling Jahzong down from the wall. "I found their meeting hall!"

Jahzong was a little disappointed Bymaguhreh had not found their men, but it was a ray of hope. They ran swiftly to a majestic, rectangular hall. Jahzong pulled out his knife without hesitation and pried the lock from the door. Bymaguhreh pushed it open and entered first. "Leader, here! They're here," yelled Bymaguhreh. Dorgo was tied to a stout pillar while the others were lashed together around the building's other pillars. They tried to rise from the ground when they heard Bymaguhreh, but failed. Some could not stand because they had been tortured, as evidenced by still-bleeding lash wounds. Dorgo's robe was cut to pieces and his messy hair clung to fresh wounds on his face.

"Can you walk?" asked Jahzong in concern.

Everybody nodded, though some had injured feet. Jahzong told them to walk as quietly as possible, while he and Bymaguhreh protected them.

"I'm staying with you, Jahzong," said Dorgo.

"No. Uncle Dorgo, the path is very dangerous. Your task is not to let anyone slip off," ordered Jahzong. Most men were soon outside the village. Only the men carrying their friends, who were unable to walk, hung back. Jahzong and Bymaguhreh were behind them, prodding them to hurry and catch up with the others.

s Jahzong expected, a local man soon sounded the alarm that the prisoners had escaped. The silent village sprang to life and lit up as men emerged with torches. As their enemies tried to surround them, Jahzong fired at them, attracting all the enemy's attention. Now the enemy chased Jahzong and Bymaguhreh, which was Jahzong's intent. He knew his men would be in danger again if he did not do this. Fortunately, Bymaguhreh knew another path back to the Holy Wind Tribe settlement. They fired at their enemies without aiming as they ran, leading them in the wrong direction. It was too dark to see much of anything.

Jahzong and Bymaguhreh were near their home territory after about an hour of running. Their pursuers' torches fell farther behind. Just as Jahzong slowed his pace something struck his right shoulder followed by a warm stream of blood combined with cold rain dribbling down his back. He suddenly felt he had no energy to continue. Bymaguhreh did not notice and continued trotting ahead. As Jahzong touched the aching place he felt his own warm blood spurting out from the wound.

"Leader, why are you still here? I thought you were right behind me. Rest after we get back to our own territory. Let's go!" urged Bymaguhreh, reaching out to pull Jahzong to his feet.

Though the burning wound on his shoulder made Jahzong nearly faint, he knew it was not the right time or place to stop, for the enemy might catch up with them at any moment. He pushed hard and stood. It seemed his mind had lost control over his body. He wanted to run after Bymaguhreh but his heavy feet did not obey.

Utterly exhausted, Jahzong could no longer walk after some minutes and nearly fainted. Darkness crashed down from everywhere. Though he had never felt so physically challenged, he was unafraid and told himself that he could not die because he bound all his tribesmen together. Bymaguhreh was squatting next to him when he opened his eyes again.

"My Buddha! Are you OK?" Bymaguhreh exclaimed.

"How long was I unconscious? How far are we from home?" asked Jahzong, touching his wound, now wrapped by a piece of cloth torn from Bymaguhreh's robe.

"Within several miles. I'm very worried. You were lying here when I came back searching for you. I thought what the lama said was true - that whoever walks into my life will die," said Bymaguhreh sorrowfully.

"Don't believe what the lama said. I'm not dead," said Jahzong, managing a faint smile.

"Let me carry you. It's been a long time since we separated from the rest. They're probably waiting for us back in the village," said Bymaguhreh, squatting and gesturing for Jahzong to get on his back.

"I can walk. A man can't be defeated by such a small bullet," Jahzong said, trying to stand.

"There's no time to argue! Get on my back!" Bymaguhreh barked. "I wanted to be tough at your age, too, but toughness is situational. You don't need to prove your toughness to me," said Bymaguhreh.

Jahzong insisted on walking back to the village on his own two feet. The rain lessened as they neared their village and then the early-risen roosters crowed. vercast faces brightened as Jahzong and Bymaguhreh trudged dolefully into the village. When the villagers saw Jahzong's hands trembling, they all put their heads down like children about to confess mischief. Nobody uttered a word, understanding that words do not undo what has been done. Jahzong yearned to go home and rest, but nobody else showed any sign of going home. He went through the crowd holding Bymaguhreh's hand. His eyelids were so heavy he could hardly keep them open. It continued raining, but none sought shelter. Jahzong stood in the center of the village, his right arm in a bloody sling. The elders were all there, their bloodshot eyes testimony that they had not slept all night. "It's good that all of you returned," said an old man.

Everyone bowed their heads lower and kept still. Dorgo bowed his head down to his heels in guilty remorse. Jahzong slowly stepped out from the crowd and said, "Everybody go home and rest. We'll discuss this later," and left for home with Bymaguhreh helping him.

A bullet had passed through Jahzong's right shoulder and he was weak from losing blood. All the captured men were back in the village before noon the next day. Everyone visited him and paid their respects. Jahzong had gained complete respect and trust from his people.

Jahzong recovered after several days of rest and then called a meeting. Jahzong was then informed that Jikmed, Guhhay's grandson, had not returned. Men had gone out the next morning hoping to find him, but had returned emptyhanded. Since there seemed to be no hope for Jikmed, no one had told Jahzong in concern for his convalescent health. Dorgo

apologized for his wrong judgment and for Jikmed's death, and said he would keep his promise. According to tribal law he deserved twenty lashes for defying his leader, but that was insufficient because Jikmed had died. Strict tribal law dictated that he be hanged in the presence of all tribal members but Jahzong pardoned him.

All the elders presented strips of silk to Jahzong indicating their respect at the meeting, signaling that Jahzong was now the true leader of the Holy Wind Tribe.

he year was busy with opening more land for cultivation, repairing several key bridges, and building a new two-story house for Jahzong that he did not move into because Bahnso thought their old house was perfectly fine. That year saw a very good harvest. Some villagers had no place to store their excess grain; consequently, Jahzong's new home became a storehouse.

Jahzong message sent a to the Divine Goat Tribe to negotiate, but there was no response. Some days later he heard that Pema's husband had been struck by lightning and died. That night he dreamed about his childhood with Pema - they were playing with Guhhay's saddle. She fell from the saddle, and Jahzong reached out to catch her. He awakened when he rolled against the wood wall by his bed. Unable to sleep, he went to the window and found it was unnaturally bright outside. He stuck his head out the window and then his heart nearly stopped - his new house was on fire! Fierce flames whirled and twisted cruelly into the sky.

Jahzong grabbed an ax and raced outside. He heard a crack near the gate and thought it was from the fire. Then he heard another crack, a bullet whacked into the wall near him, and he realized someone was shooting at him. More men ran out when they heard the gunshots, but nobody knew the sniper's location. They went back inside as Jahzong ordered.

The new house and the grain were nothing but ashes by daybreak. Time passed and then some women went out first to see if the sniper was near. The men emerged from their houses after they thought it was safe. Everybody was about to explode with anger as they stood next to the pile of smoldering ashes.

Dorgo said nothing, only looked at Jahzong, who said that they still had enough food for the rest of the year and no one was wounded. The villagers began building another new house that day at the same site.

The elders suggested bodyguards should go with Jahzong wherever he went, and that nobody should go outside the village unless they were armed. Jahzong thought, however, that their enemies would not soon attack. Life in the village did not change much, though people were more alert. Then news came that the Divine Goat Tribe would soon attack. Some said they should strike before their enemies attacked, while others said they should negotiate. Jahzong ignored them all, understanding it was not the right time to negotiate and wanting to avoid more bloodshed.

People trusted Jahzong with their lives since he had rescued many of the village men from certain death. With their lives in his hands, he also understood that there was no room for mistake. Every day he gathered the elders and discussed the next step. Although it was difficult for him to go out because of his bodyguards, he still went to spy on the other tribe.

middle-aged mother told Jahzong one morning that her son was missing, adding that he had never before spent a night out without telling her. Jahzong was not very concerned because he knew a boy would not always stay with his mother. He told the mother to go home and wait for news, and then he visited several families and asked if they had seen the boy. Someone said the boy had gone to look for a lost yak. Jahzong sensed something was amiss because the place he had gone was near the Divine Goat Tribe's territory. Jahzong asked Bymaguhreh to take some men and search for the boy.

Bymaguhreh was gone for two days and there was no news. Jahzong then sent Dorgo after Bymaguhreh. Dorgo soon returned with the news that Bymaguhreh was returning. When Jahzong asked if the boy had been found, Dorgo said he was not sure because he returned when he had seen Bymaguhreh in the far distance. Everyone stood at the village gate waiting for Bymaguhreh's return. The mother fainted when she saw a horse carrying a corpse mutilated to the point that the child could hardly be identified. This greatly offended Jahzong. The boy was only ten years old. Jahzong immediately gathered the men and said, "I had hoped we would not need to shed more blood, but look at this poor little boy." He closed his eyes for a moment and continued, "They are inhuman. They are monsters. As long as I live I will make them pay for this little boy's blood." He jumped onto his horse and galloped away and the other men followed.

The village women gathered at Jahzong's home after the men left and performed religious rituals for the dead boy under Bahnso's guidance. The place where the boy had been killed was deserted except for yaks belonging to the Divine Goat Tribe, which Jahzong ordered them rounded up and driven to their village.

Just as the women were about to go home after finishing the death rituals, they saw many yaks being driven towards the village. They understood when the men appeared behind the yaks, and quickly made a pen with ropes. The yaks were driven inside, and then the men dismounted and waited for Jahzong's orders.

"Listen! We must have no mercy because they ignored the consequence of killing an innocent child," Jahzong said, looking at the captured yaks. "Everybody get your knives ready. Let's share this meat!"

The men jumped in among the penned livestock and began slaughtering the terrified, bellowing yaks. The women were soon busy dividing the meat fairly between each household. Rivulets of blood trickled from the piles of hides and the village reeked with the smell of fresh blood. Flocks of frustrated, squawking crows circled the village, making quick dives at the heaps of fresh meat they had no hope of stealing.

Jahzong understood he had lit the fuse of battle and that terrible conflict would ensue. He pondered how outdated their weapons were - all artifacts passed down from their ancestors - and how they lacked weapons and ammunition. He wanted to equip his men with better guns and adequate ammunition, but where was the money? Old weapons ensured losing the battle. Jahzong was on the horns of a dilemma.

ymaguhreh came to Jahzong's one night after dinner a couple of days later, worried about their weapons. "Leader, how confident are we of defeating the Divine Goat Tribe?" asked Bymaguhreh, as Bahnso retreated to the small kitchen.

"I don't know," sighed Jahzong.

"Our guns are too much for little birds, but our despicable enemies? Can we blow their heads off with our rusty matchlocks?" asked Bymaguhreh, smiling ironically.

"Honestly, we can't win with our old weapons, and we lack ammunition," Jahzong said, adding wood to the fire. He looked up as the fire suddenly burned more energetically. "I understand and I'm also very concerned about having new guns, but how can we get that much money?" said Jahzong helplessly, and then slowly stood and paced back and forth.

"Leader, I have a solution. Why don't we collect the meat we distributed to the families? We can exchange it for barley," Bymaguhreh said, admiring himself for coming up with such a good idea.

"Should we put barley into our guns instead of bullets?" asked Jahzong, his worried face darkening, as though Bymaguhreh had profoundly offended him.

"Oh! My leader, please be patient," said Bymaguhreh, handing a bowl of warm tea to Jahzong. "We can sell the meat to other villages. Then do you still think we have to put barley in our guns?" he asked.

"Bymaguhreh, why didn't you suggest this earlier? I knew you would come up with a solution," said a now delighted Jahzong. He quickly put the bowl of tea on the floor and said, "Go tell the others to collect the remaining meat, then ask Dorgo and other elders to come meet me here."

The young village men busily collected the meat. No one understood what was going on, but when they were told that it was Jahzong's idea, they knew he was planning something.

"Jahzong, who do you think you should send to sell the meat?" asked an old man.

"Our lives depend on this," said another man anxiously.

Jahzong nodded and calmly said, "Yes, that's why you're all here. I want you to choose a trustworthy man to lead this caravan."

"What if our enemies attack before our trade caravan returns? What shall we do?" asked Dorgo.

Jahzong's overcast face lit up and then he said, "I have a plan. At present the most important thing is to start. How about Bymaguhreh leading the caravan, and one of you go with him to assist?"

"Let me go," Dorgo volunteered.

"No, Uncle Dorgo, I have something else for you to do," Jahzong said as he looked at the quiet men, silently demanding a volunteer.

Cewang, another of Guhhay's loyal men, looked around. Everyone stared at their feet and kept abnormally quiet. Cewang turned to Jahzong and said, "OK, I'll go. I'll do whatever is necessary to protect our caravan." Jahzong approved. Cewang had served Guhhay the longest time and had always been reliable.

"Uncle Dorgo, go to Dali and order new rifles. You are the only expert on guns in our tribe. Take no more than four men with you," said Jahzong, waving his right hand, indicating dismissal.

After the meeting, Dorgo started out first with four men to Dali, which was two days away by horse to the southeast. Bymaguhreh prepared to leave the next morning to sell the meat. Jahzong told the other elders to keep this decision a secret from the other villagers. If everybody knew about it, then there was no doubt that the enemy tribe would quickly learn it, too. Jahzong had set not only himself, but also the whole tribe on fire. As long as this was kept secret, there was no increased danger to them.

ahzong took several men and made an inspection tour around his territory after Bymaguhreh left. He designated several new sentry posts for his men to patrol every day.

Seven days passed and Bymaguhreh and Cewang returned with enough money to buy the needed rifles. There was no news from Dorgo.

When Dorgo arrived in Dali, Lhamojew, the local tribal leader, warmly welcomed him with a splendid reception. Lhamojew was Guhhay's old friend, asked Dorgo nothing, and told him to stay as long as he wished. Dorgo was sure Lhamojew had heard about the conflict with the Divine Goat Tribe and was also certain that the leader had guessed why he had come to Dali. Dorgo decided he should not waste any more time enjoying himself in Dali since his tribesmen were waiting for guns. He went to Lhamojew's home that night and said, "My old friend, today I am here to ask a favor," bowing his head in respect. "The Holy Wind Tribe is in a great predicament and we need your help, Leader."

"I heard something about your tribe and your old man. Why didn't he designate you or Cewang as the next leader?" asked Lhamojew, shaking his head from side to side, clucking disapprovingly. "I also hear that a child is now in charge of the whole business," he said patting Dorgo's shoulder sympathetically.

"I don't have the money with me now, but I'll send the money later, Leader," said Dorgo.

"I understand your situation, but this is business, my friend," Lhamojew said, turning away. "I would surely give you the guns if this were the past, but now everything is different. The old man is no longer the leader. Instead, a child is leading stupid people against another tribe. I don't mean to insult your young leader or his people, but that's reality," said Lhamojew.

"My old friend, you don't trust me?" asked Dorgo.

Lhamojew thought for a moment and said, "No, I just can't afford to lose my guns. If you want me to help you retake the territory that belongs to you, I won't say no."

Dorgo replied, "I'm not the leader. I need your guns to defend my tribe and my land. Please don't refuse my request."

"I don't understand why you are so loyal to this little child. Why don't you lead the people yourself?" asked Lhamojew in puzzlement.

"My friend, everybody is waiting for the guns. Please believe me and believe my leader," said Dorgo, falling to his knees.

"Since you have nothing to give as a deposit why don't you leave your right hand here?" asked Lhamojew with a malicious grin.

Dorgo swiftly unsheathed his sword and chopped off his right hand in one fluid motion, astounding Lhamojew. He had said he wanted Dorgo's hand in jest, not believing Dorgo would do it without blinking. Lhamojew paced back and forth near the blood-covered hand. The hand's fingers were tightly clenched as though angry in memory of the pain it had endured in being severed from its master. Lhamojew wondered why this stubborn man trusted his young leader with his heart and soul.

"My friend, will you now give me the guns? I swear in Buddha's name that I will bring you the money!" said Dorgo, clenching his bloody stump, and beginning to shake as shock set in.

Lhamojew had no choice and called a boy to get the guns for his old friend, Dorgo. If a leader did not keep his word, then no one trusted him. Though Lhamojew asked him to stay some days for his wound to heal, Dorgo said he had already stayed too long and left with the rifles.

Dorgo fell off his horse halfway to the Holy Wind Tribe. He could no longer ride because the wound had become infected. Weak and feverish, he ordered the other men to proceed with the rifles.

ahzong was awakened by a loud knock on his door. He grabbed his long knife by his bed and sprang up. "Who is it?" Jahzong demanded.

"It's me," Bymaguhreh said.

Jahzong slowly opened the door, knife in hand. It was indeed Bymaguhreh, wearing a grief-stricken face. "Anything wrong, Bymaguhreh?" asked Jahzong.

"One of our guards came with the news that the men are back from Dali," Bymaguhreh said as his eyes moistened.

"Good news! Good news! Why aren't you happy, Bymaguhreh?" asked Jahzong, sheathing his knife.

"Dorgo's lying somewhere between Dali and our village, or maybe he's already dead," Bymaguhreh said, twisting his hands together in anguish.

"Tell me what happened," Jahzong said in a trembling voice.

Bymaguhreh buried his head in his hands. Tears dropped onto the floor through his fingers. "He cut his right hand off to make the heartless leader of the Dali Tribe trust us. He became so ill halfway back home that he could no longer ride. He ordered the others to return with the guns," concluded Bymaguhreh, tears trickling down his cheeks.

Jahzong's heart sank. He was touched by such loyalty, which gave him increased confidence that they would win the coming battle. Jahzong looked at the sinking moon and marveled that he had changed so much that sometimes he could no longer recognize himself. At first he had wanted to end the conflict without shedding blood, but now he wanted to

slaughter whoever threatened his tribe. He had decided preparing for war was the best way to ensure peace.

"Bymaguhreh, send two men to find Dorgo at dawn, and tell them I want him brought back alive," said Jahzong, as the eastern sky began glowing. ne or two early risers were fetching water from the nearby stream when Bymaguhreh left Jahzong's home with disheveled hair. He stopped outside the gate as a gentle breeze blew his sleepiness away, his eyes bloodshot from tears and tiredness. Another busy day began.

Bahnso made a generous breakfast for Jahzong and herself as usual. The elders had suggested that Bahnso keep helpers to manage the housework, but she refused. She waited downstairs for Jahzong to get up, but went upstairs when he failed to appear after a long wait. She knocked on his door several times, received no reply, pushed the door open, and found the room empty. She went downstairs and tried to eat breakfast but the food was not tasty without a companion. She covered the warm food with a big wool pad and began repeating Buddhist chants in the small shrine in the house. Chanting was now her main occupation since villagers did much of her usual work.

A lama had told Bahnso that if her son committed any sin she, too, was a sinner, for she was his mother. She had been praying to accumulate merit for both her son and herself ever since. Now she spent most of her time praying and chanting, though she was not sure her devotion was enough to cleanse her son's sins.

Jahzong and his men were admiring the new rifles. Jahzong held one. The new gun's odor of oil roused his interest to test it. As he looked about for a target, a man suggested putting a cartridge atop a wall. Jahzong agreed and the man ran over and positioned a cartridge case on a wall. The target was

not very clear but he confidently aimed at it. Everybody was utterly quiet. "Bang!" went his gun and the cartridge case flew into the distance, amazing everyone there with this display of marksmanship. Jahzong faced his men with satisfaction, nodded slowly, and said, "Make a line. Each of you will receive a new gun," handing the just-fired rifle to the first man.

The men stood in front of Jahzong with the new rifles and cartridges, radiating the aura of an unconquerable army. Jahzong did not take one because he had been using his father's gun ever since he could shoot and refused to change. "Each of you fire three times to check your guns now," he ordered, like a commander-in-chief.

Jahzong watched as the men shot, and was pleased. He had been concerned about the coming conflict, but was now confident.

His men fell back in line after the gun test, and waited for the next order. "Listen! These guns are not to be used for hunting, but for shooting our enemies. Remember that only one side will survive," Jahzong said, gazing again at the shining rifles in his men's hands. "Take good care of your guns. Dorgo left his right hand in Dali for them. There is still no news about him. We hope he isn't dead." The men's lowered heads featured eyes smoldering with hatred. Bymaguhreh stepped out from the front line and said, "Leader, we shouldn't let Dorgo's hand lie in a strange place. Leader, it was your father and Guhhay who helped Lhamojew become the leader of the Dali Tribe. Many of his followers starved to death and later, when he became the leader, our tribe gave them fifty bags of barley for free. Lhamojew promised he would help our tribe if we ever needed it," Bymaguhreh shook his new rifle vigorously in the air, studying everybody's face. He continued, "And now this heartless bastard insults Dorgo like a dog. This will be recorded in the history of our tribe, and we will live in shame forever."

Jahzong understood what Bymaguhreh meant, but it was not the time for an eye for an eye. They would soon face the Divine Goat Tribe. "We will get his hand back, but not now," Jahzong said, glancing at Bymaguhreh, whose face was dark with fury. "I understand, but I hope all of you understand this situation. Our greatest danger is from the Divine Goat Tribe, not from Dali. If you want your children and women to lead a peaceful life, then the Divine Goat Tribe is the first obstacle we must overcome."

Bymaguhreh was as silent as the others for he understood Jahzong better than anyone else. Though he was older than Jahzong, he respected and obeyed him and regretted what he had just said. The problem from the other tribe was already annoying enough that Jahzong could only sleep fitfully. Mentioning Lhamojew had added more pressure on his trusted leader. Bymaguhreh stood like a log when the others left.

"Bymaguhreh, do you have anything to say?" asked Jahzong, as though nothing had happened.

"I'm sorry, Leader," Bymaguhreh said.

"What you said is right. I don't blame you for what you said. Indeed, I should thank you," said Jahzong, smiling warmly.

Instead of being angry, Jahzong thanked him. Bymaguhreh was really puzzled. "Thank me? For what?" he asked.

"For helping me understand what others are thinking about all this. I know they think the same way, they just didn't tell me," said Jahzong with a shrug.

"I know you inside and out, but I still couldn't control myself. When I think about Dorgo, the only thing in my mind is revenge," said Bymaguhreh, shaking his head.

hen they both went home, laughing like two friends who had met after a long separation. Nobody was in the kitchen when Jahzong arrived. The covered food was still near the fire pit, but the fire was dead. Jahzong heard somebody chanting in the shrine, followed the sound, and found his mother, whom he joined, kneeling before newly bought Buddha images. The stone Buddha was also there, but looked inconspicuous among the new colorful images. Jahzong made three prostrations and then pleaded, "Mother, I'm hungry, please cook something," rubbing his mother's back, like a kitten showing intimacy to its master.

"Go eat the food by the fire," said his mother, not bothering to open her eyes.

"It's cold already," he said.

"Of course it's cold because I cooked it this morning for breakfast," said Bahnso.

"Mother, I had something very important to do this morning," said Jahzong, holding his mother.

"What was so important? Even more important than your mother?" Bahnso asked, pushing Jahzong's hands away.

"Mother, we got some new guns. Now we don't have to be afraid of our enemies," said Jahzong with glistening eyes.

"Didn't you say you were not going to let our tribe shed more blood?" asked Bahnso.

"I now understand the value of preparing for war if you want peace. I used to believe that killing couldn't bring us peace, but now I believe that if you don't hit the man bullying you, he'll hit you again," Jahzong said.

"Don't say such things here in the shrine. Remember that you can get anything in this world except medicine for salvation," said Bahnso, standing up after having knelt a long time.

"I don't do things I'll later regret, Mother, but I'm already regretting not having breakfast this morning," said Jahzong, rubbing his grumbling stomach and smiling.

Jahzong gorged himself on the food Bahnso soon prepared and served. Bahnso sat looking at her son and could not help but giggle, and then gave him her food since she was not hungry. Jahzong polished off his mother's food without looking up from his bowl. Once full, he yawned then remembered he had another duty, and went outside to see who was on guard. There was no room for carelessness.

Bymaguhreh was at the first post and then they inspected the night sentinels, who seemed well prepared for any unexpected incident.

There were few people outside, though darkness had not completely descended. Every home door was tightly closed, as if there was a general fear of intruders. Jahzong wondered when the storm would come to his beloved tribe. Luck and misfortune favor the same person time and again.

ahzong set out for the sentry post the next morning and, on the way, encountered a nun sweeping the area in front of her nunnery. Jahzong greeted her as he passed, thought she was somehow familiar, and turned back. She was also astounded and stared at Jahzong's face, her eyes quickly shifting away once their eyes met. The broom in her hand shook slightly.

"How are you, Pema?" asked Jahzong, pulling his horse around, not knowing how to initiate a conversation. He had tried to eliminate her from his mind since she had walked away with another man months ago. But now, face-to-face in this unexpected situation, all his memories about her flooded back from deep within a hidden part of his mind.

She took a deep breath to calm herself, but could not stop shaking as a cold morning breeze swept over her slight body. "I'm fine," she whispered, as though talking to herself. She had thought if she got engaged then Jahzong would propose. She had known Jahzong would come the night she left her bedroom window open, but he had not proposed. She understood everyone viewed him as the tribal leader, and as a trustworthy model. Her heart broke when Jahzong wished her good luck the morning of her wedding. Luck and misfortune favor the same person time and again, for calamities soon fell upon on her one after another and she then determined to make a new beginning.

Her family found that she was gone one morning and instinctively knew she had gone to seek refuge from suffering.

Though life in the small nunnery was peaceful, she could not forget Jahzong. She piously prayed for Jahzong each time she heard of conflict between the two tribes.

"Why didn't you tell me about this?" asked Jahzong in embarrassment.

"Should I have asked our mighty leader for permission to become a nun?" retorted Pema, with a timeworn smile.

"I didn't mean that, but at least you could have told me for the sake of our old friendship," said Jahzong.

"All my past was desire. Then when there was nothing left but an empty heart, I found a way to fill it," she said, flushing a little. She had not changed much. Her angelic face was slightly eroded by the rivers of time that gave her an aura of maturity, making her even more attractive.

Jahzong saw from her eyes that she was not yet beyond the clutches of this worldly cycle. Her body still radiated a lustful woman's attraction and energy.

"Did you know I'm still single?" asked Jahzong.

"I heard, but why ask me this?" asked Pema, her eyes drifting away from Jahzong, yet not knowing where to let them rest.

Jahzong was delighted that she still cared. "Of course, you're the cause," he said, not knowing where the courage to speak in this way to a nun came from.

She was astonished that Jahzong had said what she had yearned to hear for years. "Do you know why I refused several marriage proposals?" he asked, looking directly at Pema's lovely flushed face.

Pema's crescent-shaped eyes widened. "I don't know the answers, and I don't want to reply to your questions. Just forget about our once impetuous ignorance," she said.

"Forget about our old relationship?" Jahzong said in disappointment. "How can I forget? Even if the wound in my heart heals there will always be a scar. Do you really want me to forget, Pema?" asked Jahzong.

The broom fell from Pema's hand as she sank to her knees. Neither Pema nor Jahzong said a word. Jahzong slowly turned as Pema began silently sobbing. The morning sun had climbed above the sleepy mountains, gilding the world gold with its shimmering rays. A blaring white conch shell from the nunnery disturbed the two gold-gilded artistic sculptures near the road. Both glanced at the nunnery simultaneously with a certain sense of guilt.

Pema jumped to her feet at the white conch shell's persistent, shrill blast and ran to the nunnery, wiping tears away with her sleeves. Jahzong stood motionless until she disappeared inside the nunnery's gate. Recalling why he was out so early, he rode on to the first sentry post.

he smell of a roasting hare aroused Jahzong's appetite as he approached the small post. The guards stood as Jahzong neared. After they resumed sitting around the fire, the guards reported in turn to Jahzong, who could not take his eyes off the roasting meat, paying little attention to what the guards said because he was so focused on the smell and sight of the meat turning over the fire.

"Leader, I bet you didn't have breakfast. Let's have breakfast together," said one guard.

"Sure. Why not? Who shot this pitiful hare?" asked Jahzong, rubbing his hands over the fire.

They all looked at each other's face perplexedly, and then one murmured, "I'm sorry, Leader. We didn't listen to what you said, but we only used one bullet." Everybody fell silent, waiting to be scolded.

Jahzong glanced over the men waiting for his reprimand and said, "Well, it smells pretty good. Shall we eat now or wait until it burns to ash?"

Everyone relaxed and got ready to eat. Jahzong was given a thigh and the room was soon filled with laughter once again.

"I heard the leader of the Divine Goat Tribe has a daughter," said one man, refilling Jahzong's empty bowl with warm tea.

"Yes, I also heard that," said Jahzong casually, sensing something strange. "Are any of you in love with her?" he asked, looking at the men around the fire.

"None of us are in love with her. We don't dare love her," a man said.

"She's yours, my leader," said the man next to Jahzong.

"How come she's mine? I don't know her. Maybe she is the ugliest girl in the world," said Jahzong, laughing.

"Leader, since the girl you love doesn't love you, wipe away that rotten love with tears of the soul, and get ready for someone else," the man advised.

Jahzong thought they were making fun of him and said, "What you say is true. Love is not always an even giving and receiving. I'll get this girl tonight, and you all are more than welcome to have fun with her." He was quite amused by his own eloquence.

"Leader, you don't have to go yourself. I think Bymaguhreh should be in on this. What you must do is wait at home. We'll manage the rest," said the man, looking pleased for his leader.

After the next group of guards came, Jahzong returned home with the off-duty men. As they drew near the village, Jahzong saw people rushing in and out of his home. His heart chilled, for Bahnso was often there alone. Worrying that something had happened to her, he ran ahead of the other men. As he got closer it seemed someone was going to marry. People were carrying brightly colored cloth and silk into his home. It seemed they were decorating the home. Many buckets of homemade barley beer were also being carried into the home. Everybody looked so blithe he doubted misfortune had befallen his mother.

He asked several people what was happening as he entered the gate. They looked at each other and laughed uproariously, as though he had made a very clever joke. He noticed Bahnso busily directing the decorating. Consumed by overwhelming curiosity - his family had not held a real party since his father's death - he held his mother's hand and whispered, "What are all these decorations for? What's special about today?"

"Son, why didn't you tell me earlier? I only discovered a few hours ago that you were planning this," she said, pointing to the decorations. "What do you think? Anything you want changed? Now I'll have someone to talk to in my spare time," she said.

"Mother, I still don't understand. Is a relative coming to visit?" asked Jahzong in puzzlement.

"Of course all our relatives will come as soon as they receive the message. But it's fine, since all the villagers are here to help their leader," concluded Bahnso. "How sudden! It would have been much easier if you had told me earlier."

"Hey Bahnso, still remember our bet?" a neighbor woman said, stepping inside with a big wooden bucket of barley beer tied with a piece of white ceremonial silk. "My son still hasn't met the girl of his heart. Your son has, so here is my present!" said the woman, handing the bucket to Bahnso.

"To be honest, I only heard the news this morning from Bymaguhreh. Jahzong wanted to please me with such a big surprise," said Bahnso, tasting the barley beer and happily nodding approval.

The woman joined the other busy people. Jahzong felt utterly lost. Thinking he might be dreaming, he pinched his thigh fiercely and then jumped at the pain. "Mother, I'm truly puzzled. Who did you say was getting married?" asked Jahzong, his brows drawn together in thought.

His astonished mother felt his forehead and said, "Are you well? I know it's exciting to get married, but don't be silly!"

"Just tell me who is marrying," said Jahzong.

Bahnso was shocked. Afraid he was overexcited and disoriented, she told him to sit.

"Mother, look at me. Do I look confused?" asked Jahzong in irritation.

"No, but how is that you don't know about your own marriage?" responded Bahnso, looking at her son cautiously.

"I also heard something about this at the sentry post this morning, but I thought it was a joke and ignored it," said Jahzong, who then summoned the elders to discuss this seemingly ridiculous marriage. Once they assembled, Jahzong asked if it was their idea for him to marry a girl he had never seen. They said they had heard the news that morning and added that it was now too late for him to turn back. Bymaguhreh had been gone for several hours, which meant they were probably already on their way back. Finally they decided that Jahzong should play it by ear, since invitations had already been sent to nearby tribes.

Jahzong and the elders waited anxiously at Jahzong's home, hoping the girl was not terribly ugly. The others were still busy as bees preparing everything. The whole tribe pulsated with anticipation.

Bahnso could not calm herself, wondering what kind of girl her daughter-in-law would be and continually peered through the door, looking in the direction from which the bridal group would come. Jahzong fidgeted in a corner. He had just seen Pema and all his old memories had flooded back. Now a strange girl was suddenly entering his life. He wished his sagacious father and grandfather were with him to sort things out. The elders in the room were intelligent and experienced, but he lacked intimacy with them. Images of a nun with a freshly shaved head played over and over in his mind. He had already caused Pema enormous suffering and thought it was time to compensate her by spending the rest of his life with her. Now this stranger? His friend's kindness? What should he do?

heers erupted and Bahnso shouted, "They're coming! They're coming!" The elders vigorously stood and rushed outside to see the bride. Jahzong hesitated, wondering if he should also go out to meet her. He was full of curiosity when he heard the cheers outside increasing in volume and hesitatingly joined the crowd who had gathered around a girl. Jahzong could not see her face because she was talking to Bymaguhreh, as those around her noisily commented.

Bymaguhreh smiled over her shoulder at Jahzong. The noisy crowd moved aside, leaving Jahzong and the girl alone at the center. She slowly turned, facing her groom. Jahzong could not believe it. He had thought Pema was the most beautiful girl in this world, but now he understood another type of beauty. This woman standing before her groom's luminous eyes was anything but bashful - a very different person than timid Pema.

Bymaguhreh stepped away when he saw Jahzong and his bride both in a daze and then said, "Leader, just a minute. You're not supposed to meet your bride until this evening," pulling Jahzong by a long sleeve of his robe back inside the home.

Jahzong was now eighteen and much more of a manboth physically and mentally - than a boy. He was tall, strongly built, and his broad shoulders accentuated his narrow waist. A single thick braid of jet-black hair was wrapped around his head and fastened into place with coral and turquoise ornaments. His sharp, not-too-long nose sat under doublelidded large eyes in a tanned, squarish face. The only imperfection in his face was a left upper incisor that was noticeably longer than its neighbors. He had a deep voice that was growing deeper and he spoke slowly and clearly.

At this moment a woman put a fox hat on the girl's head and pulled it down over her eyes. Then several women squeezed out from the crowd, and escorted her away.

Jahzong slammed the door shut after Bymaguhreh followed him inside. Bymaguhreh went straight to the small kitchen and served himself a bowl of cold tea. He was a frequent guest at Jahzong's place and he now made himself at home. When he emerged from the small kitchen, sipping the tea, he saw Jahzong still standing by the door, his chest heaving. Jahzong became enraged when he remembered his own situation and directed his ire at Bymaguhreh, who had put him in this dilemma.

Bymaguhreh realized his recklessness had deeply upset Jahzong. "Leader, I know what I did was a little rash, but..." he said, moving near Jahzong.

"A little rash? Do you know how much I am hurt by your bit of rashness?" panted Jahzong.

"But you must understand, my leader, sometimes you have to give up something small for your people, for yourself," said Bymaguhreh, gulping a mouthful of cold tea.

"What? Give up my love for my people and for myself?" Jahzong said.

"Leader, never bet on love," Bymaguhreh said, putting his right arm around Jahzong's neck though Jahzong tried to push him away. "I know you can't forget Pema, but she's a nun now," he said tugging Jahzong towards the fire pit. Bymaguhreh added wood to the dying fire and planted himself near the fortified blaze.

Jahzong flopped down by Bymaguhreh and said, "Nothing can stop me from loving Pema. I've already caused her to lose too much. I can't let her suffer further."

"You can't give her up because you feel it's your fault that she went through all this alone, but does sympathy equal love?" said Bymaguhreh, rubbing his stiff hands above the crackling fire, warming them.

"Do you really think this strange girl is trustworthy? Isn't she an eye that her father wants by my side, observing and reporting everything to our most hated enemy?" asked Jahzong, leaning against Bymaguhreh.

"Leader, don't worry. She's very straightforward. She was promised to a tribal leader's son by her father," said Bymaguhreh, staring at Jahzong's questioning eyes.

"Then why did she come to me instead of going to her groom?" Jahzong asked as Bymaguhreh put the empty bowl aside.

"Well, that's another story. What I heard is that she dislikes the leader's son and quarreled with her father about it," said Bymaguhreh, grinning mischievously.

"That's interesting, but I don't pity her and I'll never trust you again, Bymaguhreh. You did this without my permission," said Jahzong helplessly.

"I thought this would heal the wound deep in your heart and also better our current situation. But if you really can't accept this, then I'll offer her to someone else. I promised her I'd find her a dependable husband," responded Bymaguhreh dejectedly.

The bride was surrounded by enthusiastic women who were decorating her like a doll in the adjoining room. They were reminded of their own special clothing and adornments when they had been brides. However, none had had such a beautiful Tibetan robe and silver milk hook attached to her sash as did this girl. How simple their marriages had been! As they dressed the bride, everybody complimented her on her wedding clothes and praised her good fortune.

Jahzong sat by the fire, forgetting that Bymaguhreh was there. Finally, he reluctantly looked up at Bymaguhreh's dark red face and said, "OK. Bymaguhreh, I'll marry her." This was followed by a long uncomfortable silence. "But I'll not give up Pema," he said, already standing.

"Is there anything I can do to help you get ready, Leader?" asked Bymaguhreh, staring blankly at the winking fire.

"I'm ready. I want to be alone for a moment, Bymaguhreh. Don't let anyone bother me," said Jahzong, trudging upstairs to his bedroom.

As Bymaguhreh looked at Jahzong's retreating back, he felt his heart pound. He went to the small kitchen, and found a bucket of barley beer. He needed it to wash away the unhappiness from his buzzing, confused head.

arkness slowly wrapped its wings around the sun as the whole village seemed to suddenly hold its breath in fear this regular visitor would swallow it. Villagers were rushing to Jahzong's home where the bride waited impatiently in the stifling room. Nobody had seen Jahzong and Bymaguhreh all afternoon. "Our leader is a shy creature. I wonder what he will do tonight?" someone said.

"Maybe he'll need someone to show him what to do," said another man, making a funny face.

Soon singing could be heard at the bride's door, encouraging her to come out. Children crowded at the door as the singer started the wedding ceremony. Young, unmarried men made a human wall all the way from the bride's room to the main part of the house, where the wedding ritual would take place. Holding silver bowls brimming with barley beer in their hands, they sang praises and extended good wishes as the bride passed by.

The elders had already taken their seats in the house, drinking exuberantly from their big wooden bowls. The bride came in with her companions leading the way straight to the oldest man in the house. She removed the fox-skin hat and bent before the ancient man to receive his blessing and good wishes. Now the ancient melodies of the time-honored weddings songs merged with the smell of the mellow liquor, wafting through the whole village. Everyone felt invigorated, hearing the wedding's melodious sounds.

Jahzong stayed in his room, for he was not to meet his bride until the end of the wedding ceremony. He felt lonely after a while and wanted to talk to Bymaguhreh. He walked downstairs and found Bymaguhreh lying in the kitchen by an empty bucket. Jahzong slowly sat by him, a flood of sentiment submerging his heart. He understood why Bymaguhreh was drunk. He was unmarried and had planned all of this for his young leader and for his tribe, risking his life in enemy territory to kidnap this girl. To his surprise, he was scolded rather than praised. Jahzong lugged Bymaguhreh upstairs, undressed him, and put him in his bed.

It was almost midnight and people were leaving one after another. Jahzong was shown into a newly decorated room where his bride was sitting coyly on the edge of the bed. He stood timidly, looking at her covered face. She pulled off her hat and said matter-of-factly, "Jahzong, why don't you come over here?"

Jahzong moved his wobbly legs forward and stood nervously, his heart pounding, with a face as flushed and red as an overripe wild strawberry.

"Come sit. I won't bite you unless you bite me first," she said, scooting aside to make space.

"I don't even know your name," said Jahzong, sitting carefully by her.

"But I know your name. Jahzong, right?" she said, starlike eyes glinting in the dim light.

"My name has reached the further tribes and soon all the tribal leaders will kneel at my feet," boasted Jahzong proudly. Jahzong turned to look at her and saw she was giggling uncontrollably. Jahzong felt a little sick at heart because no one dared laugh at him in his tribe, but now this girl sitting by him was laughing insolently.

"What are you laughing at? What's so funny?" asked Jahzong, his face overcast.

"Look at you! Still acting like a child. Don't be angry. I'll tell you my name," she said, moving closer to Jahzong mischievously.

"I can find out your name even if you don't tell me," Jahzong said. And then a deeply disturbing and arousing scent struck his nerves. "I wasn't angry. I was just..." said Jahzong in embarrassment.

"Though I'm sure you can learn my name, call me Dehgee. I've heard many things about you. Why is your tribe's most feared man so timid?" Dehgee said, holding Jahzong's hot sweaty palms in hers.

This time Jahzong did not resist. He felt irresistibly attracted and stimulated. Jahzong tentatively put an arm around her as she leaned against him.

"I've never thought I would be in your arms, Jahzong. My father's enemy's arms. I'm not his property. He cannot just give me to others as he likes," said Dehgee, unrestrained tears streaking Jahzong's chest.

Jahzong gently stroked her charcoal-black hair, surprised this seemingly happy girl had such bitter tears to shed. He wondered how many of his joyful-appearing men were really happy. Were they all like this poor girl with such pain in their hearts?

awn broke. Jahzong and Dehgee lay in bed, not yet recovered from the night's activities. Suddenly someone rushed in. "Leader, get up! Get up quickly!" yelled Bymaguhreh, picking up Jahzong's robe from the floor.

Both Jahzong and Dehgee were surprised by Bymaguhreh's sudden intrusion. "Didn't you know we were sleeping, Bymaguhreh? How dare you rush in without knocking!" said Jahzong, pulling the coverlet up to hide his naked wife.

"We're under attack, Leader! Put on your robe and get ready," said Bymaguhreh, tossing Jahzong his robe.

"Under attack? Whose attack?" Jahzong said.

"We are surrounded by our old enemies. Their leader said that if we don't send his daughter and you to him, he'll kill all the villagers," said Bymaguhreh, peeking out the window worriedly.

Jahzong sprang out of bed, grabbed his gun, rushed to the door, and then halted suddenly, looking at his still wife strangely. "I got it. I got it!" said Jahzong, approaching his wife, who was still timidly holding the coverlet in her arms.

"Leader, you got what? Let's go. We're in terrible danger!" urged Bymaguhreh.

"I told you she was an eye planted by her father. Now you see? Her father is already here. This is all planned, Bymaguhreh," said Jahzong, jerking Dehgee out of bed.

"Jahzong, leave her alone. This has nothing to do with her. Even if it is as you say, then it was me who brought her here, I'm responsible," said Bymaguhreh, heading out. Jahzong turned abruptly and followed Bymaguhreh. His men were ready, hiding in every village corner. A man came to Jahzong and said, "It seems there are many more people than just our old enemies. I saw men who are not from the Divine Goat Tribe. Maybe some other tribes are supporting the Divine Goat Tribe."

"I can't think of any tribe that would help them," Jahzong said worriedly. "Without outside help, we are evenly matched, but if another tribe has come to their aid, we are outnumbered and in great danger, especially since they have taken key positions around our village," said Jahzong, searching for a solution.

"I know who's helping my father," Dehgee said, suddenly appearing in her new robe beside Jahzong. "It's the Black Hat Tribe. They made a deal. You've surely heard that I was promised to a tribal leader's son. He is from this tribe. They agreed that the Black Hat Tribe would help us, but the prerequisite was that I had to marry the son," said Dehgee in an aggrieved tone.

"Do you think we can win this time?" asked Jahzong in embarrassment.

"It's very clear that you have no chance of winning," said Dehgee, moving closer to her husband.

"I can see that," said Jahzong, shrugging helplessly.

"Then what shall we do? Shall we just sit here and wait for them to kill us?" asked one man.

"Of course not. Since we have enough guns and ammunition we won't just sit here and wait to be killed," said Bymaguhreh, full of confidence.

"Leave me alone for a while, please," said Jahzong, dismissing his men.

Bymaguhreh led the others to inspect their current positions. Jahzong sat in a corner, trying to think of a solution. Dehgee quietly sat by him, gently stroked his tangled hair, and

said, "Jahzong? Don't worry too much. The situation is crystal clear. You and your people don't have much choice."

"No. There must be a way," Jahzong said calmly. He was no longer the same shy man who dared not look in his bride's eyes. "I can't let my enemies kill my loyal people," said Jahzong, gazing into Dehgee's sparkling eyes.

Dehgee was delighted and now sure she had married the right man. She had been regretful the night before when she saw the man she had heard so much about was unable to look her in the face, but now he stood, personally shouldering tribal responsibility. Her rejoicing heart ached at seeing how her husband was dreadfully bothered by the tribal conflict.

"I'm sorry, Jahzong. I brought you and your people disaster, not happiness," said Dehgee.

"It's too late to blame yourself. Blaming won't change anything now," said Jahzong.

"I don't regret marrying you. Actually, I'm happy that I made this choice, but today the man who causes my husband so much worry is my father. I don't want you or my father to die," said Dehgee, fiddling with her fingers.

"I also don't want to die and I don't want to kill others, but it's not up to you and me, Dehgee. There is only one who can live - your father or me. That's already fated," said Jahzong, trembling a little.

"Why? Why must you or my father die? I won't allow it," said Dehgee, wiping tears from her rosy cheeks.

Bymaguhreh and several other men suddenly raced up to Jahzong and whispered in his ear. Jahzong's face paled. He sighed weakly, stood, reached out, took Dehgee's hand, and said. "We have no choice. I'll go meet him alone."

"No. You can't. What they really want is you, Jahzong. Why do you decide this?" asked Dehgee, gripping his hand.

"Dehgee, you may return to your father. He's about to attack. Our people have no place to hide. Your father sees every move we make."

"They'll kill you, Jahzong. I can't let you do this," said Dehgee in concern.

Bymaguhreh said he would accept whatever decision Jahzong made. Some elders even said if Jahzong led they would follow him, whatever the result might be. Some women joined the crowd with axes and sickles, determined to kill enemies intent on depriving them of a normal life.

Jahzong tried to restrain his gathering tears, turned, and wiped them away. He could not persuade himself to lead these devoted people in a rush at the enemies' muzzles. Everyone was impatiently waiting for the order to fight. He looked over his loyal, devoted people and said, "Thank all of you for trusting me. I also want to fight, but it's different this time. It's not worth sacrificing your lives. I've made up my mind. No more words. Everybody return home."

Nobody moved. All stood solidly in front of Jahzong. "I've an idea!" shouted Dehgee, squeezing through the crowd surrounding Jahzong.

"I've thought of every possible way of dealing with your father. My going there is the only possibility," said Jahzong dejectedly.

"I've an idea, Jahzong. He's my father. Take me as hostage and tell him to leave. He'll do it because I'm his only child," said Dehgee.

Everyone was shocked, never imagining Dehgee would oppose her father to help Jahzong. After prolonged insistence, Jahzong agreed and then went out to meet Dehgee's father, Sahnguh.

When Sahnguh heard Jahzong was coming, he laughed menacingly, sure Jahzong would die at his hands. When his chief assistant told him that Jahzong was not alone, he ignored it. He told Sahngee-Renchin, his new ally and the leader of the Black Hat Tribe, that the men coming with him were bidding farewell to their young leader.

Sahngee-Renchin and the other leader strode to Jahzong with their bodyguards. The three tribal leaders stood face-to-face, seething with hatred. "You are Jahzong? How do you feel now that you're a prisoner?" sneered Sahnguh.

"This is what you deserve, Jahzong, for stealing my son's wife," added Sahngee-Renchin.

Some men jumped out from the crowd to capture Jahzong as Sahnguh nodded. Bymaguhreh stepped before Jahzong, a shining rifle at the ready, staring at the approaching men, who halted abruptly, and then everybody reached for their guns. Jahzong glared at the men, who were aiming at each other, and ordered his men to lower their rifles.

The other two leaders looked pleased by Jahzong's rationality. "You're very clever, Jahzong, in realizing that it's useless to oppose us," said Sahnguh, looking proudly at his friend.

"Where is my daughter-in-law? You can't separate people who really love each other," pronounced an enraged Sahngee-Renchin.

"Yes, we can't separate those fated to be together, so why don't you give up? Dehgee doesn't love your idiot son," said Jahzong, without looking at Sahngee-Renchin.

"How dare you insult my friend! Though your tribe is big, it's still under my thumb. Don't you believe my men will stamp your tribe flat at my word?" said Sahnguh, gently patting his friend's shoulder.

"I believe you, Sahnguh. But don't forget that your daughter is in my hands," responded Jahzong.

"What? Are you threatening me with my daughter's life? How is she? Where is she, Jahzong!" demanded Sahnguh.

Jahzong's men hustled Dehgee to the front at Jahzong's order. Sahnguh and Sahngee-Renchin were astounded, staring at each other open-mouthed.

"Since we have no choice, I'll kill your innocent daughter first," said Jahzong, cocking his rifle as if he were going to kill Dehgee right then and there.

"Stop! Jahzong! If you kill her, I swear to Buddha that I'll slaughter all your people, including the old ones and the children," said Sahnguh.

"All my people have been ready to sacrifice themselves at my command ever since I became their leader. We do not fear death. It comes to all of us in time. Do you want your daughter to go first?" said Jahzong, aiming his loaded gun at Dehgee's head.

"Don't kill her, Jahzong. Please don't kill her! We can make a deal," said Sahnguh as Sahngee-Renchin approached him and whispered, "Friend, don't negotiate. We won't have this chance again. Now is the best time to avenge your predecessor, who was killed by this little son-of-a-bitch. Don't make a stupid decision."

Jahzong and his tribesmen looked at the two men anxiously. Nobody could hear a word. Jahzong's heart pounded ever harder. Dehgee was his last ace. His life and his people's lives depended on this. Only Dehgee noticed that the gun aimed at her head was shaking slightly. She turned and gave Jahzong a comforting glance as Jahzong and his men prayed secretly in their hearts.

"You say that because the girl on the edge of the razor is not your daughter. I don't want to lose my only child, Sahngee-Renchin," shouted Sahnguh, breaking the silence.

"You think I don't care about Dehgee? She is my daughter-in-law. I care about her as much as my own son, Sahnguh. We can live in peace the rest of our lives if we kill this bastard," said Sahngee-Renchin, trying to persuade his friend.

"Live in peace? How am I supposed to live in peace without my only daughter? Will you live in peace if you lose your son, Sahngee-Renchin?" asked Sahnguh, looking at his daughter.

Dehgee's tears streamed down her cheeks when she saw her father losing his ally to save her. She knew how hard he had worked to gain this support and wondered why she stood by Jahzong's side, against her own father.

"Sahnguh, it's simple: Leave now and nobody will hurt your daughter," said Jahzong.

"Everything will be fine, Jahzong, just please don't hurt my daughter," pleaded Sahnguh, ordering his men to lower their rifles.

"What about my son, Sahnguh? Will you keep your promise?" asked Sahngee-Renchin, pulling Sahnguh to his side.

"Saving my daughter is the most important thing, right? I don't want to lose my daughter and you don't want to lose your daughter-in-law," said Sahnguh.

"You've made up your mind, Sahnguh. Let's go home," said Sahngee-Renchin, staring menacingly at Sahnguh, whose face paled like death. Sahngee-Renchin assembled his men and marched off, leaving Sahnguh and his men. As Sahnguh watched his hard-earned advantage leave, he sluggishly looked up at the ardent sun, lurched, and was then supported by his bodyguards.

"Jahzong, now I think you can release my daughter," said Sahnguh in a melancholic tone.

"Of course. She is your daughter and I've no right to keep her here. Take her if she wants to leave," said Jahzong, lowering his rifle.

"Dehgee! Come to your father. My dear daughter! Let's go home," Sahnguh said, stepping forward.

Dehgee knelt before her father and made three prostrations as tears rolled down her pale cheeks. "I'm sorry, Father. I can't go home with you," said Dehgee.

"What? Why? Jahzong, you promised I could take her home," said Sahnguh angrily.

"Yes. I promised you could take her back home. But if she doesn't want to go, I can do nothing, Sahnguh," said Jahzong, feeling pity for his opponent.

Everyone looked at Dehgee, still kneeling and whimpering before her surprised father. Bymaguhreh comforted her and felt guilty for having arranged this. He sat by her and daubed her tears with his dirty sleeve.

"Why is it you who have come to comfort me? Why not Jahzong?" gasped Dehgee as she masked her wet face in her hands, sobbing desperately.

"My dear, let's go home. I'm sorry I didn't take better care of you. I was wrong to betroth you to Sahngee-Renchin's son. I'll do whatever you say," Sahnguh said, his bloodshot eyes moistening.

"I'm sorry Father. I really can't go. I married Jahzong. I'm sorry that I didn't tell you earlier," said Dehgee, feeling even guiltier.

Now her father understood why she could not return home with him, and why she had risked her life to save Jahzong and his people. Sahnguh knew Dehgee better than anyone else and realized nothing he could do would change her mind.

"I'm happy. Do you know why, Dehgee? I'm happy that you've found someone to rely on," said Sahnguh tenderly. "Jahzong, please care for my daughter. If anything happens to her I promise that you and your people will never know peace."

Jahzong nodded slightly, and then Sahnguh took a final look at his daughter and left. Dehgee remained kneeling in the same place, sobbing bitterly. Bymaguhreh stepped back as Jahzong gestured. Jahzong stood by her side for a moment, looking at the crowd. Then he knelt by Dehgee as some villagers gestured for him to comfort her, and silently embraced her from behind. Bymaguhreh told those curiously watching to go home. Everybody left reluctantly, looking back over their shoulders at the two entwined figures, and then Bymaguhreh slowly turned away from the reconciled lovers.

ime passed and Jahzong and Dehgee were at home in their small dining room, which was unusually full of joy. After many dark thorny ventures, Jahzong and Dehgee had found missing love in each other. Bahnso and Dehgee were busy cooking in the small kitchen. Jahzong wanted to help, but was told that there was nothing he could do. He waited in the dining room alone, constantly peeking into the smoky kitchen. Once dinner was finally ready, all three sat on a brand new carpet in a semi-circle near the warm fire.

Jahzong noticed an extra pair of chopsticks and a bowl, but the appetizing smell from the newly cooked meat meant he could no longer restrain himself. He picked up his knife and attacked the steaming meat, and then noticed Dehgee and his mother's chopsticks were idle. He asked them to eat before the meat got cold, but they only smiled mischievously, and nodded joyfully when he asked if someone was joining them for dinner. He put down his knife and waited impatiently, wondering who the special guest would be. At that moment, the dining room door slowly swung open and in came Dorgo. Bahnso and Dehgee quickly stood up in welcome. Jahzong could not believe his eyes and stared at the visitor in surprise. Dorgo stopped and said, "Leader, shall I come in or just stand here?"

"Is it really you, Dorgo?" asked Jahzong, glancing at his mother and Dehgee.

"Of course it's me. Why didn't you invite me to your wedding?" asked Dorgo, feigning anger.

"Please come in, Dorgo. I thought you were..." said Jahzong in embarrassment.

"You thought I was dead? Actually I visited the King of Hell, but he thought I was no use there and sent me back," he said as Bahnso and Dehgee giggled.

Now Jahzong was sure the man standing in front of him was Dorgo, not a ghost. He jumped to his feet and warmly embraced him, then felt something missing. "Your hand?" asked Jahzong, gently touching the stump.

"Now the meat and food are really getting cold. You two can talk during the meal. Come, let's eat," said Bahnso, motioning to Dorgo to sit first.

"I donated my right hand to Dali. Don't worry about it," joked Dorgo, waving the stump.

"Tell me Dorgo, how did you come through all this? Everybody has been worrying about you for ages," said Jahzong as they all sat down around the food.

"I'm sorry to make you worry about me," apologized Dorgo, putting down his chopsticks.

"It was my idea not to tell you," said Bahnso, putting a piece of meat in Dehgee's bowl. "I got news of his leaving the night before he left from Dali. I was afraid someone would waylay him on the road home. I saw Bymaguhreh was exhausted from his long journey, and you were always busy, so I sent several men to protect them without telling you and Bymaguhreh." She paused, offering Jahzong and Dorgo more meat, and then continued, "The men I sent found Dorgo dying alone by the road. They took him to a nearby village for help. He insisted on going home after two days, but our men told him it was your idea that he should wait until the wound was well healed."

"I'm sorry I wasn't with you when you needed help," said Dorgo to Jahzong, looking down at his bowl.

"Uncle Dorgo, please don't blame yourself. You didn't know about it and it wasn't your fault. We all must thank Dehgee," said Jahzong, putting meat from his own bowl into Dehgee's bowl.

"I'm very glad you two are together, Dehgee. Thank you very much, not only for taking care of our leader, but also for saving our village," said Dorgo as Dehgee blushed.

"Uncle, it's not only your village, now it's my village, too. I'm very glad that I can share some of Jahzong's burden," said Dehgee.

They saw Dorgo off after the meal and then the three returned to the small dining room and sat in the dim, chilly room. Bahnso retired to her room to do evening chanting, while Jahzong and Dehgee sat near the pulsating fire, looking at each other lovingly. Dehgee moved closer to Jahzong and leaned against him, their distorted shadows mingling to dance on the walls in the faint light.

Jahzong's home, reluctant to bother the lovebirds. Several times he turned to go home, but it was an emergency. He braced himself and then pushed open the door. Dehgee stood up alertly when they heard the door creak open, and bumped into Bymaguhreh in the doorway. Jahzong took out his knife and ran to the door when he heard Dehgee's screech.

"It's me, Bymaguhreh," he said.

Jahzong, gripping a long knife, let Bymaguhreh in and pulled Dehgee into a comforting embrace. Jahzong knew Bymaguhreh would not visit at such an hour if it were not important. He took Dehgee upstairs to their bedroom, kissed her good night, and quickly came back downstairs.

"What's wrong, Bymaguhreh? I know it's something important," said Jahzong, leading Bymaguhreh into the kitchen.

Bymaguhreh looked around cautiously and said, "Sahnguh was killed on his way back to the Divine Goat Tribe."

"Really? Who did it?" asked Jahzong.

"One of Sahnguh's men came to me early this evening and said Sahngee-Renchin waylaid them. People who didn't surrender were killed on the spot," he said as his eyes shifted to focus on the dining room door. "Jahzong, don't let Dehgee know about her father's death."

"Where is that man now?" asked Jahzong, dark clouds covering his face.

"He's at my home, resting. He luckily escaped from being killed and came to us for help," replied Bymaguhreh, pitying the unfortunate leader and his tribe.

Jahzong knew the man from the Divine Goat Tribe had come for help because he was the only one who could avenge the deceased leader. Jahzong and Sahnguh had opposed each other, but Jahzong had felt a ray of hope for ending their conflict with Dehgee's arrival. His obligation now was to carry out his filial duty by avenging the death of his father-in-law.

"What shall we do now?" asked Jahzong.

"Since he left his daughter in your hands, you must make Sahngee-Renchin pay," said Bymaguhreh, shrugging helplessly.

Jahzong stayed up until midnight after Bymaguhreh left, thinking about how to break the news to his wife and how to deal with their enemy. Worried that Jahzong had not joined her, Dehgee dragged herself languidly downstairs to find him blankly staring at the smoking fire. She tiptoed into the dim room. Jahzong did not notice she was behind him and jumped when she touched his shoulder. He grabbed the unexpected hand but quickly let go when he saw Dehgee's face distorted in pain.

"Something's bothering you? What are you thinking about?" asked Dehgee.

"Nothing. I just couldn't sleep. You shouldn't come out like this or you'll catch cold," said Jahzong.

"I awakened and found you gone. I was frightened," said Dehgee, rubbing her puffy eyes like a child just awakened from a sweet dream.

They returned to their bedroom, hand in hand. Jahzong lay awake in bed while Dehgee fell asleep, her head on his shoulder. He gazed at his calmly sleeping wife, bitterness churning in his stomach. A girl had lost everything and became a nun because of him. Now the girl lying by him had been disloyal to her own father for him. Her father had been killed

and he was the cause. He was uncertain how or if he could patch the holes in his heart.

he next morning Dehgee awakened Jahzong. He was panting heavily as sweat flowed from his young naked muscular body. "Jahzong, what's wrong? Are you sick?" asked Dehgee, gently stroking his damp hair.

"A nightmare. A ghost was nagging me all night," said Jahzong exhaustedly.

"I heard you calling someone's name. Are you OK? Shall I ask a lama to come and do something?" asked Dehgee, wiping sweat from Jahzong's broad forehead.

Jahzong realized he had been calling Pema's name in his dream. "Whose name was I calling, Dehgee?" asked Jahzong as he guiltily gave her a warm hug.

"It seemed to be a girl's name," Dehgee said. Jahzong's heart did a somersault when he heard this. "You know women are often jealous, but I don't care who you call in your dreams as long as you love me," said Dehgee, stroking and patting Jahzong's bare chest and belly affectionately.

Jahzong felt even guiltier as he remembered how she had saved the whole village. He was sorry to hold her in his arms while calling Pema's name. But the more he tried to forget Pema, the more he dreamed of her.

Jahzong stayed in bed the whole day, unsure if he should visit Pema. Time passed. The sun was almost behind the front mountain, immersing the village in deep, lingering warmth. Women were dashing to the river to fetch water with their young daughters in tow. Clusters of old men were enjoying the soon-to-disappear warmth, complaining about the shortness of their lives.

Jahzong stuck his head out from his bedroom window, resting his aching head in his cupped hands. Some children passed under his window, driving their pigs home and singing joyfully. Jahzong spontaneously hummed after the children but soon stopped. His hoarse, rusty voice was no match for the children's innocent melodies. Jahzong had never sung before an audience but he often hummed when he was alone. Looking at these happy, seemingly innocent children he remembered how short his childhood had been - and how unhappy.

Jahzong heard a gentle step coming towards him. He continued looking out the window, ignoring the person behind him. "How do you feel?" asked Dehgee, brushing up against him.

"I'm better. Look at these children, Dehgee. I was carried away by old memories from my childhood," said Jahzong as another group of children passed near.

"Old memories are often beautiful and don't grow older as we age," said Dehgee, recalling her own childhood.

"There is not a single memory from my childhood that is beautiful except when I was with my grandfather, Guhhay," said Jahzong with a deep sigh.

"I had a very nice childhood, playing with my parents and our servants. I was the treasure of my family, and the whole tribe," she said delightedly. "But I was forgotten after Mother's death. Father and the whole tribe grieved and nobody played with me. Only loneliness and grief accompanied me until one day I heard your name. They trembled when they said your name. I was curious why people were afraid of a child and then I secretly vowed that if I were going to marry in my life, you were the one."

Jahzong put his arm around her shoulder and said, "I never thought about marrying you till Bymaguhreh brought you here. I heard from others that my enemy had a daughter, but I didn't know your name."

"I know you resisted the idea of accepting me," said Dehgee.

"Look at those children! They worry about nothing! All they have to do is enjoy themselves," said Jahzong, playfully gazing into Dehgee's eyes.

"Why do you look at me like that? Is there anything on my eyelashes, Jahzong?" asked Dehgee in embarrassment.

"No. Your eyelashes are the most beautiful in the world. Do you know what I am planning?" asked Jahzong, taking her into his arms gently.

"What?" whispered Dehgee, feeling safe in his strong arms.

"I am planning a baby, a baby as beautiful as its mother," said Jahzong as Dehgee drew back shyly.

hat night after Dehgee and Bahnso went to bed, Jahzong wandered outside without any particular purpose. Finally he found himself at the gate of the nunnery where Pema was seeking enlightenment. Someone standing in the dark like a ghost called to him as he was about to knock on the door. It was Bymaguhreh. "What are you doing here so late?" asked Jahzong in a fluster.

"I was taking a walk," replied Bymaguhreh, standing still in the warm night wind.

"What a coincidence! I also couldn't sleep so I took a walk, too," Jahzong said uneasily.

"Are you ready for an exciting adventure, Jahzong?" whispered Bymaguhreh.

"What kind of adventure?" asked Jahzong.

"Sahngee-Renchin will transport grain to the Black Hat Tribe tomorrow," said Bymaguhreh, glancing around.

"Where did you get this information? Are you sure?" asked Jahzong, already planning an attack.

"From one of our eyes in the Divine Goat Tribe. He said Sahngee-Renchin has hidden his men along the road in case you attack," said Bymaguhreh as Jahzong's eyes widened.

"They are well prepared. That old fox knows we may attack, making it even more dangerous," said Jahzong, squatting beside Bymaguhreh.

"Most of their men are probably strung out along the route between the two tribes," said Bymaguhreh, digging deep into his cache of experiences.

"How about striking when they are packing the grain?" said Jahzong.

"That's the weakest link in their chain, but what if they have stationed men around the Divine Goat Tribe?" asked Bymaguhreh.

"Did our spy say where they have the fewest men?" asked Jahzong.

"No, but I heard the Divine Goat tribesmen will be kept in the meeting hall during the whole process. They're afraid they'll make trouble," said Bymaguhreh.

"I see. Then some of their men will have to guard local people in the meeting hall. That's their weakest link," said Jahzong, still uncertain.

"Right. We'll launch a surprise attack," said Bymaguhreh confidently.

"I don't know why I'm trembling. It never happened before. Is it a bad omen?" asked Jahzong, gazing awkwardly at Bymaguhreh.

"That's what happens when a man marries. Concern about family, a beautiful wife, and future dreams does it," said Bymaguhreh good-naturedly. Never make an enemy but if it happens that you have one, go get him first, otherwise you'll be the victim.

arkness fell, leaving the exhausted mountains near the quiet village languid in the rapidly cooling darkness. All the households except Jahzong's were dark. Elders from the Holy Wind Tribe crowded into Jahzong's small sitting room. Though nobody had begun talking, something emergent was in the air. Jahzong and Bymaguhreh whispered to each other on one side of the crowded room. Others waited patiently for the meeting to start.

Finally a gentle cough broke the ice. Everybody looked towards where the cough emanated from. Jahzong was standing next to Bymaguhreh, his overcast face emotionless as he said, "Tonight I called all of you to my home. I guess you know why."

A stir went through the men as they stared at each other curiously.

"The Black Hat Tribe is our enemy and the time has come to settle this. Conflict will come to us sooner or later, Jahzong. The Black Hat Tribe is at least as strong as we are since they have taken over the Divine Goat Tribe," said Dorgo.

The group suddenly came alive with animated talk in groups of twos and threes. Suddenly a loud voice from a dark corner attracted everybody's attention. "Can't we settle this in peace? Don't all of you, the fate-controllers of this village, understand that if we make war with this tribe then we will be

the most powerful tribe? But, did any of you think the other tribes will allow this to happen?"

"Do you mean if we fight the Black Hat Tribe the other tribes will interfere?" asked another man.

Bymaguhreh stood up, glancing over the small, dimly lit room and said, "I'm younger than all of you except Jahzong here, but I have fought many battles with our ex-leader and now I am fighting for our young leader. I know from experience that if fighting is the only way to solve the problem, then it's better to take action earlier rather than later."

The room fell silent for a moment. The elders were unsure if what Bymaguhreh said was true, but they had much faith in Jahzong.

Dorgo said, "Jahzong, you have something on your mind, otherwise we wouldn't be here. Don't delay. Our limited minds can't come up with any new ideas. Please get to the point."

"Jahzong, just tell us your plan. Whatever it is, we'll follow and fight beside you," another man said.

Jahzong knew it was time to explain. Before, he had been unsure if the elders would give him unqualified support, but now he was reassured.

"Thanks to the Three Jewels for protecting us from harm and evils so long, thanks to the spirits of our tribe's heroes who have guided us through these thorny journeys, and thanks to all of you for supporting my predecessor and me for the sake of our whole tribe," Jahzong said.

The elders' puzzled faces lit up as Jahzong's eloquent speech proceeded. Seeing the changes in their faces, Jahzong's spirits lifted and he continued, "Bymaguhreh learned from our spy in the Divine Goat Tribe that Sahngee-Renchin will transport grain to his tribe tomorrow. This is a good chance to settle our affair, but I want to hear your ideas. This is why I called you here."

The clear velvet sky allowed the plate-round moon to shine through the window, immersing those in the small room in its cold, milk-like rays that pierced the cracks in the wooden walls. Suddenly the room became deadly silent as the unusually round moon made itself felt. "Hey! Is tonight the fifteenth?" someone asked.

Everyone shifted their eyes to Jahzong, who was gazing at the beautiful full moon. "Jahzong, what sin we have committed tonight!" said an elder, spinning a golden prayer wheel shamefully. Suddenly the crowded room was filled with the hum of the Six Sacred Syllables.

"What's going on?" asked Bymaguhreh, looking lost at this unexpected turn of events.

"Om mani peme hung! Om mani peme hung! How dare we discuss killings rather than praying tonight!" said a white-headed old man, removing his ivory beads from around his neck.

Jahzong now realized it was the fifteenth day of the lunar month - the day of a full moon. His mother had taught him to do nothing bad and to avoid evil thoughts on the fifteenth. He slowly looked over his shoulder at Bymaguhreh, who was standing helplessly by the piously chanting people, pulled himself together, and said, "Listen everybody, I know it's improper to talk about killing tonight, but what do we Tibetans say? 'Chance only favors one once.' Tomorrow may be a turning point in our history. If we can save our tribe, the sin we commit tonight will be worth it."

Nobody uttered a word until Dorgo put his prayer wheel back into his robe pouch and said, "There is no doubt all of us here have taken the lives of many innocent animals and the lives of some of our enemies in our lifetimes. But we consider this heroic and not sinful. Moreover, what we are planning tonight is for all the tribe, not just ourselves. Jahzong, my young leader, I'll always be with you whatever the situation may be. Is anybody else with us?"

"I think Buddha will forgive me for following Jahzong. Leader, I am here whenever you need me," said the whiteheaded old man, smiling proudly.

It was almost midnight as the other men also proclaimed their trust in Jahzong. Now a deep soft voice in Jahzong's heart sang as he used to with other children:

Thousands of stars in the dark sky shine so brightly but not by their own light;

The mountains look so beautiful but not by their own nature.

A lonely lion never survives to the next day;

A lonely man never steps over his own threshold.

"Jahzong?" a sleepy voice called from Jahzong's bedroom.

"Did you tell her about her father?" whispered Dorgo, stepping near Jahzong.

"Not yet, Dehgee. I'm coming up right now," said Jahzong, beckoning everybody to listen carefully. "Bymaguhreh, go get all the men ready. We have to be concealed along the road by daybreak. Go! Get ready!"

They left just as Dehgee was making her way downstairs and Jahzong was closing the door. "I was awakened by a nightmare, and you weren't there. I was so scared, Jahzong," said Dehgee as Jahzong turned and held her tightly in his arms.

"It's all right, dear. I'm here," Jahzong comforted, not knowing whether to tell her the truth or wait until he returned from battle.

Dehgee stared up from Jahzong's warm arms into his troubled face for a long time, and said with tear-filled eyes, "I dreamed of my father. I saw him with blood all over his body. He begged me for help. I didn't know what to do."

Jahzong trembled. Not knowing what to say, he held her tightly, fearing other disasters would befall her. Jahzong walked her back to their bedroom and then turned to leave. "Where are you going, Jahzong? Is everything OK?" asked Dehgee, squeezing his hand.

"I must do something tonight, but I'll be back very soon. Tell Mother not to worry," he said, leaving Dehgee in the lonely bed.

Tears fell as she stared at the slowly closing door, thinking it was hard to be human, but harder still to be a woman. She had rarely wept before she married. She had thought she had nobody to worry about but, after marrying Jahzong, she had often shed tears, for he was living on a precipice and she felt she might lose him at any moment. She could not sleep after Jahzong left and at last tiptoed into the quiet shrine. For the first time in her life, she felt the need to pray for her husband, who lived so dangerously.

Bymaguhreh to attack the Black Hat men guarding the grain stored in the Divine Goat Tribe's village. He ordered Dorgo to stop the Black Hat men who would come running when they heard gunfire. Jahzong then personally led a band to the valley he had described as the weakest link in the chain. The Black Hat Tribe leader would pass this way as he and his men rode to the Divine Goat Tribe village.

Bymaguhreh and his men reached the Divine Goat Tribe village first as the round moon rode high in the sky, gently illuminating all that was underneath. They could see the guards around the storehouse, looking around now and then for anything suspicious. Bymaguhreh stationed men at various points and then led other men stealthily near the storehouse to wait for daybreak.

Jahzong arrived with his men before dawn and realized that it was a natural fortress. A path meandered between two huge steep mountains covered with pines and poplars. Jahzong concealed his men along both sides of the forest path, waiting for their prey to fall into the trap.

Dorgo was on his way to the Black Hat Tribe. There was no shortcut, only a narrow zigzagging path. The tribal settlement was located at the confluence of three sky-touching mountains. The Black Hat men had established posts along the path, making it difficult for any creature to pass unnoticed. To Dorgo's surprise, most posts were empty. Only a few men guarded two posts. The others had all gone with Sahngee-Renchin to the Divine Goat Tribe. Dorgo stationed his men near

the two manned posts and then waited for gunfire from Jahzong, as did Bymaguhreh.

The moon was sinking behind a fragrant juniper-covered mountain as the cold morning air pushed through Jahzong's warm Tibetan robe, chilling his bones. He could hear the rhythmic chatter of teeth on his left. As the moon dropped behind the shivering mountain a mixture of strange sounds rose from the ground. The trees seemed to be stretching like old men, emitting popping sounds that echoed in the small valley.

Jahzong soon forgot the bone-cracking morning air, and was lost in this natural chorus. He could hardly believe a gruesome storm was brewing amid such harmony. Many would soon bid farewell to this wondrous world at this golden time of day. He wondered, "Is this chorusing of nature my death knell?"

A flock of birds suddenly fluttered skyward near their hiding place. "They're coming, my leader," a man next to him whispered. Jahzong gazed at the darting birds, imagining himself a bird, soaring freely in the infinite sky.

"Leader, they're coming," the man next to Jahzong elbowed him, repeating the information. Jahzong signaled for the men to load their guns, slowly rubbed his hands together, and then snapped off some weeds obscuring his target.

Sahngee-Renchin rode ahead of his men on a spotted white horse, triumphantly humming a folk song as his whip gently and rhythmically tapped his silver-trimmed saddle. The horse suddenly jerked its head high into the air and whinnied. Sahngee-Renchin assumed this was because of the noisy morning birds, and continued humming while lightly lashing his horse's flanks. Simultaneously, Jahzong's men busily chose their targets as the sleepy sun stuck out its head carelessly from behind a magnificent mountain, turning the world around Jahzong into gold. Jahzong felt as though he was about to slaughter a trussed-up cow as Sahngee-Renchin gave every indication of being utterly oblivious to his certain, imminent

death, as he continued enjoying the few remaining seconds of his life.

Sahngee-Renchin and his men stepped directly in front of the snipers. Jahzong carefully aimed at Sahngee-Renchin's head, closed his eyes, and squeezed the trigger, not wanting to witness his target's final surprised grimace. The small valley was suddenly suffused with the acrid smell of gunpowder. Jahzong's men ceased firing after a bit, and then Jahzong reluctantly pried open his sensitive eyes to have them stabbed by bright sunlight. Corpses littered the narrow path, including the corpse of Sahngee-Renchin, who had died with his eyes wide open.

Life can be surprising. You may lack interest in something until the day you discover that one of your closest relatives is involved in it. You will never chant the Six Sacred Syllables if no catastrophes come your way.

ema heard the golden prayer wheels around the nunnery spinning swiftly in the morning. The constant chanting of scriptures around the nunnery confided to Pema that Jahzong was up to something dangerous. She went to Jahzong's home after a hurried breakfast and beat the golden knocker against the door. Receiving no response, she opened the door and went straight upstairs, knowing where Jahzong's mother would be. To her surprise, Dehgee was in the shrine with Bahnso. They knelt side-by-side, praying. She had never seen or heard Dehgee pray before.

•••

As Jahzong fired, the guards at the two posts near the Black Hat Tribe ran out empty-handed, ignorant of what was happening. Bullets thudded into their pliant bodies before they realized what was happening.

Jahzong and his men busily collected the guns and bullets from the dead and those who had surrendered. Jahzong ordered the captured men to haul the corpses back to their tribe and also ordered men from his group to go to the Divine Goat Tribe village to help Bymaguhreh. He took the rest of his men, the prisoners, and the corpses to the Black Hat Tribe village.

Bymaguhreh was having a difficult time in the Divine Goat Tribe village. The storehouse and the hall where the local people were being held were adjacent. There was a small post atop each wall. Several of Bymaguhreh's men had been seriously wounded after trying to take these two places, though nobody had been killed.

Bymaguhreh and his men were behind a wall and desperately looking at each other helplessly. Finally, Bymaguhreh vigorously stood and said, "The sun is already above our heads, but we remain pinned down here. A man who is courageous only once in his whole life is like a shining butter lamp in people's hearts forever. In contrast, a man who lives like a cowardly rat will be forgotten like a fart in the wind." Inspired, his men jumped to their feet in readiness when they heard this.

"Bymaguhreh, give me a little time and I'll get those cowards," declared a young man, holding a sharp sword in his right hand.

"I'll help him, Bymaguhreh. I've passed through sixtyfive summers and winters without ever having done anything special, and I don't want to live just waiting for death. Permit us to fight side by side, Bymaguhreh," said an old man, glaring fiercely at the two buildings.

"Bymaguhreh, our leader has sent men to help us. They've just arrived," said another man.

"Really? That means Sahngee-Renchin is finished, but we haven't completed our job yet," said Bymaguhreh in embarrassment.

Suddenly a man was thrown from the top of the wall around the gathering hall. Before Bymaguhreh understood what was happening, the door flew open and a man waved from the door, gesturing to Bymaguhreh and his men. Bymaguhreh wondered if it was a trap that would put him and everyone else in great danger, but what had just transpired seemed real. Finally he reckoned that even if it was a trap, his men

outnumbered the enemies. "You ten cover us," said Bymaguhreh, and then ran ahead with several other men.

A chaotic scene met his eyes when he reached the door. Guards from the Black Hat Tribe were desperately fighting the local people. Everybody stopped as Bymaguhreh fired his gun into the air. "People from the Black Hat Tribe, listen! Your leader, Sahngee-Renchin, was shot dead this morning on his way here. You have a chance to live if you surrender, otherwise you'll meet your leader in another world," said Bymaguhreh and then ordered his men to shoot whoever failed to lower their gun.

It was easy to take over the storehouse once the gathering hall was secured. Bymaguhreh told the local men to guard the captured men and then ordered his men to aim at the enemies from atop the wall where it was easier to target the enemies' heads.

"My respected master, I have an idea. You won't have to waste a single bullet but you still can take that place," offered a skinny prisoner.

Bymaguhreh asked, "How?"

"My respected master, give me a chance and I'm sure I can persuade them to surrender," pleaded the man.

"It's really a good chance to escape, isn't it?" said Bymaguhreh, staring sharply into his eyes.

"In Buddha's name, I won't escape. There is no way to do so even if I wanted to," he said calmly.

Bymaguhreh agreed, put a stick on the ground, and said, "If you don't return by the time the shadow reaches here, I'll kill everyone in there."

The man ran swiftly to the storehouse after bowing to Bymaguhreh, who waited in the hall, throwing impatient glances at the stick. Not long afterwards, another man ran up to Bymaguhreh and said, "They've opened the storehouse." "Load your guns and get on top of the wall just in case," ordered Bymaguhreh. He, too, loaded his own gun, knowing that being alert was critical.

A group of men edged out of the storehouse, holding their guns above their heads. As they proceeded towards the gathering hall, a group of ten men stepped from behind a thick wall with guns aimed at the slowly moving crowd. The skinny man led the group, holding his head up arrogantly, waving at the men on the surrounding wall. The men at the door took their guns and knives as they entered the hall.

The skinny man approached Bymaguhreh and said, "My respected master, see? You have them without wasting a bullet," and then bowed obsequiously.

"Not me. It was because of your contribution that we didn't have to kill," replied Bymaguhreh gratefully.

"No! I just carried out your strategy. You are the best commander I've ever met," he said, grinning.

Bymaguhreh thought, "If this man really speaks the truth, then why did I fail to take these two buildings?" and then he ignored him.

eanwhile, Jahzong and Dorgo had gathered all of the Black Hat Tribe. Jahzong released the captured men and said, "I'm sorry for families who lost loved ones in this battle. I also know the grief of losing someone very close, but our lives will not and should not stop. I'll pay the cost of doing rituals for those who have died."

"Leader, the bastard left two big storehouses full of grain," said Dorgo, pointing to two magnificently constructed storehouses standing adjacent to Sahngee-Renchin's house.

"What should we do with the grain, Uncle Dorgo?" asked Jahzong, sweeping his eyes over the grief-worn villagers.

Dorgo thought for a moment and said, "The grain actually belongs to these people. Let's return the grain to them."

"Yes! Let's do it right now," said Jahzong, pulling Dorgo towards the storehouses.

"Wait! We should give grain back to them, but not both storehouses," said Dorgo.

"What? Why?" asked Jahzong in confusion.

"One storehouse of grain is enough for them for one or two years without growing any crops. We'll need the other one to solidify our new position," said Dorgo.

Jahzong slowly paced back and forth, contemplating. Finally he took a deep breath and said, "Everybody go get some big sacks. We're going to fairly distribute a storehouse of grain among you."

Jahzong turned to Dorgo after the villagers left and said, "What you said is true. We'll need grain later for the development of our tribe."

When the villagers returned with empty bags. Jahzong pried off a gigantic gold-plated lock securing the storehouse door. Noticing discussion among the villagers, Dorgo said, "I tell you he is descended from Heaven to bring us happiness and peace."

More curious people squeezed through the crowd near Dorgo. "Hey everybody! I said he was not an ordinary boy!" yelled a young man from outside the circle as he tried to wiggle his way through the crowd to the center.

"Of course he's not ordinary. Didn't any of you hear that a rainbow appeared over his house the day he was born?" Dorgo said. He paused for effect, and then continued, "Stranger still was the thunder that sounded from early morning to evening, though it was bright and sunny. Have none of you heard this?" continued Dorgo, wagging his head in disappointment.

The crowd burst into clamor, looking at those beside them, expressing surprise. Jahzong was frightened when he saw all the people pressing around Dorgo, thinking a riot was in progress and immediately drew out his sword, ready to rescue Dorgo. As Jahzong drew closer, he heard Dorgo enthusiastically extolling him, "Let's thank our Lord Buddha for sending this brilliant boy to lead us through a long thorny journey to a happy life."

Before Jahzong could turn away from the stirring crowd someone shouted, "Here is Jahzong, the great leader!" Suddenly everybody was on their knees, prostrating to Jahzong. Amid the worshippers was Dorgo, busily engaged in showing respect to his young leader. Jahzong was astonished and wiped away beads of sweat from his forehead with his long sleeve before the prostrations ceased.

The villagers joyously stood up after making three prostrations to Jahzong. Though some had lost their beloved sons and relatives several hours ago, this young man had brought new hope.

"From now on we will start a new life. No one should suffer under my leadership," Jahzong said. "You are now a part of the Holy Wind Tribe. The Black Hat Tribe no longer exists. I hope everyone in our tribe will share happiness and pain," he said as the crowd around him cheerfully welcomed a new beginning.

"Leader, let's not forget to distribute the grain!" yelled Dorgo from among the cheering people.

arkness was falling and villagers, eager for the men to return, grew more anxious. Gradually the old ones and the children gathered at the small prayer wheel building, though none entered to spin the prayer wheel.

Everybody stayed outside, hoping to catch sight of the men returning. Children suddenly came running, shouting, "They're coming home! They're coming home!"

When the women in Bahnso's shrine heard the children yelling, Dehgee and Pema flew out, but Bahnso did not so much as open her eyes and continued chanting, her eyes firmly shut.

Dehgee and Pema reached the noisy crowd and saw Bymaguhreh surrounded by people in high spirits. Their hearts chilled from not seeing the one to whom they were so devoted. They feared catastrophic news from Bymaguhreh would demolish their will to live.

"Hey! What are you two doing here?" asked Bymaguhreh as he noticed them staring.

"We heard the noise and came out to see what was happening," quavered Pema.

Before Bymaguhreh could reply, Dehgee asked anxiously, "Where are the others?"

Bymaguhreh paused as they stared eagerly into his dilated eyes, coughed into his fist, and said, "They won't be back..."

"What happened, Bymaguhreh?" interrupted Dehgee.

Pema nearly fainted when she heard that Jahzong and the others would not return. Dehgee reached out and held her. Pema leaned weakly against Dehgee, weeping uncontrollably, astounding those around them. Bymaguhreh ran up in a nervous and confused manner and said, "Don't! Please don't cry. Nothing happened. They're just busy distributing grain to local villagers. From now on they are part of our tribe!"

This news delighted everyone and Pema flushed, bowing her head in embarrassment, realizing that Dehgee was looking at her strangely. Bymaguhreh continued apologizing for playing such a nasty joke. The more he apologized, the redder Pema's face became. She was ashamed for having acted improperly in front of so many people. Overwhelmed by the good news, the villagers danced and sang in groups. Nobody felt in the mood to dwell on Pema's odd behavior.

"When will they return, Bymaguhreh?" Dehgee asked.

"They'll probably be back tomorrow. There are many things to discuss and plan. Our tribe's territory and population has increased. Jahzong must plan how to administer the whole tribe, and make appropriate rules," said Bymaguhreh as Dehgee held Pema tightly by the arm.

Pema told Dehgee and Bymaguhreh that it was time for her to return to the nunnery. Bymaguhreh shook his head with a deep sigh as Pema disappeared. Dehgee was desperate but tried to control herself, watching the disappearing figure as it slowly merged with the horizon in the distance. She had thought love needed two understanding hearts to share.

"Dehgee, I know how you feel about her," whispered Bymaguhreh as he saw Dehgee standing with an overcast face, hardly breathing.

"What? What did you say, Bymaguhreh?" asked Dehgee as she returned from her thoughts.

"You really must forgive her, Dehgee," he said.

"Forgive whom?" she asked.

"Pema, of course. Who else?" replied Bymaguhreh.

Dehgee asked, "Do you think I'm jealous, Bymaguhreh?" and then burst into peals of laughter.

"You aren't? Why?" he asked, scratching his messyhaired head in supreme puzzlement.

"I'm not jealous, I'm afraid," said Dehgee as she abruptly stopped laughing.

"Afraid of what?" he asked.

"I'm afraid that one day I'll lose Jahzong. As the saying goes, nobody can avoid fate," said Dehgee, sighing helplessly.

"I don't understand you," said Bymaguhreh, looking into her face.

Dehgee left without saying more, suddenly ran back to Bymaguhreh, and said. "I haven't heard from my father since we met here last time."

Bymaguhreh looked as if he had lost his soul, realizing Jahzong had not informed her of her father's death.

"I heard that you went to my father's tribe. How is he?" asked Dehgee.

"He..." said Bymaguhreh, not knowing how to continue.

"Was he still mad at me, Bymaguhreh?" she asked as Bymaguhreh drowned in frowns.

"No. He...was...fine," he replied as Dehgee waited impatiently.

"I knew he wouldn't really be mad at me," said Dehgee and headed home.

Bymaguhreh was left behind open-mouthed and then rushed home in fear she would return with more questions.

The news of Jahzong's victory reached other tribes before the raided land ceased trembling. The leader of a neighboring tribe visited Jahzong the day after his return from the Black Hat Tribe and told him of a secret meeting. He wanted to be the first to congratulate Jahzong on his new status as the most powerful regional leader. As expected, he told Jahzong that although his people's stomachs were rubbing their backbones, they would be ready to serve him whenever he needed. Jahzong could hardly keep his blood-shot eyes open, asked several elders to keep the visitor company, and then excused himself.

"Just a moment, my Lord," whispered the leader, grasping Jahzong's tattered, dirty sleeve.

"What?" asked Jahzong tiredly.

"I have something for you, my lord," said the leader in a low, proud voice, glanced at the elders occupied with talking and laughing, drew something from his robe bosom, stepped closer to Jahzong, and said, "A personage from Lhasa gave this coral snuff-bottle to my great grandfather. It has been passed down in my family as a legacy."

Jahzong accepted the gift without looking at it and strode into the room where Dehgee had prepared his favorite food.

"Jahzong, quick! Your food is getting cold," said Dehgee as Jahzong entered listlessly.

Jahzong inhaled deeply as he sat near the food by the adobe stove. "I really missed your cooking. I haven't had such

delicious food for days," said Jahzong, putting the snuff-bottle on the stove.

Dehgee picked up the gold-rimmed snuff-bottle as Jahzong ate. "What a beautiful snuff-bottle! Whose is it, Jahzong?" asked Dehgee.

"It's a gift from a friend. Keep it if you like it," replied Jahzong through a mouthful of food.

"Did you get this from Father? I saw in Father's eyes that he loved you, though you two opposed each other," said Dehgee as Jahzong continued eating.

This reminded Jahzong of Dehgee's father. He had not informed her of her father's death, but now he was more concerned about the snuff-bottle given by the other leader. "How do you know it's your father's snuff-bottle?" asked Jahzong, placing his chopsticks across the bowl.

"I may not recognize his silver chopsticks, but I will always recognize his snuff-bottle because I broke it and he repaired it by putting a thin piece of gold around the broken part," said Dehgee, happily recalling a treasured moment from the past.

"But don't you think two things might be exactly alike?" asked Jahzong.

Dehgee held the snuff-bottle tightly in her hand as if fearing to drop it again. "Look at this dirt-filled slit here," she said, showing a long circular slit to Jahzong. "This slit on the side is as familiar to me as are the lines of your hand."

vibrant chorus awakened Dehgee the next morning. The snuff-bottle suspended by a cord from a wooden nail on the wall jumped into her view as she opened her puffy eyes. The door slowly pushed open, and in came Pema.

"Hey! Pema, are you fine? You look terrible," said Dehgee, sitting up in bed.

"Jahzong is killing too many people!" said Pema as she closed the door behind her.

"Killing too many people? What do you mean?" asked Dehgee with dilated eyes as Pema sat by her on the bed.

"You are his wife, and you don't know that he is about to take someone's life?" said Pema.

Dehgee jerked on her yak skin robe and flew out, the door slamming forlornly behind her. A crowd milled about, looking at the man who was about to be executed. Dehgee shoved through the crowd to the front. She heard people saying the condemned man deserved death for deceiving their leader. Dehgee understood deceit was immoral, but thought it did not merit death.

Suddenly the crowd exploded. Everyone threw stones and mud balls at the man, who was on his knees with both hands tied to a pole. His face was covered with long dirty hair that danced tiredly in the gentle breeze. Those in the crowd became incensed at seeing Dehgee's gloomy face, thinking that she, too, was infuriated by the man's treachery. Another volley of stones and mud-balls thudded against the man.

"Stop! Stop torturing him! Why are you all so cruel? Don't you have any compassion?" shouted Dehgee, panting briskly.

Silence. Everybody stood mute, hands full of stones and mud balls. Nobody expected such anger from Dehgee. She had seemed so gentle and tolerant. Nobody could remember a strong word from her.

"Release him," Dehgee told Bymaguhreh, who was responsible for the man's execution. "Take him to your home, Bymaguhreh, and give him enough food to fill his belly," ordered Dehgee as the others stood in confusion.

"But Jahzong said nobody had the right to spare this man's life, Dehgee. I'm afraid I can't..." Bymaguhreh said uncertainly.

Dehgee fell to her knees before Bymaguhreh had finished. Those gathered shivered a little as they saw Dehgee's helpless figure trembling in the tender morning breeze. Some dropped the stones and mud balls from their hands in shame. "OK! Release this man! Quickly!" shouted somber Bymaguhreh, helping Dehgee to her feet.

Bymaguhreh had never imagined that Dehgee could be so frail, imagining her to be the strongest woman he had ever met. He escorted Dehgee home guiltily as several men took the prisoner to a nearby house. At that very moment Jahzong and the elders arrived at the prayer wheel building where the man was to be executed and were startled that the prisoner, Bymaguhreh, and several other men were gone. Only some villagers remained, silent and unmoving, as though they had been struck by lightening.

"What happened? Where are the others?" demanded Jahzong in concern.

There was no reply, as though demons had stolen the villagers' tongues. Seeing his people like this made Jahzong's heart stop beating for a moment. He became more anxious as the villagers dropped their chins even lower. Seeing the villagers' depressed figures and noticing Bymaguhreh's absence, a chill went through his body straight to his backbone.

He had never had such a feeling in battle. He feared something unexpected had befallen his best friend, Bymaguhreh.

he elders approached as Jahzong sat on the ground, head buried in his hands. "My leader, don't worry. We'll do whatever is necessary even if it means war," said Dorgo, patting Jahzong's shoulder.

"That's true. Shall we walk you home, Leader?" asked another elder man.

"Right. First we'll walk you home," said Dorgo as Jahzong slowly stood in desperation.

As they walked to Jahzong's house, they saw Bymaguhreh sitting on the threshold. "What happened Bymaguhreh? Are you OK?" asked Jahzong, joyfully running to Bymaguhreh.

"Dehgee is in bed," said Bymaguhreh in low spirits.

The small bedroom was extremely quiet. People held their breaths a bit fearing it would disturb her. Suddenly the bed twitched as she tried to open her cracked lips. Everybody stood as soon as they heard her faint voice calling Jahzong, who told the others to leave him with his woman. They reluctantly trudged to the half-opened door while turning back to look at the pale young woman in bed, as if leaving a deathwatch.

Jahzong found Dehgee looking paler than death. Hearing the approaching footsteps she tried to sit, but failed. Tears trundled down from her dull, half-opened eyes as Jahzong held her cold hands. Finally she murmured, "Jahzong, please don't kill any more."

"I promise I'll never kill again, Dehgee. Please don't fall asleep! Please!" he said, pressing his warm soft lips hard against her cold hands.

"Jahzong, Pema said that if you kill other people during your life," she paused to moisten her chapped lips and said, "you'll go to Hell and burn forever."

"I promise nobody will die. Don't worry about me," he said, a tear wetly plopping on the back of Dehgee's gentle hand.

"I just don't... don't want you to burn in Hell," murmured Dehgee. Beads of sweat appeared on her pallid forehead as she gripped Jahzong's hand fiercely, and then she fainted as Jahzong looked into her anguished face.

Those outside rushed in when Jahzong called desperately. Jahzong told Bymaguhreh to bring the only local doctor. A white-headed man soon arrived, panting unevenly. He drove out everyone except Jahzong, who squatted in a corner near the bed. The doctor examined Dehgee skillfully, as those outside shoved each other to better peer through a narrow crack in the wooden door.

Night silently crept over the village. Increasing numbers of people gathered outside Jahzong's house. Some prayed piously for their leader's wife - Dehgee - who had saved the tribe in its moment of greatest peril. Some shed tears as they talked about how kind she had been to them. The doctor carefully checked Dehgee's pulse a third time in the darkening house.

"Congratulations, my leader!" said the doctor, laughing and looking over his shoulder at Jahzong.

Jahzong did not believe what he had just heard or the reason for the doctor's laughter. He slowly raised his head and looked between his fingers at the doctor, who smiled.

"What? What did you say?" asked Jahzong in confusion.

"Good news! You'll be a father in a few months," said the doctor as he gently placed Dehgee's cold hands back under the cover.

"Are you sure? I'm going to be a father soon?" said Jahzong joyfully, springing to his feet.

"Yes," the doctor said. "And Dehgee's fine, just a little discomfort, nothing serious. It happens all the time."

Outside Bymaguhreh shouted first, "Our leader is going to be a father!" Those anxiously gathered at the gate exploded as they heard Bymaguhreh's happy shouting. Everyone suddenly knelt and made prostrations to the rising, utterly full moon.

Jahzong slowly went to the window and gazed at the moon, feeling the whole universe was celebrating this great news. It was the fifteenth day of the month.

He called Bymaguhreh in and said, "Set that traitorous leader free." Jahzong smiled at the delighted people outside, though they could not see him.

"What? Set the bastard free? I understand that tonight is the fifteenth day of this month, and you don't want to kill anybody on this special day, but did you tell Dehgee that this bastard stole her father's snuff-bottle?" asked Bymaguhreh as Jahzong moved his attention to the bright moon.

"No, but I don't think it's necessary. I don't want to welcome this new life with blood-stained hands, Bymaguhreh," said Jahzong, gently touching the turquoise around his neck given by Guhhay as a welcoming present, eighteen years earlier.

As the boundless sky ornamented itself with millions of stars the villagers outside began singing and dancing. Now the moon was high in the sky. As Jahzong looked up, a big black chunk of cloud crept over the bright moon, casting a black shadow on the still vibrating village.

TRANSCRIPTIONS

В

Bahnso, pad mtsho খৃদ্ অর্ক্রা

Bymaguhreh, pad ma dkar po অস্ত্রাস্থা

 \mathbf{C}

Cewang, tshe dbang 🏵 ४८८८।

D

Dehgee, bde skyid नरे क्रीन

Dorgo, rdo gor ई स्

Doorgee, rdo rje 美達

Dzorge, mdzod dge ঝর্হি 'ব্যা

G

Guru, gu ru शुःसु

Gongbuya, mgon po yag মর্ণ্র র্থ অগ্

Guhhay, gu he शुःहै।

Η

Huadan Zhaxi, dpal Idan bkra shis ব্যথাস্থ্ৰ যামীশ্

J

Jahzong, leags gzong ঝুল্মাল্রিন্।

Jikmed, 'jigs med এইগৃষ্ণম'্বা

Τ.

Lhamojew, lha mo skyabs কুর্মাস্কুনমা

Longwa, lung ba প্ৰহ'ব

N

Nahwah, rnga ba হ'ব।

O

Om mani peme hung, oM ma Ni pad+me hUM ซึ่ง ลง ซึ่ง เปลี่ย

P

Pema, pad ma न्यन्या

Q

Qiang 羌

Qiujie, chos rje र्केशहै।

R

Rangnan, ra sngon र ब्रॅंब्

S

Sahnguh, sangs dga' শ্বন্ধ্

Sahngee-Renchin, sangs rgyas rin chen শ্বন্ধান্ত্ৰ ইব্ ক্টব্য

Sichuan 四川

Т

tsamba, rtsam pa সুমান্

Z

Zorgay, mdzod dge মার্ই্ব'বৃণী

खुवारावार्वेदा शुवार्थेवार्देदवीर्टें द्रिका

यह्र्य.र्यो.चुय.ग्रीय.त्र्याच्या र्यस.स्य.र्या.चुय.ग्रीय.त्र्यया

क्रिंय पर्देव मानुबाकुय अर्दे र प्रमुबा

व्यक्षित्र विश्व विष्य विश्व विष्य व

दि: र्बें : वें (1910-2003) वे : वें द र्बे : प्रकृत : ग्री का शुप्ता : परि : क्वें : प्रवें : प्रकें : प्रवें पर्के दक्ष : दर्शे (1910-2003) वे : वें द र्बें : प्रकें : ग्री का शुप्त : प्रकें : प्रकें : क्वें : क

द्वः १८८५ विक्तः श्रीं विक्तः विक्तः

यद्धरश्रत्वेलान्यम् अर्थेन्यः वित्तान्ते । यद्दर्भमान्ये वित्तान्ये । वित्तान्ये ।

ર્શે. ત્રુંતુ. ત્રાવા ક્ષેત્ર. ટેવ. તેટ. । ત્રદ. છી. શ્રું. શ્રું સારા ક્ષેત્રા તે ક્ષેત્ર. તે ક્ષેત્ય તે ક્ષેત્ર. તે ક્ષેત્ર. તે ક્ષેત્ર. તે ક્ષેત્ર તે ક્ષેત્ર. તે ક્ષેત્ર. તે ક્ષેત્ર તે ક્ષેત્ર. તે ક્ષેત્ર તે ક્ષેત્ર તે ક્ષેત્ર. તે ક્ષેત્ર તે ક

मानाल्यन।

स्वान्त्रस्थान्त्रस्थाः स्वान्त्रस्थाः स्वान्त्रस्यः स्वान्त्रस्यः स्वान्त्रस्थाः स्वान्त्रस्थाः स्वान्त्रस्थाः स्वान्त्रस्थाः स्वान्त्रस्यः स्व

श्चमान्द्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् । श्वमान्द्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम्यास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम्यस्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त

উঝ-ইঝা

यमानी स्ट्रिंग्य प्राची अंदर होना क्षा हिंद होना की हो दे हैं द्राय की स्ट्रिंग्य की

द्या श्रेषा प्रचाद व्यवस्था "दे बेरावा आया विषा भिवाव र्र्डर सार्या प्रची प्रचाय प्रचाय विषा भी विष्य विषय भी विषय भी विषय भी भी विषय भी व

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"र्श्वें व्या काश्वराद्यात्र मुन्द्रें प्रायात्र स्त्रें व्या काश्वराक्षेत्र व्यायात्र स्त्रें व्या काश्वराक्षेत्र व्या स्त्र स्त्र

यो प्रमाणा या या बार्च का के आया है। दा स्टा यी कुता यह या बारी प्रमाणी कुष्या यो कि स्टा स्टा यी कुता यह या बारी कि स्टा स्टा यी कुता या विष्ट स्टा यो कि स्टा स्टा यी कि स्टा स्टा यी कि स्टा स्टा यी कि स्टा स्टा यी कि स्टा स्टा यो कि स्टा यो यो कि स्टा यो कि स्टा यो यो कि स्टा यो कि स्टा यो कि स्टा यो यो

भूग'वग'र्येद'र्खेर'र्रुश्चेंर्यंश्चेतेस्ये केंद्रेर्यं स्वश्चेत्र्यं स्वश्चेत्रयं स्वर्येत्रयं स्वयं स्वर्येत्रयं स्वयं स्वयं स्वयं स्वयं स्वयं स्वयं स्वयं स्वयं स्वयं स

त्यादः । श्रृणाः श्रृंदः वे दें वार्वेदशः शः विषाः श्रेवः यरः स्वेदः रदः ह्वाशः श्रेवः शः धेव। "वेशः विषः विषः

दः सदः र्थें र्योः चर्चें चर्चुत् श्रीः श्लीच्या श्री श्लीं चित्रा स्विता स्वित् । दे स्था त्र स्वतः । दः स्वीः द्वतः द्विश्वाशीः योः स्वितः स्वीः स्वीः स्वाः स्वतः स्वाः स्वतः स्वाः दित् श्लीं । विः विः योः क्रिंगः श्लितः स्वितः श्लीतः स्वीः स्वीः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः विः योः क्रिंगः स्लितः स्वितः स्वीतः स्व

र्देव'दे'ब्रुट'य'वे'श्रद्यदर्यके'यदे'दश्वात्र'य'लेग'येद। ग्रीट'यबेय'क्रूट'गेब'र्स्धेगब'यवे' अक्षत्रश्चन क्षित्रः तृत्वा अक्षावा स्टार्स्य क्षित्रः स्त्रास्त्रः स्त्रास्त्रः स्त्रास्त्रः स्त्रास्त्रः स्व याश्चराहे।विरास्यावात्रवादियाते। क्वींयास्याद्यादवावी वारार्याची वारार्याची ब्रद्धिः वित्रावः वित्राविष्ठाः विष्ठाः विष्ठाः विद्याः विद्याः विद्याः विद्याः विद्याः विद्याः विद्याः विद्या त्वेषाःषीः बदःवः भ्रेः भ्रेः नभरः श्वरः । हैः क्रुदः षीः विंद्रः वः ।वदः वः उंषाः उंषाः श्रवाशा श्रेः युटःशवयः भूरः वंश्वाचेटं त्यूटं त्यूटं त्यायः अक्षाश्चरः अर्थे, त्युं। अवयः श्वरः विदः यः भ्रीः देयः यमः विष्य विष्यं अद्रायम् अदः समार्थेदः त्याः क्षेत्रः योः स्वीतः समार्थेदः विष्यः समार्थे निबा ग्रीबाया है। वर्षिया वर्षा यया रिवाय वर्ष्मिया स्वीया निबारी की की वीया रिवाय स्वीया विवाय स्वीया स्वीया क्षेत्रमानाक्ष्यायाक्ष्यायक्षमा स्राप्ताक्षमाच्चात्रमान्त्रमान्त्रमान्त्रमान्त्रमान्त्रमान्त्रमान्त्रमान्त्रमा ययः ब्रें न्दव यः देर श्रें विषा बीबा ब्रें श्र क्षेषा यउन्। ब्रें ख्र तुर तु । वि र ब्रें वि र ब्रें तह्रअः विदःदेरः शुरः विदः। र्डेवा रेदे श्रेदः वी तह्र अः श्लादे पविदः द्वार्थः व्यापा य'सेर्'यर'कुब्

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त्र्नान्द्र्वन्त्र्यायान्याम्बन्धवन्त्रयाद्र्याण्यान्त्र्याचित्रयान्त्रयान्त्रयान्त्रयान्त्रयान्त्रयान्त्रयान्य या ५. शुक्षा चेदा बन्धवन्त्रयान्य विदेश्याच्याः क्ष्यां विदेश्याच्याः विद्यान्त्रयाः विद्यान्यः विद्यान्त्रयाः विद्यान्त्रयाः विद्यान्यः विद्यान्त्रयाः विद्यान्त्यान्त्यः विद्यान्यः विद्यान्त्रयः विद्यान्त्यः विद्यान्त्यः विद्यान्त्यः विद्यान्यः विद्यान्यः विद्यान्त्यः विद्यान्त्यः विद्यान्यः विद्यान्यः

"मड़ेश्र श्वा तर्ने ता हूँश न्दा विन श्वा विन श्वा विन श्वा विन श्वा विन त्या विन त

ઌ૽ૼૼ૽૽ૼૼૹ૽ૺઌૢૼૡૹૢ૾ૺૠૹ૽ૢૼૹ૾ૹૹ૽ૢૼૹૺ૱ૹ૽ૺઽૐૹ૽ૺ૱ૢઌ૽ઌ૱ૹ૽૾૱ઌઌઌઌ૽૽ૼ૱ૢ૽ૼઌ૾ૹઌ૿૽ૺઌ म्बर्यार्ज्यः श्रुवाया प्रत्याविवाया विष्याप्ताप्ता मुम्ब्रेश्चराय विवासी प्रतिवाय हैं श्री लेक्स वर्ने वे सु नायर वेगा गया हे हुर केव र्या या हुर में र में भेर वह माया नेग न्या विश्वासुनानावन क्रीश्वाया से ५ त्यर सुना से ५ तुश्वा या ५ । सुनाश्वा मार्चे दा वर्षे विश ક્રેદાવયાશામદાયાવાલેયાત્રચાદેશવાતાશાધિદા શજ્જાયામુદ્રા ક્રિયાસીયા છૂચા, દ્વા য়ेर्-ग्री-र्-खुन-र--पर्नाभेर्-ग्री-व्रि-म्बा''लेश-र्मय-एन्वेद-ग्रुकाहेश। क्रायसम ब्रॅूर:घ:वय:ग्री:न्व:क:वक्क्याव:ब्रंस:व्हॅर:रु:ब्रंब:दर्जे। श्रवश:रेर:ब्रंस:रर:य:ब्रंक्त चर् विंद् र क्री विदायमारे या द्वेव कर् में महिंगमाय दि चम्रमाय क्रीमार्मेदा विभास्य अ:र्चअ:र्वाक्षेश्वि:य:चङ्ग्ञाचर्ड्अ:वुश्वे। अ:अशः"रदे:व्वेश्वुव वि:र्क्केरःर्दे:य: या होत्। या प्रवास में यो प्रतास में विष्ते प्रवास में त्रिया में विषय में विषय में विषय में विषय में विषय में নৰ্শ্লুশ্বামানী

ૢ૾૱ૡ૽ૺ૱ૢૢ૽૱૱૱૽૱ૣઌ૾૱ૢ૾ૣૠૼૹ૽ૢ૽ૺ૱ૡૹૹૡૢઌ૱૱ૡઌ૱ઌ૱૾ૺૡ૾ૺ૱૱ૹૺ चया. ह्र. खुर्या. सर्थे ब्री. क्रे. थर. री. क्षेर. क्षे. ख्र. ली. स्यूच. स. लूटका क्षे. तस्ये प्रा. क्र्य. स. ૡૢૼૼૼૼૼૼૼૼૼૼૼૹૹ૱ૹ૾૽ૹ૽ૼઽૹૹૢ૽ૺઽૹૢ૽૱ૢ૱ૢ૽ૺ૱૽ૺ૱ૡ૽ૺૢ૽ઌ૽ૡ૽૽૱૽૽ૢ૿ૺ૾ઌ૾ૢ૱ૢૹ૽૱ૢ૾ૢૢૢૢૢૢૢૢૢ૽૱૱૽૽ૢ૽ૺઌૡૢૺ૾ <u> न्वीत् त्रः इतः क्षः क्षुयः क्षेत्राक्षः वायावाया वित्योत्तरः तः वः वा देवे वायाः वित्यायाः वित्यायाः वित्यायाः वि</u> য়৾ঀॱৼ৾ঀ। यहेण्यासेन्दिः सेंप्यक्तुन्या सेंद्रायान्यस्यावानीं स्यायासीया केंद्रायीया के। व्रैत्रायाञ्चमत्राम्बेदामीत्रामबेदार्भेदायदेर्भेदायदेर्भेदायाः **୵ଽୢୠ୶୲୶୕୶ୖ୲ଽ୵୷ୣୠ**୕୷ୖୡ୕୵ୢୠ୕୵୕୳ୡୖ୕୶ୢ୕୷୕୶୶୶୷ୢୖଌ୶୕୷୷ଽଢ଼୕୵ୄ୵୷ୡୢ୶୕୷୷ୄୖୢୠ୵ୄ୲ र्रेट्र। ब्रैश यदे ब्रिंट् र्रु वि. ता बेट् श्रूट्येट् यावव वे सुवाश वार्वेट विर सु । धेवा दहेग्रसः येदः ग्रीसः विंदः दर्गेदः द्वेदः यः र्क्षेत्रः यः त्र। स्थ्रम्यः मर्बेदः मी स्थ्रसः सुः येः वीदः ૡધુમ શ્રેષા ગ્રુદ્દ દ્વારા દેવારા સુષા જ્ઞાસા સાવદેવા વાદે દેવા લા છેવા છે. તે વાદે વાદ વાદ વાદ વાદ વાદ વાદ વાદ ন্থ্য ন্থ্য ব্দুৰ্থ শ্ৰুন্ । শ্লুন্থ ব্ৰ । "ব্ৰুণ ধ্ৰুণ ন্ৰুৰ্ শ্লুম ট্ৰুব্ ব্লুৰা ঐ য়ঢ়৽য়য়৽য়৽য়ৢয়৽য়৾৽য়৾য়ৼয়৽ৼয়৾য়৸৻ড়৽য়য়য়৽য়ৣ৽য়ৄ৾ৼ৽য়ড়৽ড়য়৽ঢ়ৢ৾য়৸৻৻ড়য়৽ अर्वेदःरेगः येदः पर्दः दर्वेदः श्रूदः देगः गुग्नायायः य। यगः इयवः पश्चुरः दवायर्गेः वेंः दुदः दे:स्टावेस:स्याव:बी**श:**र्सेट:।

च्या "च्चित्राया चित्राया वित्राया वित्राया वित्राया वित्राया वित्राया वित्राया चित्राया चित्राय चित्राया चित्राया चित्राया चित्राया चित्राया चित्राया चित्राय चित्राया चित्र

वर् ने र र में अया अयो अव मार व अर्केम

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ब्रिया: ख्रुवा: ख्रुवा: ख्रुवा: क्रुवा: क्रुव

"उ:बेन्यायायद्र द्रायायायी अत्। द्रियः सुम् क्वें व्यायः विकासः विद्वेद्राध्येष्ठ्रा

"अक्षायते दे त्रायक्ष्य। हु:क्रु: देन्यायते दे त्रायक्ष्य।

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यर द्वा श्वा क्षा ने वा स्वा का क्षेत्र का त्वा क्षेत्र क्

"चन्त्र-चन्न् स्वा वा विकास व

ॷण्या पार्चेट पीया प्रसाम सम्मान स्थान स्

"षायाय। मुँ श्वें यश्चाद्दा स्थाद प्रिंत् स्थात स्थात

व स्वीताश्वास्त्र त्राच्यव्यक्षाचा ब्रीट्य प्रच्ये प्रस्ति स्वीता स्वीत्र त्राच्ये स्वात्त्र स्वात्त्य स्वात्त्र स्वात्त्य

ज्. प्रेंग. यह रच . ब्रुंटा। द्वि. यरियंबा थे. या याषेता बा या ब्रुंजा सक्सबा वंबा रंगीटा जा. दलवाबाता वार्षादा स्वतः श्रेमाया श्री विदावा संदाया श्रेमाया श्री विदाया संदाया श्री विदाया स्व शुर। अर्थे, र्क्केच्या में यका होट. र्रे.चाल्या अर्चे, यंच. शु. प्रेश्वा मीया चालेर. च. यदु. र्ज्य. र्हेग्गायस्यादे वाबेदे सूरायादरु दर्गेर्याया सेदायार्या दर्ग गुःदे ष्यायायाद्यीरका वशक्र्यानकृतिः मुग्गवान नियान्त्र स्वायान् । विदायिते से स्वया ग्रीका समीवा याने या हिए त्तुं येव प्रमा दे वे म्युय रें वेग सेव रहा। देव ग्राम रहें व घट सर्वे मालेग गाया श्रेव। सर्वावाञ्चीकाराद्वस्याश्चीकार्यासम्पर्धारावायते विदाकारम्वा र्सेट् श्चेकायह्का विटा। वि.ष्ट्रियः मैचायः अष्ट्रेश्वायः प्रमायः सम्भागः चित्रायः विष्यः विद्यायः विद्य त्र्रास्त्रम् अवश्वास्त्रम् स्याम्यात्रात्रम् स्याप्त्रम् स्याप्त्रम् स्याप्त्रम् स्याप्त्रम् स्याप्त्रम् विदावी विश्वयान् से सामेदारी के वासी है। जा साम दाया है विश्वया से स्थाप है। से स्वाप से विश्वया **॔ॻॱॻॖ॓ॺॱॻॾॱॻॾऀॻॱॻऀॾॱॻॖॸॱॸऀॻॱऒ॔ॸॱऻ**

व्यः है श्रः व्यश्यवः यः यो दृशः क्रुवः दुः त्या व्यश्यः विष्यः विष्य

क्र-त्य-क्र-तक्ष्वभावकात्र-त्य-क्ष्वभावकात्र-त्य-विवास्त्र-विवास्

श्वी क्षा त्रा सुर्व । स्वा सुर्व स्व सुर्व स्व सुर्व स्व सुर्व स्व सुर्व सुर

র্ম-জুম। ব্রম-জম্ব্র-ব্রম-ই-শ্র-অ। শ্রীশ্র-মার্ক্রশারীশ্রমধ্য-শ্রীশার্ক-অন্তর্ন-মার্ক্র-জন্ ব্রম-জম্ব্র-জ্ব-ব্রম-ই-শ্রী-অ। শ্রীশ-মার্ক্রশারীশ্রমধ্য-শ্রীশার্ক-জন্

र्जा बिबा श्रम्भ क्रम् श्रम् श्रम् अस्त श्रम् अस्त स्त्रम् स्त्रम्

श्रवा टार्क्स्यस्टाहेन्यस्याम् र्वेस्याचा स्त्राम्याच्याः स्त्राम्याच्याः स्त्राम्याच्याः स्त्राम्याः स्त्रामः स्

ञ्चप्रश्चेर्यप्रयाद्यार्यार्याः इत्युष्याद्योदश्चर्यात्रेशः विष्यः क्ट्रेंबः विराद्याः विषयः व

यन् अन्तान्य स्वाअन्त व्यास्य स्वास्य सर्वेत् सं व्या मीस स्ट स्वेत् सेन्। यम् से सम्बन्धाः स्वास्य स्वास्य स्वास्य सर्वेत् सं व्या मीस स्ट स्वेत् सेन्।

"भ्रमानाम। हिंदातर्देमसामाखाधीया निमर्सिमामासीमा यो यादि।विमाया

अनेताः र्वेगमा विं वगातान्या पार्चा कराणी अभिना "डेमायवाविव नुः अनेता र्वे वरः रुनेना

ञ्जन्य न्या विश्व प्रति । प्रति स्त्र क्षेत्र में स्त्र स्त

"ने प्रमृत नर्गेश्वस्था हिंद रूट प्रकेशिय वर्दे न मा मिं कें के के विकास के वास्त्र के कि के कि के कि के कि के

ब्रिन्द्रेन्त्र्त्त्वा स्वर्त्त्वा स्वर्त्तः विद्यान्त्रेन्त्रः विद्यान्त्रेन्तः स्वर्त्तः विद्यान्त्रेन्तः स्वर्त्तः स्वर्तः स्वर्त्तः स्वर्तः स्वर्त्तः स्वर्तः स्वरः स्वर्तः स्वरः स्वर्तः स्वर्तः स्वर्तः स्वर्तः स्वर्तः स्वर्तः स्वर्तः स्वर्

ध्रम भ्रुट्य में मान्य विषय में स्था विषय में स्था विषय में स्था विषय में स्था मान्य मान्

त्रास्त्रात्विष्ठ श्रेश्व स्वाप्त्रात्विष्ठ स्वाप्त्रात्वे स्वाप्त्रात्वे स्वाप्त्र स्वाप्त्र स्वाप्त्र स्वाप्त स्वाप्त्र स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वाप

"र्विः क्षें त्यात्रः त्यात्र विष्यं क्षे त्ये विषयः यो त्यात्र विषयः व

सर्भानि हिर्म् हे के व्यक्त हो स्वांत्र म्या वा निर्म स्वांत्र स्वांत्र में स्वांत्र स्वांत्

यत् अत्तार्यस्य म्यावार्यस्य स्वायाः स्वायः स्वयः स्व

मीच्रा विभागायम्। विभागायं मीचायायाये विभागायं मीच्रा विभागायम्। विभागायम्। विभागायम्।

"विश्वायात्वी द्वायात्वा स्टाविश्वायात्वा विश्वायात्वी स्टाविश्वायात्वी स्टाविश्वायायात्वी स्टाविश्वायात्वी स्टाविश्वायात्वी स्टाविश्वायात्वी स्टाविश्वायात्वी स्टाविश्वायात्वी

"ब्रिंद् से त्यत्र। से लेग त्यत्र दर्गेश्वत्र। दः यदः सः दग्र सं धेतः यः त्यश्रार्वेदः

য়ড়ঀ। ঢ়ৢ৾৲৴ঽৼঀৢয়য়ড়ঀয়ৼঀ৸ৼ৸ ঀ৾য়ৣ৾য়ড়ড়ড়৾য়ৼৢ৾৸ৼৢ৾৸ড়ঀ।"ঀয়য়৸৸য়৸য়ড়য়ঢ়ৢয়ড়ৢয়৻ৢড়৾ঀ৸য়য়৸য় ঀ৾য়ৣ৾ৼড়ড়ড়৾ঀয়ৢঢ়ৼৢ৾৸ড়৸"ঀ৾য়য়৸৸৸৸৸য়ড়য়ড়ৢয়৻ৢড়৾ঀ৸য়৸য়য়৸ ঀ৾য়ৢ

द्वीर-ज्या-प्राह्मण्या क्षेत्राच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्

श्वाप्तावन्त्र व्याप्तावन्त्र व्याप्तावन्त्य व्याप्तावन्त्र व्याप्तावन्य व्याप्तावन्त्र व्याप्तावन्य व्याप्तावन्य व्याप्तावन्यः वयाप्तावन्यः वयाप्तावन्यः वयाप्तावन्यः वयाप्तावन्यः वयाप्तवन्यः वयाप्यवन्यवन्यः वयाप्यवन्यवन्यः वयाप्त

भ्रेःमान्त्रायसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यः स्वाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधितः स्वाधितः स्वाधितः

यम्। प्रतः ह्रेन प्रांतिका क्षेत्र कष्ण क्षेत्र क्

वकार्वे निक्रिया गुरासे केंद्र दिश्किर सुव समान समाय मुना नु सेव दर्वे मा

प्रमुक्षश्चर्द्र।

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प्रमुक्षश्चरः

स्ता ट्रिट्टिन्ट्रेस्लिव्यम्॥ विश्वस्थित्रस्य । स्वास्त्रस्य । स्

स्वाक्षः मुंद्रान्तः मुंद्रानः मुंद्रान्तः मुंद्रान्त

स्व-देशनेन-स्र-।

स्व-देशनेन-स्र-।

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स्व-तिम-स्र-न्य-स्व-तिम-स्र-न्य-स्य-स्व-तिम-स्र-न्य-स्व-तिम

डिक्ष (दक्ष्याः श्रुं व. इ. ५२. ५२. ५५. ५०. छोष्ट्राः श्रीकार दर्शेटः देश कारा हे. इटा वालटा यक्षा या प्राप्त है. देशा क्षावव के श्राया विषया आस्त्र । द्या प्राप्त है स्था वालटा विषया या प्राप्त है. देशा क्षावव के श्राया विषया आस्त्र । द्या प्राप्त है स्था विषया विषया है स्था है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था विषया है स्था है स्

ब्रास्त्रीत्रामान्त्रीत्राम् क्ष्यायम् क्षयम् कष्यम् विष्यम् विष्यम

चिरःचन्दरं वश्वास्तान्त्रा वर्षः स्वास्तान्त्रा स्वास्त्रा स्वास्

श्ची से श्ची से श्ची स्वाप स्

"वि.श्रे. यामाश्रायशर्मे हि.स्र्रित्। ५.२.स्र्रिः यमुन् ग्रीः वर्मे यन्मा वर्ने वि.स्रिं व्या श्रेव व्या में नृत्मुदे र्स्वेयश्राय सुरवार्षे नृत्ति । "हेश्वास्त्रीश्राय विमामीश्राय मान्यश्राय

"र्ह् है। ब्रिंट्र त्या ना हा ने क्षा क्षेत्र प्रज्ञा है ज्या है ज्या ने क्षा क्षेत्र है ज्या ने क्षा क्षेत्र है ज्या क्षेत्र है ज्या ने क्षा क्षेत्र है ज्या क्षेत्य है ज्या क्षेत्र है ज्या क्षेत्र है ज्या क्षेत्र है ज्या क्षेत्य

र्कें द्वेंबर्द्दें अदश्कुण्यर दे।

षदः र्क्षे: नृद्यंत्रः माल्यतः लियाः ष्यस्य स्वेद्यः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्व अध्ययायः श्रद्यत् स्वतः स् यया

क्षेत्रवास्त्त्रवास्त्रवास्त्रवास्त्रवास्त्रवास्त्रवास्त्रवास्त्रवास्त्रवास्त्

શ્રું. ત્રા. જોવા શ્રા વી સંસ્ત્રેન્ ત્રા કુરે ત્રા શ્રું ત્રા જેવા શ્રા વી સંસ્ત્રે ત્રા શ્રું શ્રું ત્રા સ્ત્રા શ્રું ત્રા શ્રું ત્રા શ્રું ત્રા સ્ત્રા શ્રું ત્રા સ્ત્રા સ

क्ष्रीचितः येयाचा क्ष्री विक्राचित्र महिताका विक्राचित्र महिताका क्ष्री स्वित्र महिताका मिंदि स्वाप्त महिताका स्वाप्त स्वाप्त

स्ति। कुंबा निर्मा हिंद्र की स्त्री मिन्न स्त्री स

रक्षः ल्लंबाः स्वानः विक्रमः क्ष्रीः । वरः दिद्याः वर्त्तवाः चः देक्षः। वरः श्रेवाः अवाः श्लंबाः हुः वहराष्ट्री है रेंद्र र्हें वर्षे अप्तर्भाष्ट्र वर्षे अप्तर्भे दश्चि के या दे हैं भी के अप्तर्भे विकास के अप्तर्भ क्ष्र्याचेत्रिं ग्री मत्रा भ्रम्भामार्वेदामेश्वात्मायदे तिदात्त्रात्त्रात्रात्रम्भश्रामी प्रमान रका ल्या है। क्षे. वी. बीबा. क्षे. लूंदा क्षुम्रा विषेत्रका ही है। क्षेटा से हैं। यदी वीमा से रायहा पश्चरः द्वीः स्नः त्वेषा : चुन्ना रन्नः संत्यःत्यः यहियान्नः तन्नः यस्त्रः त्याः वीनः देः पञ्चरः तेदः यालबाराया. याबारपा. या. श्री. संस्था का. यावा. तावा. ताव रयाची ह्याँ दिरातुराया यहेगाया स्वामा विवादा हो सासुरार्सेया ची पार्टे सायस्या ৾৾য়য়ৢঢ়৽ঢ়৽ৼৼ৾৻ঀ৽য়ৼ৽ৼয়৽ড়৾৻য়৽ড়য়৸৽য়৾৽ৼ৾৻ঀ৽য়ৼৢয়৽ৼৢ৽য়ড়৾৻য়৽য়৽ঢ়৾৽য়ৼ৽ৼৢ৽ৼয়৽<u>য়</u>৾৽ <u> तथा अ मिर्निष्य प्रति प्रदेश में 'विषा प्रेअमें 'विषे प्रया वीप सिन्दी प्रति प्राप्त</u> विनास रेट्। सर्ने वना से दीटक ग्रीक हैं। हो र दु से खुक ह्मरमा या से व वस हे सुर किंके।बरायदे:अतुक्कात्रात्रहर्केंद्रायाचेदाअवकार्केंदे:ब्रिंग्**श**काश्चावाशुक्ताहरू

यविष्या मुद्रा भी भी विश्वा में विष्या में व से प्रका मुद्रा । भी विश्वा में विष्या सक्ष्य स्था प्रविष्या में विषया में विष्या में विषया में विषया में विषय स्वा स्वा में विषया र्षित्। त्रायदेवायेत्रात्तेषुःर्क्षेष्वायावेश्वयाद्याः विस्वर्यस्याः स्वराध्यायः स

"र्ब्द्र द्याः व्यः द्यः क्षेत्र क्

"न्याः धार्यदेशवना नर्वे वस्तुः के ना वेना वस्तुत्यः वस्त्रा ना के स्वः न्याः धवारः व्हेंदिः

यद्यः रेश्वः यदः द्यारः वर्ष्याः क्रुरः येः येषः युश्वः व्यापः श्रृः यः य्यायः श्रृः वर्षः वरः र्रेषः युश्वः य युद्रः युश्वः रेत्। दः र्क्षः यवश्वः र्स्तुः युः विषाः पुः युरः व्यापः श्रृः यः विश्वः श्रयः युश्वः युश्वः श्रयः युश्वः य

यहराश्चा त्रिया तहित स्वास्त्र स्वस

पर्श्वाकात्तर्भुः जकावर विप्का भ्रेपका प्रस्ता भ्रेष्ठ्य का मुक्ता प्रस्ता का मुक्ता विकाव का मुक्ता मुक्त

क्र्राचे त्रीया विषय अहि । यो क्रिया विषय क्रिया विषय क्रिया विषय क्रिया विषय क्रिया विषय क्रिया विषय क्रिया व "भुष्य अपार्थे क्रिया विषय क्रिया विषय क्रिया विषय क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया विषय क्रिया क्रिया विषय क्रिया क्रिया विषय क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया विषय क्रिया क यहिताचीश्राक्षेत्र। इत्राचान्न श्रीटायान्य प्राची स्वाचनी स्वचनी स्वाचनी स्वाचनी स्वाचनी स्वाचनी स्वाचनी स्वाचनी स्वाचनी स्वचनी स्वचनी स्वाचनी स्वाचनी स्वचनी अश्रम्भीकायपुःश्रीमाश्चिःक्षेत्रयोट्,येशालटायह्रेट्याट्यश्चित।
स्वित्राय्यःश्चिमा,श्चित्रयोट्,येशालटायह्रेट्याट्यश्चित।
स्वित्राय्यःश्चिमा,श्चित्रयोद्ध्या,यद्ध्या,यद्ध्या,य्व्य

त्यन्यः देव्यः विष्यः श्रेश्वाश्चा विष्यः श्रेश्वाश्चा विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विष्य

ञ्जन्य मार्बेट मेशाय दें त्यु र्लेट तु "ट्या महेट स्नुम र्वे विमासमा बुटा अया द्या स्थान विश्वास के स्वास के स्वास के स्वास के स्वास स्वास स्वास स्वास स्वास स्वास स्वास स्वास स्वास स्वास

"तर्ग्। "देशायश्वात्रः इसायायदायहे स्रीत्र्यायायेश्वात्। तयदश्रास्त्रेश क्ष्यायायहेश कुरोद्। "देशाययार्वे राष्ट्रायहंसाद्स्यायेवे दिर्द्याप्यायेश्वात् । तयदश्रास्रेशयायहेश यदास्रेश इसायायहेशस्रायं विद्याप्यायेश्वात्। तयदश्रास्त्रेश यादास्त्रेश

न्यार्ग्यक्ष्मीयात्रवायम्बाहे "विक्षिंचेत्रवुरा।"वेबाक्षेराकुरावर्धरार्वेरानुःयया

द्वन्यान्त्रीं महिन नमार्थन्य स्वास्त्र स्वास

विस्तित्त्वा स्वाप्ति स्वापति स्वाप्ति स्वाप्ति

"दे. स. देन। दे.जश निया व.य. नुम्या मञ्जून। व्यक्त व.य. चे.ज्या मञ्जून। व्यक्त व्यक्त प्राप्त व्यक्त व्यक्त

सर्या सर्या यात्र्य प्राचित्र प्राच

द्वाच्यात्र्यात्र्या द्वाच्यात्र्या द्वाच्यात्र्यात्य

ॷज़ॺॱज़ऻॾॕॸॱॺॏॺॱॾढ़ॱय़ॱढ़ॿ॓ढ़ऻॱख़ॺॱय़ॺॱॶ॔य़ॱॶॸऻॱढ़॓॔ढ़ॱॶॸॱऄॱक़॔ॸॱय़ॺॱॸॸॱ <u>रदः वी रत्येद रहें त्याय राष्ट्रेत्य दश्य अर्घेदा अर्थेदा। अयाश्वार्वेद वीश वेदाया मुदार्केदा</u> र्श्वेरर्हेग्रायवेदायादाश्चेरेहर्षेग्रायवादामुयादुःवायादश्चेत्य। भुगवार्वेदागेयत्त्वः *ब्रथाचाब्रवायः संदास्थाः सद्याच्याः च्याः नृत्याद्याः द्याः व्याद्येः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवाय* खेट सूट त्र. धर जब सूर या केर बट बर वर प्यक्षियां देश कूट प्याय जा रेश हुटे. विभा भर्देया. भवर. भु. एवाय. भ. वार्ट्रेया अ. एवं. भ. विचा क्रियां सामूर. वीस. रेचे. च्. चक्रैयाक्षरे हिरावर पर्वेर प्रवादका ह्या रुद्ध वक्षा द्विषका कर सेर पर्वेर व्याप्त वर्वता ग्रामः विदेवा ग्रामः अत्। नेवा ने मा कुषा वा केवा वी विवास निमा निमा विद्यास स्था केश्रामिहरावश्रायहरायार्वेम् ५८१र्ये ३५१ स् सुरिक्षयर्ये ५६वायुश्चाहे कुयाविकारे व्यटकार्स्टा ब्रियाबायावेबायारावे अवस्त्रह्मा ब्रिटबार्स्टरायावेवायार्था श्रीता क्षेत्राबाद्यवागुरायाधूरा।

अयाश्वाह्मरावा न्यान्यंत्राधिन्यस्य स्वीत्यंत्राधिन्यस्य स्वीत्याः स्वीत्यः स्वीत्याः स्वीत्याः

"र्हें अन्दः। श्रेः बेवा तर्हें वी तर्वा "डेश्वः श्रेः वो वा वीश्वः त्रः व्रह्णः श्र श्रुवाश्वः वार्हेदः वीश्वः दशः दशः श्रुवाश्वः ग्रीश्वः श्रदेवः व्यः व्यः देदः वश्वः हः दर्शे । श्र देःव्यावः वर्षेत्र।

"महें स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त

स्वाक्षः वार्वेदःवी क्ष्र्यः यमः स्वतः द्ववाक्षः हे र्टेः द्रः हे क्ष्रुवाः सेवः स्वाक्षः व्यव्यक्षः व्यव्यक्ष द्ववाक्षः वेदः प्रयत्यः द्वादः स्वाक्षः व्यव्यक्षः व्यव्यक्षः व्यव्यक्षः व्यव्यक्षः व्यव्यक्षः व्यव्यक्षः व्यव रुवाक्षः वार्वेदः वी क्ष्र्यः यमः स्वावतः द्ववाक्षः हे र्टेः द्रः हे क्ष्रुवाः सेवः स्व

ત્રાજ્યું ત્રાપ્તા મું માર્ગુ ત્રાપ્ત સ્થાન ત્રાપ્ત સ્થાન સ્થાન

"ब्रिंद् विं धमा धेव वसा दब महिंद तहे देव वेस हैं से सर्वेद वा है देन् "डेब र्केंद् ग्रीब देवा

 याचा क्षित्रह्वाह्माह्माविक्षाक्षेत्राची विकासक्षेत्राच्या क्षित्रह्वाह्माह्माविक्षाक्षेत्राच्या विकासक्षेत्रव याचा क्षित्रह्वाह्माह्माविक्षाविक्षाक्षेत्राचिक्षाक्षेत्रविक्षाक्षेत्रविक्षाक्षेत्रविक्षाक्षेत्रविक्षेत्रविक्षाक्षेत्रविक्षेत्रविक्षाक्षेत्रविक्यविक्षेत्रविक्षे

योषये.त.क्षूकान्तरकात्त्र प्रजीयायात्व्य ताप्त प्रणीयायात्व्य ।

बिक्षा प्रत्य प्रचान्त्र प्रचान्त

"ब्रिंद्रम् महे प्रकाद्भाव विकास वि

र्येक्षायः वयाः सेटः कानेः यञ्चवः वकानेका "केःवियाः सेना"

"र्ल्वाया अर्धतात् आदे ना हे प्रवादि ने स्वाद्धेत् । स्वाद्धेत्य । स्वाद्धेत् । स्

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"वरःवरः यः श्रेः यः चक्षुश्चः वः चतुयः कषा श्रेः विदः के। "वेशः वदः श्रः दग्रारः व्यंशः यवः यर।

"देन ने सर्वे नवा से हा विन्हा त्या विन्हा के से हिंदा के स्वा के स्वा के स्वा के स्वा के स्वा के से के से

"ब्रिंग्यां श्रुंद्र। श्र्रीट्रां स्वर्यस्य प्रति। ब्रिंग् श्रुंद्रः वित्र श्

"रे.र.चनर.र्ग्झाय.अ.रेर्। श्रुशाय.यर्र.र्मशास्त्रभागास्त्रश्चर्यास्त्रभागः र्श्वर.चर.र्.चर्झ.श्रुर.चेर.ग्री.रेर्। "डेश.क्ष्मा.हेर.अर्द्व.चर। इच.र.प.इच.वम.मी. वेअ.स्र.र.र्स्म.स्याक्ष्मालु.चलेव.यदे.श्र.क्ष्मशामी.स्रिंग्ड्य. लूर्। क्ष्यां वाच्चर प्राप्त क्ष्यां क्ष्यां क्ष्यां वाच्चर प्राप्त क्ष्यां क्ष्यां

म्भागम्य विद्यस्त विद्यस्य वि

"अचुरा । चुर या बस्रका उदा वर्देदा वेंगा हुर येगका शुया चुरा । "लेका छा स

याक्तःविरःध्रेःश्रं त्वैयाः स्ट्रां स्वेद्यं क्षां विर्ध्याः स्वित्रं स्वेद्यं स्वां स्वं स्वां स्वां

"ष्या रायाधीया सेत्। श्लेश्वायाण्यव्यायार्के हिराष्ट्रीया वेश्वासयाद्वितः श्लेरावश्वात्युदायर्केश

क्तिं महिन्ना ग्रीन्नायया ग्रीन्नात्व ना स्वापाय प्रमास्य मान्य विद्या स्वाप्त मान्य स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स

योशक्ष्याक्ष्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्षयं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्यं त्याक्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्ष्यं त्याक्यं

स्वाःस्त्री विःश्र्याञ्चन्याञ्चेरःययाञ्चीः कृषाञ्चरावेषान्त्रीयान्त्रीयान्त्रीयान्त्रीयाः स्वितः स्वितः स्विता स्वाःस्त्री विःश्र्याञ्चन्याञ्चेरः ययाञ्चीः कृषाञ्चरावेषाः स्वितः स्विताः स्विताः स्वितः स्विताः स्विताः स्वित

क्षेत्रक्षं मार्चेट मी हेतु स्ट्रास्य प्रदास में विक्र हुट स्ट्रीका क्षेत्र मार्चेट मार्चेट स्वर्ध स्वर्य स्वर्ध स्वर्ध स्वर्ध स्वर्ध स्वर्य स्वर्य

"तक्ष्मा या या वा तक्ष्मा या या वा बिका क्ष्र्ना या या ने वा विका क्ष्री प्राप्ता के विका क्ष्री प्राप्ता विका क्ष्री विका क्ष्री प्राप्ता विका क्ष्री प्राप्ता विका क्ष्री विका क्ष्री विका क्ष्री विका क्ष्री प्राप्ता विका क्ष्री विका क्

ने वर रु: ध्रेवा

मिं ह्वें हेश या स हेयश र्वेंटा । यद सब "देंब दें सब हिंद या यहूँया या धेवा "बेबाययायावा धुवाशवार्वेटावीशर्वेसावायववाहे दयार्सेटावाहीटायर्वेटा "दाया"

अवाश्वाच्चां स्वाश्वाच्या अवाश्वाच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्यच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्यच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्वच्या अवाश्यच्या अ

यश्चर स्वाप्त मेश्वर श्वर स्वाप्त स्व स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त

अप्रकारमान्त्रम् । अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या । विकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्यकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्रकारमान्या अप्य

अयात्रा मार्चर मीत्रा मायद है तर्चर मायत्रा मुत्रा या न न दें लीगा न दी

"र्वेत्र-द्रा क्रिंश्चेत्र व्या प्रक्रें तुष्य विष्ट्र प्राय क्षेत्र विष्ट्र विष्ट्र

अवाक्षावाज्ञ्चरः त्रवाक्षाव्यक्ष्यः यः त्रवा विष्णः विष्णः विष्णः विषणः विष्णः विषणः विष्णः विषणः विष

र्दे म्र्यूर ग्रीश सेवाश वाजूर वी सवी ता श्रीता ख्रूर थी "ख्रिर ग्रीश विवातर श

याम्बेरायद्श्वायम् भुम्भाम्बेराय्येत्। स्विम्स्याय्वाद्याः स्वान्त्र्याः स्वान्त्र्यः स्वान्त्र्यः स्वान्त्र्यः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्तः स्वान्त

 र्वर।"बेरः पञ्चनश्चनब्रं मिश्राञ्चनश्चेरः मिश्राञ्चनश्चेत्रः। र्देवः क्रेवः रेर्त्यो स्टरः तुः धेरः तः स्वरः व नरः है। अन्यश्चनब्रं राज्येश्वरः विश्वरः पञ्चेत्रः वा

सं र्स्या तयाश्चा वट श्रेया दे त्या श्रायत श्रेट मुगा यो सं र्स्या दे त्यश्चा या प्रत्य स्था त्या वित्र श्रेया वित्र श्रेय वित्र श्रेय

मश्चार्या श्रेमश्चर्वा श्वमश्चर्य व्यक्ष स्टर्य के कि स्टर्स के स

द्री. छेष अर्था, सूर्य अर्था, सूर्य अर्था, स्था, स्था

क्री.बार्श्याम्बर्ध्यामिष्यामिष्यामिष्ट्यामिष्य

यविष्यः स्ट्रिश्च विश्वः स्ट्रिश्च स्ट्रिश्च

क्रा ब्रेट्ट्र अक्टर्स् हेर्ट्ट्र विश्व विष्य विश्व व

र्षेत्राश्चाः त्रियाः या या स्वर्धः द्राध्याश्चार्यः योश्चाश्चरः त्रियाशः हः त्र्यः अश्चा स्वर्धः त्राधः या स्वर्धः द्राधः या स्वर्धः या स्वर्यः या

ध्रम्बायार्वेद्राम्बायात्वेद्र्यात्वेद्राम्बायात्वेद्र्यात्वेद्रस्यात्वेद्र्यात्वेद्रस्यात्वेद्यस्यात्वेद्रस्यात्वेद्रस्यात्वेद्रस्यात्वेद्रस्यत्वेद्रस्यात्वेद्यस्यात्वेद्रस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्रस्यत्वेद्रस्यत्वेद्रस्यत्वेद्रस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्रस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्रस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत्वेद्यस्यत

"ब्विंद्र-द्रदःब्विंदेःष्णःबःषावःबःवःवेद्।"डेबायद्ययर्बेबायन्दर्वेदःद्। द्यारः

ह्य प्रमा दि हैं त्या प्राधिमा सक्षेत्रा ही हैं प्राध्य स्वर्ग हों का सहता हो ना व्याप्त स्वर्ग हो ना व्याप्त स्व

"व् विक्तं केया मुला के त्या धित् विकाया में प्राप्त के विकाय के कि स्वाप्त के स्वाप्त के

"म्याने क्रेंन् अप्तान्त्र व्याप्त व्यापत व्यापत

"दे'दः र्क्षेत्रः स्वेदः स्वे

स्तार्मा त्राप्ता वारा के प्राप्ता के प्राप्ता वारा के प्राप्ता के प्राप्ता वारा के प्राप्ता वारा के प्राप्ता के प्राप्ता वारा के प्राप्ता के

योज्ञ्दाय्रीशः श्रुं म्युया।यम। श्रुव्यात्रायाव्यायः स्त्राप्तायः त्यात्रायायः स्त्राव्यायः स्त्राव्यायः स्त्र स्र्याव्यायः प्रत्यायः प्रत्यायः स्त्रायः स्त्रायः स्त्रायः स्त्रायः स्त्रायः स्त्रायः स्त्रायः स्त्रायः स्त्र क्ष्यात्मत्रम् क्षुं त्याः वर्ष्ण्यम् अः वाबितः देः यद्याः स्टः धिवः विः वर्षाः व्यव्यक्षः विः वर्षः विः वर्षः व

यक्किय। द्रयाद्रमञ्ज्ञम् अत्याद्वर्यायायाय्यम् अत्यावन्त्रम् अत्याद्वन्त्रम् ।

देत्र स्त्रम् अत्याद्वर्यायायाय्यम् स्त्रम् स

स्तर्भा मिन्न विषय विषय मिन्न मिन्न

"अवतः अह्मामी र्नेवः वर्ने हिनः ग्रीकारः वर्षः अप्यत्न रायः के सेन्। "केकाञ्चमाकाः मार्वेदः क्षेमा खुरः कं व्यक्षः विवक्षः विववक्षः विवक्षः विवक्षः विवक्षः विवक्षः विवक्षः विवक्षः विववक्षः

यन् अश्वायाचरात् पश्चरात् श्वाया वित्राया या प्रमाया प्रमाय प्रमाया प्रमाया प्रमाया प्रमाया प्रमाय प्रम प्रमाय प्रम प्रमाय प्रमाय

त्र्युन् या दे श्रुवाश वार्चेट वी श्रेशश विंदश श्रु शे में स्वृम नुर्देश हैं विंद्र व

यद्रः अ'तर्देद्र'श्रे'तर्देद्र'ग्रीब्र'चम्द्रानुद्रा। विंशेंब्र'द्रमेंद्रश्र'द्रम्'वेंब्र'त्रिंद्रादे

च्या प्रस्ता त्रिं स्त्रा क्षेत्र क्ष

क्रीयाद्यालात्रात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र

प्रमानिक्ष स्वर्ण स्वर

वयान्त्रव्यः विवास्त्रव्यः विवास्त्रयः क्षुत्रः क्षुत्रः व्याः व्यः व्याः व्य

यद् अर्ळ्य प्रयास्य स्वार्थ स्वार्य स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्य स

स्ट्रियान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्

यदः अद्ग्रामः र्येश्वः श्रुवाश्चार्वेदः श्चें। यदा वियः श्रुवः शुः । "ष्यः र्रेवाश्वः वर्षे। या दशः वीः यः धीतः तः या ध्वः या विवाः गाश्वः देः रेटः र्वेः दर्यतः वश्वरः यः विवाः यञ्चें। धीतः वश्वः यगावाः श्चेटः । ध्यरः श्वः अयः श्वः विवाः यश्वः वश्वः

ध्रम्बामार्वेदामीबान्द्रवादे नेंद्रवादे "विदाद है मेदा "हेबादेबा

"तर्रे में भ्रवम प्रबट में लिया स रेर् र्या "लेम यर् स र्यार में विभायः वेंद्रभ उत्र लेगार्ट त्र प्रस्पार्य स्ट्रा

रेयादेराख्याकाणार्वेदाले वया येका अर्था तर्वेक्षका क्षेट्र। यद् आद्यादा विकास वितास विकास वितास विकास वितास विकास विकास

"वर्ग्। होन् क्रीकारायाने स्वराया स्वा विकाले स्वरायान स्वरायाच स

र्ज् तयादे र्क्र्व लेव क्युं व अवाका वार्च द्रात्व द र्ल्य क्युं विवास विकास व

तुः से' स्वाप्त त्येव 'तुष्ट ' यक्कुषा का स्पेत् 'कु स्वाप्त क्षेत्र 'यो संक्षेत्र स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्व स्वाप्त स्वापत

"र्हे म्यूर या मह्निया श्रम म्यूर श्री निया द्या दिते। प्रमाय क्षेत्र प्रमाय क्ष

कुर्यास्त्री योटाष्ट्राक्त्र्याः भारत्याच्याः स्वान्त्राः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्राः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्तः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्तः स्

"गडेअः धुग र्नेतः हुरः लेगा गी र्नेत रु हिंदः ग्रीः श्रेश्रश्चानः द्र्याया। रश्चायाः प्रस्ता प्रेता प्रेत्रः स्वेता सी र्नेत्रः ग्रीश्राश्चेश्रश्चायाः स्वराध्या।

र्या तह्यात्रा को याद्रा यदि के भेदि श्वाय या भेगा भर्य वेगा तयद्रा हेशा

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श्री में में प्राप्त क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

"ष्यास्य त्वन् त्यः यन्त्रः यः यन्त्रेन् वित् स्वायः दश्चः श्चः तर्मे श्वरः व्यक्षः वित्वः वित्व

"यदी मार्थे क्षु विमाधि धित्र। हिंदा ग्रीश्रायक्ष्मत् । यदेंदा स्मायत दमा यदी त्रश्रा यक्ष्म केंग्रा केश्र क्षा दमेंदा ग्रीश

"भेता षाता दकायक्षकात..."

त्रभाष्ट्र विद्या क्षात्र विद्या विद्या क्षेत्र विद्या विद्या

क्र्यः शरः क्रं. शु. योलेजः ट्र्रः ट्रंट्यातः ट्रंटः योक्र्यः त्र्रः हिरः श. ह्यं तः प्रः हिरः। रटः कृष्टः वृत्क्र्यः श्रेयः क्षेयः योक्ष्यः योक्ष्यः योक्ष्यः योः क्षेत्रयः वीः क्षेत्रयः वीः क्षेत्रयः वीः क्षेत्रयः व भ्रेश्वः म्वनः मार्त्वनः द्वाः क्र्यः क्रुः सेदः तक्ष्यः तक्षेः । वसः सक्रेट्यानः स्वेश्वः स्वाः स्वाः स्वाः हेशः भ्रेष्यः म्वनः मार्त्वनः द्वाः क्र्यः क्रुः सेदः तक्ष्यः तक्षेः । वसः सक्रेट्यः नः स्वेशसः त्वस्य स्वाः स्वाः हेशः

"विश्व प्रत्या वर्ष वर्ष प्रत्य प्रत

यवश्चास्त्रात्वेयाःत्रभाश्चास्त्रात्त्र्याः श्चित्राद्धाः व्यवाः स्त्रात्त्रभात्त्रम् व्यव्याः स्त्रात्त्रभाव्याः स्त्रभात्त्रभात्त्रभाव्याः स्त्रभाव्याः स्त्रभाव्याः स्त्रभाव्याः स्त्रभाव्याः स्त्रभाव्याः स्त्रभाव्याः स्त्रभाव्याः स्तरभाव्याः स्त्रभाव्याः स्त्रभावयः स्तरभावयः स्त्रभावयः स्त्रभावयः

क्ष्मश्च मार्चेट मीश "या येश्व प्यत्य स्था मीश्व वट में द्वा माद्व स्था मित्र स्था मित्

त्रम्याण्याका क्षेत्रकान्त्रेयाः क्षेत्राः कष्णे क्षेत्राः कष्णे कष्णे क्षेत्राः कष्णे कष्णे

"ओ। हिंद्रमित्रेशम्य प्राप्त प्राप्त श्रेश्व श्रेष्ठ । श्रेष्ठ ।

त्रवाक्षात्र व्यवस्था श्री स्ट्रिंग ने त्र स्वाक्षा श्री का श्री का श्री का श्री का श्री व्यवस्था श्या श्री व्यवस्था श्यी व्यवस्था श्री व्यवस्था श्री व्यवस्था श्री व्यवस

र्बे (यट प्रमुद्ध संसुद्ध । तस्याम् समित्र संदर्भ के स्वाम स्मित्र स्वाम स्मित्र

पञ्चिताबुदान्त्रिमान्त्रः विवादाद्वात्रः या स्टास्य पञ्चता स्वाद्वात्रः विवाद्वात् स्वाद्वात्रः विवाद्वात् स्व स्वादा प्रवादाः क्षेत्रः । वालवायाः क्ष्यः स्वायवायाः क्ष्यः क्ष्यः विवाद्वाः या विवाद्वाः स्वाद्वाः स्व

"वर्षे व। ५ र र र्के वर वा वर्षे। "बेश वा वें र र हें ईर यदे हेर वी हु नेवा सुन हो र रे हीश

"यन्यान्यान्या न्यान्यां न्यान्यां क्षेत्रस्त्रां क्षेत्रस्त्रां केष्या विद्रायाः विद्रायः विद्रा

"दः र्क्ष्यादे । याद्र व्याप्त व्यापत व्या

मुद्दरम्बेश्वर्यायायाद्दर्भ विरायमार्खेदश्वरश्चरम् स्वर्यायद्य। मुद्दरम्बेशय्ययायाद्दर्भ विरायमार्खेदश्वरश्चरम् स्वरायद्य।

"देत्। ब्रेंप्वदेर्गुत्यव्यर्षेत्कुरेत्।"डेब्र्यद्यायत्यार्यंबर्वे क्रेंप्यक्यवः व्यायम्

"तर्शे न्।वरायाने तर्सेवानु तर्शे यन्। यान्यान्याम् के क्ष्मायश्ची विकाययान्। क्षमायवरा। "बेशाययान्यायमाने विकायसान्। यान्यायमाने विकायसान्।

यज्ञ्चर्याहे स्ट्रान्त विवान के क्ष्रिया यो अन्तर विवास स्वास्त्र स्वास स्वास विवास विवास स्वास विवास स्वास स्वास

तर्ग्रेच। दशक्रेन् वया दशक्रेन् वया विश्व स्वास्त्रेन् स

"देद र्क्केंदे भ्रे पङ्ग्रीय का हेद पा छो सेद। "डेका सुगका गर्बेद क्रेसका ग्रेंग के

"अःहेर। दबाविःक्वेदः तर्वः बाहेर् हुरः। तर्वे या बोबायर अर्गारः वेबः नयस्त्राहः स्वावः

"वर्षे वा वर्षे मर्थेष विक्रं वर्षे वर्षे प्रति विक्रायन् अप्राय्येश्वाय विक्रायन् अप्राय्येश्वाय विक्रायन् अप्राय्येश्वाय विक्रायन् अप्रायः विक्रायन् विक्रायन् अप्रायः विक्रायन् विक्रायन् अप्रायः विक्रायन् अप्रायः विक्रायन् विक्रायन् अप्रायः विक्रायन् विक्रायम् विक्रायन् विक्रायम् विक्रायन् विक्रायम् विक्रायम्य

भेत्रप्रकृत्। अत्रप्रकृत्। अत्रप्रकृत्।

क्ट. शका शर्या, तू. हुँ वा. हुँ वा. वैका वा त्वका भेट. च. में बालू ट. चंदर । है वाका

यव्रत्यं अप्तर्भिक्तं क्षें त्योय श्रुत्य क्षेत्र क

"भुग्रम मुझ्रा राष्ट्रिर र्या अव्यातु यत्त्र "स्या अव्यात् म्यायाः म्यायाः । प्राप्ति प्राप्ता म्यायाः । प्राप्ति प्राप्ता म्यायाः । प्रापता म्यायाः । प्राप्ता म्यायाः । प्रापता मायाः । प्रापता मायायाः । प्रापता मायायाः । प्रापता मायाः । प्रा

"भ्रेम । ज्ञान्त्र में में यम म्यान्य के ने वित्र में का मिर्स के त्या पर्देश विद्र मुंचे । ज्ञान्य के ने विद्र में का कि ने कि ने कि कि ने कि ने

यद्वश् व्राप्त स्वर्धः व्राप्त वर्षः व्राप्त स्वर्धः वर्षः स्वर्धः वर्षः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर

यः प्रमाश्चा म्या स्त्रा स्त्रीत् । स्त्रा स्त्र स्रा स्त्रा स्त्र स्त्रा स्त्र स्त्रा स्त्र स्त्रा स्त्रा स्त्रा स्त्रा स्त्रा स्त्रा स्त्रा स्त्र स्त्र

द्रश्कृतः मध्यात्व । विचार्ट्रवास्त्र विचार्यवास्त्र विचार्य विचार्यक्र विचार विचार्यक्र विचार्यक्र विचार विचार्यक्र विचार विचार्यक्र विचार्यक्र विचार विचार्यक्र विचार विचार्यक्र विचार विचार्यक्र विचार्यक्य विचार विचार विचार विचार विचार्यक्र विचार विचार विचार विचार्यक्य

मुश्रायश्र्रा विश्व भ्रेषा त्या मुश्राय विश्व मुश्रायश्र्रा त्या मुश्रायश्र्रा त्या मुश्रायश्र्रा विश्व मुश्रायश्र्रा त्या मुश्राय विश्व क्षेत्र क्षे

त्रुवःधॅर्।

"यन् सान्यान्यां त्रुः स्वा चित्रः स्वा वित्रः स्वा वित्रः स्वा वित्रः स्वा वित्रः स्वा वित्रः स्वा वित्रः स्व

प्रम् । वित्रा वित्रा वर्षा वा देन्याकृत्रा वायम् । कृता वा वित्रा वा वित्रा वित्रा वा वित्रा वा वित्रा वा वे वित्रा वा वित्रा वित्

"दःतर्गे:श्वा अवानि:रश्यासदेतःश्वः र्यश्वाविष "स्वाश्वाश्वार्याः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विष्यः विष्यः विष्यः विषयः वि

"न्यार्थन्य द्वार क्रेन् स्वार्थन्य क्रिया क्रया क्रिया क्रया क्रिया क्

तन्त्रअःशुः व्यन्त्रायः तन्याक्रायते गुः व्यतिः स्तृन् स्तरः ग्राम्या

"क्रम् सही मह्म स्त्र म्या मिल्या विकास वितास विकास वितास विकास वितास विकास व

कंद्र:स्वास्त्रं दें सुद्दें द्वात दें ना ने र यक्ष्द्र। दें में र वर्षे द ना द्वा स्था में स्था में स्था में र यक्ष्द्र। दें में र वर्षे द ना द्वा स्था में स्था मे

पि.चु.धूं.चु.चेश.चंश.ची.लटश.श्री.चचेट.। वीच.कु.शुचा.कं.चंश.चूंचा.कट.चांचूट. ट्यूंश.चट. चुंचा.लूट। वूच.चेट. कैचोश.चांचूट.चुंचा. केचा.क्.चंशा कुचांका.शुट.चंट. च्यूंट्श.च्यूंट.। कु.चंचु.चव्य.लुंचा.चुंचा.चेट. ट्यूंचा. केचा.क्.चंया कुचांका.शुट.चंट. च्यूंट्श.च्यूंचा.चंट्यंचा.चुंचा.चंट्यंचा.चुंचा

र्स्त्रम् । भ्रम्भ म्बेंट वि क्रुंट म्म्यून्स्य में वि स्वर्णे वि वि

क्षेयासायाच्याम् स्राप्ताच्या स्राप्ताच्या स्राप्ताच्या स्राप्ताच्या स्राप्ताच्या स्राप्ताच्या स्राप्ताच्या स्राप्ताच्या

त्रचीयरः चीबरः श्रीचित्रं स्ट्रियाव द्रियादा स्ट्रियावा स्ट्रियावा स्ट्रिया स्ट्रिय

भ्राम्यसम्भः भ्रमान्त्र्यम् निष्ण्यम् । यः निष्णः मिष्णः मिष्णः

बेर। वर्षेत्राचीः स्वीवास्त्रीयात्रात्त्रहेवाः स्वेटाः वर्षेत्राः वर्षेत्रः वर्षेत्रः वर्षेत्रः वर्षेत्रः के क्षेत् वर्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः वर्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः वर्षेत्रः वर्

त्तवः क्ष्रीं त्रा त्रिक्षः क्ष्रां क

श्रुवाया केंद्र प्राची का तहे के प्राची श्रुवाया केंद्र प्राची केंद्र प्रची कें

व्यः द्वांश्वायम्ब व्याचित्राः ग्राटः सेद्रा

द्वेन् अन्यान् व्यान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम्यान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्

"य5'अ'5गारायें। द'यवद'5व'कु'उद'ये5'मे"

"र्बेट्ट्य्यम्पन्त्र। यन्यन्त्रम्य्यं। यंद्रवर्ष्ण्याय्यम्यम्यम्यम् अन्यम्यम्यम् यद्यम्यम्यम् यद्यम्यम्यम् यद्यम्यम्यम् यद्यस्यम् अन्यम्यम् यद्यम्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम्यम्यम् अन्यम्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम् अन्यम्यम् अन्यम् अन

"दर्गे, य। ट.ज. वयका यम्टि. कुचे, लूटी "कुका तट, या में स्तर जान की या है। वका टटा या है स्कूट या की या की

कॅम्"यन्'अ:न्ग्रम्सॅर्यःस्टम्बेशःध्यक्षःयर्गेन्निःयन् विषायधेवःयसःश्रेश्रश्चन्ययःर्गेष्यः र्गेष

"यन् अप्नार्मा दर्श्वं अप्ति विष्ण्य म्यान्य विष्ण्य स्वार्म् विष्ण्य स्वार्म क्ष्य विष्ण्य स्वार्म क्ष्य विष्ण्य स्वार्म क्ष्य स्वार्म स्वार्म क्ष्य स्वार्म स्व

त्रविष्यः स्ट्रास्त्र स्थाः स्याः स्थाः स्याः स्थाः स

श्रुक्षः यः दरः अः दगः वीकः श्रृषाः वादः अर्ध्याकः ग्रीकः रुवः वार्क्षवाः ग्रीकः देवः हैं वाकः आवतः पद्भा विं र्क्षेक्षः श्रृषाः वादः अर्थे वादः प्रतः विवाः श्रृतः विवाः श्रृतः विवाः वार्वे प्रतः अदः।

मुन्नाड्या "अर्थन्याज्ञ्या त्रूचातक्क्ट्राड्ये. मुन्नान्यक्क्ट्राड्येन "अर्थन्याज्ञ्या त्रूचातक्क्ट्राड्येन "दिन्द्रः क्रिंदे दर्के हेव से । "डेश श्रुश्या मान्य लेवा लेवा श्रेश्या विद्या क्रिंद्र क्रि

"याया हे। वि र्क्षेटा या र्क्के ख्रीरायार्चेत्र र्वोटा स्ट्रा न्यास्त्र र्क्ता ख्रीस र्क्के विस्त स्ट्रा डा "डेसर्ट्वेर्यार ग्रीस स्ट्रेट या र्क्के ख्रीरायार्चेत्र र्वोटा स्ट्रा न्यास र्क्ष्र र्क्तिया द्वास त्र डेर

"र या पर्गे दि या लेवा र्षे द्वा देवे अर्थे या केंद्र ववद कें र पर्के वाका हो दि या वि केंद्र वी केंद्र यो केंद्र य

"दाविंददःसक्सद्वाद्वां"विकार्देवीं राष्ट्रीक्षाद्ययावकायेव प्रमा

"भ्रेव। ष्यासुर्हे म्या हिंद् या यश्य त्याव वियाय यश्वाय । "देश यय वश्य विस्री मुग्नाय अपव रहें या स्थाय विवाद या विवास विवास

यी. के.जा. व्याचित्र वार्ष है. स्वां क्षेट्र वार्ष वा

द्रीयः क्ष्म्या ग्रीयः ह्या हैं. ग्रीयः द्रीयः क्ष्यः ग्रीयः विकान्ते व्याः विकान्ते विकान्य विकान्ते विकान

द्यान्त्रान्त्र्याः स्त्रेश्वाह्या भ्रम्बान्यार्वेद्यम्बान्त्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र विचःस्त्रेत्राच्याः विश्वाह्या भ्रम्बान्यार्वेद्यम्बान्यः स्त्रेत्रात्यात्रः स्त्रेत्रः स्त्रात्रः स्त्रेत्रः विचःस्त्रेत्रः स्त्रेत्रः स्त्रेत्रः स्त्रेत्रः स्त्रेत्रः स्त्रेत्रः स्त्रेत्रः स्त्रेत्रः स्त्रः स्त्रेत्रः स्त

यतुत्राम् डेमा तर्मे र हेश यद्भा दम्य र्यो र हैं द्यर मृद्धा मुक्स से स्वर्भ स्वर्य स्वर्भ स्वर्भ स्वर्भ स्वय्य स्वर्य स्वय्येष्य स्वय्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वय्य स्वय्य स्वय्य स्वर

र्दे में राद्या त्या त्या दे मित्र क्षेत्र मित्र क्षेत्र क्

शुःश्चां श्रुप्तश्चित्र श्ची श्राप्त स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वया स

"दर्वःत्यम् अक्ष्यः अद्या । धिवःवददः हेश्वः श्र्यः मिव्यः देदः। दर्मे वा । 'विश्वः हें । विश्वः हें । विश्वः

"ब्रॅन् ग्री मानसाययादसानेसमी देन ग्री प्रति स्वामाययादमी अस्ति स्वामाययादमी अस्ति स्वामाययादमाने स्वामाययादमी अस्ति स्वामाययादमी अस्ति स्वामाय स्वाम

"दिर्भगर्ये। हिंद्रग्रीशदायाधिद्रकेशग्रीःसेद्र।"डेश्वर्द्रग्रीयग्रीशयम्।

बेर्ग केश्वा माया हे हिंदा या द्वारा देश हेंदा रेषा या होदा द्वारा स्था से राख्या सुमा से क्वा माया हे हिंदा या द्वारा रेश हेंदा रेषा या होदा द्वारा स्था से राख्या से प्रतिकारण

"नःलेन-८-सियामहरमी केर हाई राश्ची अर्केन का आर्वे ना स्थित प्रायास स्थित । प्रायास । प्रायास स्थास । प्रायास ।

"दर्वः नृषाः में। भ्रेः संदर्भ श्राभ्यं स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्षः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्

"ब्रिंद्राया महत्याया तर्हेमा क्रुं डे प्यम येदायम् ब्रिंद्राग्री द्यमाया तदी वया

<u>নষ্কু মর উ দের মेব। "উঝ ৠ র্ম শ্বু মর্ম শ্রী ঝ বি ম র ম শ্রী ঝ বি ঝ।</u>

र्दे में मा श्री अप मा श्री श्री मा श्री मा श्री मा श्री मा श्री मा श्री मा मा भारत मा स्वार मा स्वर मा स्वार मा स्वर मा स्वर मा स्वर मा स्वार मा स्वार मा स्वार मा स्वर मा स्वार मा स्वर मा स्वर मा स्वार मा स्वर मा

"दर्शन्वाः व्यान्त्राः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्त्यः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्तः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्तः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्त्यः व्यान्तः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्तः व्यान्यः व्यान्तः व्यान्तः व्यान्तः व्यान्तः व्यान्तः

क्षुः र्वे मुन्यायः युन्या र्वे न्यायः विष्यायः विषयः यात्रायः विषयः यात्रायः विषयः युन्यः विषयः युन्यः विषयः य अः विषयः विषयः युन्यः यिन् अः हिं वः यव्यय्यवः हो। द्वीव्यः यः विषयः यन्यव्यव्ययः विषयः ये विषयः ये विषयः यो व विषयः यो वि

मुकार्श्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र

म्ना त्रिका अटका अत्। क्षः बादः प्रतिवा यक्षः क्षेत्र क्षः विद्या विद्य

लुबायकूरबार्ग्यवाबायखेर्यात्राभरतायबरायबरायवारायवारायवा

क्षें यर के प्रमुद्ध । "बेश भ्रम्भ मर्बेर में कि प्रमुद्ध । प्रमुद्ध में प्रमुद्ध । प्रमुद्ध । "बेश भ्रम्भ मर्बेर में कि प्रमुद्ध । प्रमुद्ध ।

"द्रा यद्र अप्तार्या "लेश र्झे श्रुवश्व अप्तार्थ स्त्री प्राप्त स्वार्थ स्त्री प्राप्त स्वार्थ स्त्री स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्त्री स्वार्थ स्त्री स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्त्री स्त्री स्त्री स्त्री स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्त्री स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्त्री स्वार्थ स्वार

"দের্স্করি র্ন্ধান্ত বিশ্ব শ্রিক র্ন্ধান্ত ক্রিক্তর্মান্ত ক্রেক্তর ক্রিক্তর ক্রিক্ত

"दिधेत्र प्रबट्ट सेट्रा दिधेत्र प्रबट्ट सेट्रा यहास ह्या हिंद सेस्र सूत्र हैं हेंत्र के धेता "वेत्र में शुप्त स्वाप्त प्रस्ता

"वर्षाःच। र्देःर्षानःन्यः र्वेबः येन्। विःनःयः न्यः र्वेद्धः व्येः चरः चीः वान्तेनः डेवा वः वनः वः विवा विवायः विवायः येनः व। विन्यः विन्यः विन्यः विन्यः विन्यः विन्यः विन्यः विवायः व

"यद् अ द्रग्रस्थ है है लिया अ उद वया "लेख सुयाय याँवर राम देग यद् अ द्रग्रस्थ यया यथ है यग्याय आ अके अ अह्य अँदे श्रुयय गा द्रथ देग यद्य है दर्दु वया "द्रिके के के विवास अके अ अह्य के स्थास याँवर राम देग

ख्रेयाश्चाचीरायात्रश्चाचायश्चावा । खासायीवावावावावी खासायीवावावीयात्रश्चाचात्रे

त्त्रम्भान्त्यम्भान्त्रम्भान्

"यन्राव विद्या न्यारी में मेर सेर से स्वास्त्र वासर या मेर होर । विद्या सुवादा विद्या स्वास विद्

क्टायमाञ्चामार्थेट मी सिह्न क्ष्मा स्थान स्थान

पड़ियायस्य असर्कें प्रशृत्ति । "लेखा सुष्य वार्षे प्रशृत्ति । हियाल्या वार्षे प्रशृत्ति । विष्य स्वाप्ति । विषय स्वाप्ति । वि

म्हर्स्य मुक्षा यर्केन् केंद्र । ने क्टेंब्रन् री येग कृति त्यमुग्नि हेंन् त्य क्षेत्रका त्यक्षित्रका गुम्स्यका ने मार्वे त्य स्वर्भन केंद्र । ने क्टेंब्र्न् री येग कृति त्यम् मार्के स्वर्भ स्वर्भ त्यक्षित्रका गुम्स्यका ने मार्वे त्यका

येश्वर्त्त क्षेत्र सृष्टीत या म्या अंदर्श व्यवस्था क्षेत्र स्व क्

त्त्रार त्रार राज्य विश्वास्य विश्वास्य विश्वास्य क्षेत्र विश्वास्य क्षेत्र विश्वास्य विश्वास्य क्षेत्र विश्वास वित्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र प्रत्य क्षित्र हेर सेत्र प्रति विश्वास्य क्षेत्र विश्वेर विश्वेर क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र वित्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र विश्वेर क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र विश्वेत्र विश्वेर क्षेत्र क्

यन् अपनामः स्थान्ते विष्णः भूक्षेत् चीः स्विनः स्थान्यः विष्णः स्थान्यः स्यान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्थाः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः

पर्मार्मिरार्चे माल्यायार्के प्रतास्त्री स्वास्त्री स्

"ଘଟ୍ୟଟ୍ୟଟ୍ୟଟ୍ୟା ଞୂଟ୍ୟପ୍ୟମ୍ବଟ୍ରକ୍ଫ୍ୟଟ୍ୟଔଟ୍ରଷ୍ଟ୍ରଶ୍ୱଶ୍ୱଶ୍ୱଶ୍ୱର ୴୴୷ୠୄୢ୷୷ୠ୕ୣ୷ୠ୕ୣୠୣୠୣୠୣୠ

"व्यवस्त्रम्य विद्या पर्या विद्या पर्या विद्या प्राप्त विद्या प्राप्त विद्या व

"ब्रिंद्रात्याद्दावार्षियाः याद्वेश्वात्वश्वात्यात्रात्यात्र्यः विश्वात्याद्वेत् । व्यव्यात्रात्यात्र्यः विश्वात्याद्वेत् । व्यव्यात्यात्रात्यात्र्यः विश्वात्यात्र्यः विश्वात्यात्र्यः विश्वात्यात्र्यः विश्वात्यात्र्यः विश्वात्यात्र्यः विश्वात्यात्रः विश्वात्यात्यः विश्वात्यः विश्वात्यात्यः विश्वात्यात्यः विश्वात्यः विश्वात्य

प्रच्या हुन्न। "लामा टार्ड्स्वमान् हिंट् ग्रीमान्त्राम् हुन् स्वाप्तान्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्राम्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्राम्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्राम् स्वाप्तान्त्रम् स्वाप्तान्त्रम् स्वाप्तान्त्रम् स्वाप्तान्त्रम्यान्त्रम् स्वाप्तान्त्रम्य

"षः य। २.४८४. रूप. याजा. कुप. खुयाज्य कु. खूरी , कुरा केया या मूहर.

"उं विया गया केवा सेत्। ब्रिंता ग्री सामवाया के या गरा सेत्। "उं सामता

ऄढ़ॣ॔ॳऄॎॻऻॴॻऻॖड़॒८ॻऻॖॱज़ॻऻतातालऋॴटेटी

"ब्रिंद् ग्रीका सदावी त्यदका की क्रिंत् । व्रिवा व्रिंद् गुः क्री तह्वा यक्षका या क्षेत्र क्रमा "बेकायदा सर्कें कर्षेका देवा

"ष्णः स्रा विष्यः वर्षे प्रत्यः प्रवाश्यक्षः याये विष्यः विषयः वर्षे व्यव्यः वर्षे वर

"तर्ने त्रश्च श्रून कर्ने तर्ज्ञ आया श्रूष श्रूष मार्श्व "हेश्व यदी युत्र मेद्र तु ग्रीश्व शे व्यून स्त्रुप ग्राम्स स्त्र मेद्र स्त्र स्त्र स्त्र मेद्र स्त्र स्त

ॖॖऀॺऻॴॶऀ॔॔ॱय़ॱऄॗऀ॔॔ॱय़ऄॎॱॻॖऀॱॻॱॸॴऄॗढ़ॱक़ॸॱॶॱऄॗॖॻऻॴॎऒॎढ़॔ज़ॱॻॖॸॱॸ॔ॱॺॸॴ ढ़ऀ॔ॺऻॴॾॱॴढ़ॿॖऀॸॴय़ॸॸॱॴढ़ॹॖ॔॔ॸॱय़ॱऄॗॖॱऄॱॲ॔ॸऻॖॱॕऀऄॴॷॺऻॴऄ॔ॸॱॺऻ॓ॴऄ॔ ॻ

वुषा अवाक्ष वार्चर वाक्ष अव्यान्त्र विकास वितास विकास वितास विकास विकास

क्षे.कुटा.विश्र | मुं.लेका.कश्चारग्र.क्ष्या.वह्मा.का.शु.क्ष्टाश्चाराय्येष्वश्चात्रः के.कुटा.विश्र | मुं.लेका.कश्चारग्रीका.वी.क्ष्या.विश्वा.वीश्व.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.विश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.वीश्वा.विश

"यन्त्रः वित्निन्द्रः विश्वाक्षः मुद्द्रः विश्वाक्षः स्वाक्षः वित्रः वि

प्रज्ञां स्टान्त्राक्षा स्टान्त्रा विक्षेत्र स्टान्य विकाल्य स्टान्त्र स्टान्त्य स्टान्त्र स्टान्त्य स्टान्त्र स्टान्त्र स्टान्त्र स्टान्त्र स्टा

द्रा अश्रवः कुं स्त्रा (द्वः क्याः क्ष्याक्षा व्याः व्यः व्याः व्

व्यासामा विवाल। व्यवस्थी स्थान स्था

"ब्रिंद्-ग्रीकायदे-स्टाया-द्वारी ध्वीया-या-विदाया-विका-सुवाका वार्चिद्रः वीकान्त्रक्केटकायदे-स्टाद्या-सावाक्ष्यक्षेत्रका स्वार्विद्याः विका-सुवाका वार्चिद्रः

"'न्नरायनुत्यास्त्र ग्री केंन्यंत्रायारा हैं केंन्यस्य त्वाता सुन्न में साम्य स्थारे नेन्। "डेसायन् स्रसाक्षेत्र सुन्न त्वेत्र विन्न नुन्न स्थारे स्वत्य स्थारे स्वत्य स्थारे स्वत्य स्थारे स्वत्य

"दःयःलॅद्रःक्द्रःदेदःअःब्रिंद्रःयःयेद्रःयदेत्। क्र्रेंश्चःद्रः। दःग्रङ्गःग्रद्रःयुश्चः येद्र। श्रेयश्चःवित्रःयश्चित्रःयावेदःयदेदःक्दःहःकुदःदेद्र। विंश्वेदःयश्चः र्द्गाके:बुर-येत्। क्षे:र्ये-क्षे:बुरे-बुरे-बुर्य-स्विक्षःय्त्र-स्विक्षःय्त्र-विक्षःयत्त्र-विक्षःयत्त्

"८५-उद्दर्धे इट प्रेन याहिंद ग्रीकाको नेवा "लेकाञ्चनवार्वेद मेकाद्रैका

"दशर्मि र्स्त्र मुक्षा अवापि स्वाप्त स्वाप्त

प्रश्चिम् मार्चे प्रमाण्डे प्रमाण्ड

"दः क्रुंद्वः देदः अदिः द्विया वाष्यः वर्द्विया वाष्यः अविषा क्षुं । "देशः क्षुं विषा व्या क्षेत्रः विष्यः व्या विषयः व

यालारमारमासीयोशान्तीमान्नीरायोश्चर्यात्रेश्चर्यात्रेश्चर्यात्रमान्यस्त्रमान्नीमान्नियात्रमान्यस्त्रमान्नीमान् क्षेत्रय्याःश्चर्यात्रम्यात्रम्यात्रम्याः स्वर्यात्रम्याः स्वर्यात्रम्याः स्वर्यात्रम्याः स्वर्याः स्वर्यः स्वर्याः स्वर्यः स्वर्य

अ. पश्चेमां । वर्षाक्ष्यं चार्त्तः व्याक्ष्यं स्थ्यां त्रश्चा स्टाम्स्ट्रियम् स्टाम्स्ट्रियम्

"तर्ग्: य। दशः यक्ष्रशः व। विंदः ग्रीशः र्वेषाशः हः तश्चदशः र्येदः क्रुः शः सेद। वः वहः श्रेः ग्रेदः व। दर्शेशः ग्रायशः गर्डेषाः हुः र्वेशः र्वेषाश्चरः तश्चदशः र्येदः क्रुः शः सेद। वः

मिं क्रिंबर्य उपाय में प्राप्त विष्ठ त्या स्वाप्त विष्ठ त्या प्राप्त विष्ठ त्या विष्ठ त्या

दह्याः कुः धेव।"

"दशः गुरः र्षोः श्चेंदः।"लेशः स्थाशः मार्चेदः मोशः र्देः श्वरः केः लेगः यः ग्वशः गुरः। भ्रीमातः सेमाः र्षेदः यः र्कें रः श्चरः। "श्चिंदः र्केंदिः त्रदः तः यः श्चेंशः देरः श्वेशशः स्विरः शामतः र्षेदः यः लेः प्रेता "लेशः यो प्रदेः श्चेश्वायः स्थाशः विदाः सृः ग्वशः

"श्रेश्रश्च र्व्यः भावतः भेत्। र्व्यः वर्त्तत्त्तः यातः वर्षाः भ्रेत्।"डेशः व्यतः वर्षाः भ्रेतः व्यतः

"र्वि: र्क्यः प्रदेश माद्य व्यास्त्र मित्र क्ष्या क्ष्या क्षया क्ष्या क्

"वर्ग्ना स्ट्रिंश क्रिंग्या स्ट्रिंश मालका या लेगा ये वर्ग्न स्ट्रिंश या स्ट्रिंश क्रिंग्य स्ट्रिंश स्ट्रिंग स

त्रक्षं विष्याचीश्वर्यात्रक्षा वर्षा वर्षे वर्ष

क्ष्यक्षरत्त्रीयाः स्टान्यम् विद्याः विद्याः विद्याः स्टान्याः स्वान्य विद्याः स्वान्य स्वान्

ॷॴॴऒॕॸॱऄऀॱॴऀऍॴॱॸॖॖॱऄॸॱॻ॔ढ़ऀॴऄॴऒऄॖ॔ॸ। ॾॖऺॴऒॕॎख़ॣॸॱॳॴॕॖॖॖऄ॔ॱॶॣॖॖॖॖॖॖॖॗॖॖॹॣॶॴॶॴऒऄॖॣॸ।

"ष्यः य। यहंत्रा वर्क्षत्य वर्दः भेषात्रा द्वेः विषाः धेव। देः भेदः देः यः वृद्या वित्रः धुषात्रा वार्वेदः विषाः विद्याः विद्

"मडेबाधुम र्नेंदायदी श्रासंत्र वारा उदि खेरा साय मिता खेंदा खेंदा या वित्र खेंदा या क्षेत्र खेंदा या क्षेत्र खेंदा या क्षेत्र खेंदा या प्रकार खेंदा ख

"ष्यः या दः द्रः स्र अः दः त्यां व्याः व्याः विष्यः विष्यः विष्यः विषयः विषयः

"निःके क्ष्या मान्य क्षंत्य में या नाय स्था स्था मिना के ति दि से में मिना के स्था मिना के स्था

"अर्स्याक्षा यद् अर्द्धा क्ष्मित्र क्ष्मित् अर्ध्व क्ष्मित् व्यक्षित क्ष्मित क्ष्मित

र्ट बेशक ग्रीर्म्यक श्रॅम्पिय ग्रीरिय क्षित् क्ष्य मित्र क्ष्य मित्र क्ष्य मित्र क्ष्य मित्र क्ष्य मित्र क्ष्य येयक क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र विकासी मित्र क्ष्य मित्र क्ष्य मित्र क्ष्य मित्र क्ष्य मित्र मित्र मित्र मित्र मि

द्यन् सेन् ने स्वास्त्र स

अवाक्ष वार्चर वीक्ष यद्द मुक्ष विक्र क्ष्य वार्षेत्र विक्ष वार्षेत्र विक्ष वार्षेत्र विक्ष वि

"शुश्रायाहेव:श्चीयायी:र्थेद्।"

यन् अर्क्षः नृत् ः र्क्षरः । भुग्रम् मार्चे रः र्क्षे प्राप्त स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वापत स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वापत स्वा

"षाय। दायाक्ष्याप्टा दाक्ष्याया प्राथा देता अस्ति। "डेबाक्षया स्वाह्य स्वीबा असमायव्यापा विद्यापा विद्यापा प्राप्ता स्वाह्य स्वीबा

"ब्रिंद्र-र्हेब-र्येषा:येद्। र्वेब-ग्रन्त। ब्रिंद्र-स्टक्ट-स्यःक्कुण-वीब-र्येद्र-यायी:वीकाया

र्डे मेर्। उसायर अर्कें मीका सुमाका मार्बेट मी विमाय त्यी अका

ख्यामा सममाम्याम् सम्बन्धः स्थान्ने स्थान्ते स्थान्ते स्थान्त्रः स्थान्त्रः स्थान्त्रः स्थान्त्रः स्थान्त्रः स विभावतः यम्या स्थानः स्थान्तः स्थान्तः स्थान्तः स्थान्तः स्थान्तः स्थान्तः स्थान्तः स्थान्तः स्थान्तः स्थान्त स्थान्यकात्रः सम्बन्धः स्थान्ते स्थान्ते स्थान्ते स्थान्ते स्थान्ते स्थान्ते स्थान्ते स्थान्ते स्थान्ते स्थान

मी.र्जुन्न.हं.कु.वश्वाह.कु। त्यात्व्या अक्ष्न.श्रम् श्रीश्वावन्त्र.हं.वश्वाश्वाह्य.वश्वाश्वाह्य.वश्वा

स्वाश्वास्त्रभाक्षेत्रः त्याक्षेत्रायस्व त्यास्त्रभाष्ट्रभा स्वाश्वास्त्रभाक्षेत्रः व्यक्षित्रः व्यवस्ति विद्यक्षित्रः विद्यक्षित् विद्यक्षित्रः विद्यक्षः विद्यक्षित्रः विद्यक्षित्रः विद्यक्षित्रः विद्यक्षित्रः विद्यक्षित्रः विद्यक्षः विद्यक्षः विद्यक्षः विद्यक्षित्रः विद्यक्षः विद्

यद्'अ'द्ग्रम्'य्रॅंश्कुण्याम्ब्र्याचेद्र'द्र्यम्'अ'गित्रेश्चत्रःह्र्त्र'य्यम्बेरःर्खेद्र'यः अर्वेदःत्रश्चरत्युअ'य्य'युद्

क्रं तका क्षेट्र हुट तका क्षेट्र हुरा क्षा जी क्षेत्र मांक्र क्षेट्र मांक्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र मांक्र क्षेत्र मांक्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र मांक्र क्षेत्र क्ष

श्रूपश्चर्म्म स्थान स्य

क्षेत्रका भूता भीता क्ष्या क्षेत्र कष्ट क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र कष्ट क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

"र्नेवाक्तुमास्त्ररासंदी हिंदाग्रीसरावार्यमास्मायन्दार्येदायाओस्रीसा"

"त्व् ग्राम् प्रदेश त्व् । अस्य श्रास्त्र । अस्य । अस्य

"के बेर दश योर्वर ययदश न्दः र र या यक्दश यये ले यन्दः रेश शु र्वर न्वेश या थे तो "लेश शुग्राश मार्बेट मीश या ।

भ्रम् मार्बेदः यदः सः दग्नरः येथेः स्वाधः दशः हुमः शे वदः यः यश्दः दशः ।

"दथः श्रेस्याः र्त्तेः स्वाधः याः स्वाधः स्वधः स्वाधः स्वाधः स्वाधः स्वाधः स्वाधः स्वाधः स्वाधः स्वाधः स्वाधः

"त् में क भेद् दिन्द्र म्वा माद्य म

मुक्ट. में भी मा अप मिट अप प्राप्त का मिट अप प्राप्त का मिट अप मिट अप प्राप्त का मिट अप प्त का मिट अप प्राप्त का मिट अप प्त का मिट अप प्राप्त का मिट अप प्र

यद् सद्मार वेश्वर्मर वेश्वर्मर वेश्वर्म स्थित हैं द्वा दे वेश्वर्म स्थाप हैं स्थाप स्थाप स्थाप हैं स्थाप स्था

त्यात्तर हुर् क्रियाचा त्र्याचा त्र्याच त्र्याचा त्र्याच त्

"ब्रिंद् ग्रीश्राक् में धि सेद्। दरे प्रश्रासेंद् या देंब रदी ब्रिंद् ग्री श्रेस्रश्या हेट मी. सामामासामा वार्याचे मान्या स्वाप्त मान्या स्वाप्त मान्या स्वाप्त सामान्या स्वाप्त सामान्या स्वाप्त सामान्य ब्रिंग क्यु रेट प्रमायमाया धीता हिंद दें व द्या पदी ता दर या दे तर या दे तह से द्या है से मवतःविमायःश्चर्तःतर्केमार्केमार्येव। मिर्सेयः श्चेत्रायः श्चेत्रायः श्चेत्रायः विमायर्केयः श्चुः दबः विश्वः त्तुदबः व्येद्। "डेबः यदः अः दग्वरः येददः अः सदब। यसः केंद्रः खसः वदः वीः विदः चदुःबरःरीःर्वादः सर्वादान्यः चर्त्रासदुः श्रीद्याः सः श्रुः सर्वदः सः ता।वः स्वः चर्मिवः वद्यः लवाः लबा बुदायादर कुदाका वर्षेया यम मेरबा या या पर वर्षेयाबा कुदा क्या वर्षा भ्रुकायार्क्ष्यायराष्ट्रियाची क्विताक प्राप्तायायीय स्थानिक विष्या स्थानिक स्थानिक स्थानिक स्थानिक स्थानिक स्थ तर् अर्केर में शुःषा व्यत् ग्रामा विष्ये केंदि गढ़ेत सूँ त ते के तर्दि वी मिन्से के न चना त्या चर्झें व दुवा व। शे कंट सवा में व पदि में न व व में कें त्या हैं कें पहें दे हैं र पवा *न्नर्भःन्*अत्यदेःईयाःत्रश्वातःयाश्याःयय।

"गु:क्वेग:ग्रे८:वा दशार्वे८:यःर्रेग्शरमःग्रे८:छे:८र्ग्शा वर्गे:वा"वेशय८:

यन्त्राराधिकात्रे क्षेत्रकाते क्षेत्राचे ने त्याकृति वित्रक्षेत्रका क्षेत्राचर शुर्

स्वाक्षाव्याक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्व स्वाक्ष्यं स्वत्त्रं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वाक्ष्यं स्वावक्षयं स्वावक्षयं स्वावक्षयं स्वावक्षयं स्वावक्षयं स्वावक्यं स्वावक्षयं स्वावक्षयं स्वावक

"र्द. क्र्रेंय. बी. पर्यो. या बार्ट्र. क्ष्य. क्ष्ट. । ट्रें. ट्रॉट्र. व्रि. लेब. क्रे. लेब. वीट्र. २४१ विश्वासीयो. सं. लेबा बीट्र.

"र्विःत्यःत्स्यः मुक्तः चुक्। मीकावः माकेरः क्षुः माकेरः चुक्।

इंचला चनाः अत्वीं व्याः चन्या विश्वः व्याः चन्याः विश्वः व्याः विश्वः व्याः विश्वः व्याः विश्वः व्याः विश्वः विश्वः व्याः विश्वः विश्व

द्यवा द्वित्ता स्त्रीं स्वर्ग स्त्री स्वर्ग द्वित्त स्वर्ग स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्ग स्वर्ग स्वर्ग स्वर्ग स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्

ब्रेन् द्वर त्या मुद्रेन क्रूंन क्री तर्नु र तर्मेन र प्रक्षेत्र क्षा न्या क्षेत्र क्षा मुद्रेन क्षा क्षेत्र क्षा मुद्रेन क्षा क्षेत्र क्षा मुद्रेन क्षा क्षेत्र क्

वस्य गुट्ट तह्र वस्य हे भे भे र्क्ष या के या के या यह ता यह ता के या यह ता यह

अन्यक्षा मार्चिट मिट पा है। से से स्वाहित पा मार्चिट प्रस्ति में से प्रसासी क्षेत्र सा क्षेत्र सा

"दर्न नशर्में । हिंद राया या दन न रशा ग्राट हिंद राया मा ये हों रा । "बेश सर तुरान शर्में त्या दर्ग शादिन।

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- ব্যাহ্র বার্ট্র বার্ট্র

"देंब्'गुट'ट्बाहिंद्'ग्री'श्रेट'वेशार्षेत्। स्वाश्वाविंदः।"डेश'यय'य'द्दट'श्लर हुट'क्षु'द्दि'श्रेषा'बुट'देंद्'श्लेषा'श्लेष्व'षो'ह्वेद्'व्'गोश'गोश'वेद्र।

"दर्वः भेदः र्क्षः यः मृत्वतः यशः र्माः र्बेदः त्व। यशः श्रदः दः यः श्रीदः यः तः तः विद्विदःशुः देद। "डेश्वानः र्वेशः मृत्यश्च

अवाश्वा वार्चेटः वीश्वावः क्षे. होतः तृश्वात। अवाश्वावाद्यः व्यावेटः विश्वावः क्षे. होतः तृश्वावः वार्वेदः ह्याः विश्वावः व्यावः व्याव्यः व्यावः व्याव्यः विश्वावः व

"र्हिन्दर्गन्द्रि

"ब्रिंद्र त्या ब्रेंब्य दरा। ब्रिंब्य दा बित्ती द्राया वित्रा वित्र व्याविद्र त्या वित्र व्याविद्र त्या वित्र वित्र वित्र वित्र त्या वित्र वित्

"हिंद्र ग्रीम स पन्द नदर । दम नेम द्या दे रेद्र "डेम यप। दे सर

म्यादेर भुवाबावार्चर वीषा है । या वाषा धिराद्य प्राप्त स्था स्था विष्य विष्य विषय विषय विषय विषय विषय विषय विषय

"अन्य न्यां निया निया क्षेत्र प्राप्त क्षेत्र निया क्षेत

સુત્રમાં મુંદ્રમાં માર્કે સંદર સાય સાસુત્રમાં મુંત્રમાં તે મુંદ્રમાં તે મારે પ્રાપ્ત માર્કે સ્ત્રમાં મુંદ્રમાં મુદ્રમાં મુંદ્રમાં મુદ્રમાં મુંદ્રમાં મુંદ્રમાં મુંદ

शुः रेटबायगुण्यां बॅटा १ कुण्याण्यें टाट्टायरे श्चिराणिकार् प्रतिहासिया विकास स्थाप्त । स्थाप्त प्रतिहासिया विकास स्थाप्त । स्थाप्त स्थाप्त । स्थाप्त स्थाप्त स्थाप्त स्थाप्त । स्थाप्त स्थाप्त स्थाप्त स्थापत । स्थापत स्थापत स्थापत स्थापत स्थापत । स्थापत स्यापत स्थापत स्थापत

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"यह्य र्क्नेया द्येयका द्युरा । र्क्नेया अपवतः शुः सेद्। "देका स्वाका वार्वेराश्चेरा ययम्।

क्षेत्राबार्याच्या प्राचित्रा प्रकृत्य। या यत्या व्याप्ता व्यापता व्याप

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"र्वि: क्रॅंबि: अव्यायाः स्वी अवश्वाव्यक्षेत्रः विश्वायः स्वीतः क्रंबि: विश्वायः स्वीतः स्

"अग्रायाचिर। मिं कें क्रुर लेंग मिं केंर या यहेता हिंद ग्रीश्राययहर यहेता केंद्र स्वाययहर स्वीय क्रिं केंद्र स्वीय क्रिं क्रिं केंद्र स्वीय क्रिं क्रिं केंद्र स्वीय क्रिं केंद्र स्वीय

त्यद्भः मार्चिटः मुं त्यया ग्री स्वितः मुं त्यया ग्री स्वितः व्यव्या मार्चितः या व्यव्या स्वितः या व्यव्या स्वतः स्वतः या व्यव्या स्वितः या व्यव्य स्वतः स्वतः या व्यव्या स्वतः स्व

"र्क्षं प्राप्त क्ष्र्य क्ष्र म्या क्ष्र प्राप्त क्ष्र प्राप्त क्ष्र प्राप्त क्ष्र प्राप्त क्ष्र प्राप्त क्ष्र प्राप्त क्ष्र क्ष्र प्राप्त क्ष्र क्ष्र प्राप्त क्ष्र क्ष्र प्राप्त क्ष्र क्षर क्ष्र क्ष्य क्ष्र क्ष्र क्ष्र क्ष्य क्ष्र क

लेगामी।यतः व्याप्ता "उेशञ्जम्यमार्वेदः मीश्यवयशह्रशत्यवेत्।

"दर्शकायायार्श्वम्य चेत्रसायव्य द्वाचे व्याप्त स्वायत् क्ष्मित्र चित्र स्वायत् स्वयत्यत् स्वय

"मुलाव र्वेद मुदे देंबार्षे ५ मु अ से ५। "डेबालय प्रवेद परे भ्री ५ र र वी . भ्रीबाय त्याय स्था

"देत्। दक्ष ग्रुटः दे. घक्षश्रमीः स्त्री"डेक्षः भ्रमका मर्बेटः मीका स्रे स्वा वका

"देशक्षा दःर्क्केशके लेगान्य। यदे क्षारार्के ग्रायन्त्रुदः तु प्रयाण्येदः गर्हिदः तुःयह्यान्तुः खेः खेवा "लेशक्षेत्रस्यायाल्यालेयाः वीद्यायोग्यान्यस्य स्थितः गर्हिदः।

"ने मा त्य धिव। अन्तर न्य अनेतु त्य बंग धिन यश श्चीन या व न्यों श्वर यते सेंन् व या सें प्यत्येत्। "वेशयन अन्य स्यान में मने दासे अश्वर अर्थे।

"न्यः डेग्। यः द्रावेरः र श्रुरा वेषा । डेश्वः श्रुग् श्रावार्वेदः वीश्वः यवित्रः श्रीः स्टें। र त्र्

यन् अन्य म्बंद्र श्री म्ब्रिं स्वित् व्याप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त

"दे. तर्रा अरे । पर्ड अर गाः विषाः र्वा द्र अष्टा । "विश्वाः याविषाः याविषाः

यने क्रीन ग्रीका क्रां स्ट क्रीका क्रां स्या क्रिया वी विश्व क्रां यने क्रीन विश्व क्रां विश्व क्रां

"राषद्र १८ विषय से स्वर्ति । अग्वावव स्याविष्ठ स्वर्ति । विषय स्वरति । विषय स्वर्ति । विषय स्वर

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"चर्-श्चेत्। हिंद्-ष्णायदे श्वायात्र यात्र व्यक्ति स्थित्। हिंद्-ष्णायदे श्वायात्र यात्र व्यक्ति स्थित्। हिंद्-ष्णायदे श्वायात्र व्यक्ति स्थित्। हिंद्-क्षेत्र व्यक्ति स्थित्। हिंद्-क्षेत्र व्यक्ति स्थित्। स्थित् व्यक्ति स्थित्। स

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"र्बिन् मुं । ज्ञानिक्य विक् के प्यट सेन्। "के अ सुवा अ वार्वे ट वी अ से स्र सेन्। ट विं या वातिवा अ या या अववा अ वात्वे के प्यट सेन्। "के अ सुवा अ वार्वे ट वी अ से स्र से ते न वारे विक् यदे : दर : च न न

"भुग्ना गर्बेट। टायार्ज्ञ विषाणित्। विजित्त प्राप्त मुक्ता विकास मित्र मुक्ता विकास मित्र मुक्ता विकास कि स्थित की कि स्थाप की कि स्थित की कि स्थाप की कि स्थित की कि स्थित की कि स्थित की कि स्थित की कि स्थाप की कि स्याप की कि स्थाप की की कि स्थाप की कि स्थाप की कि स्थाप की कि स्था

चर्-भ्रीत्-ग्रीका ग्रेंका तर्ने चर्ने का तर्वत् म्युः क्षेत्र स्वित् स्वतः स्वात् स्वात् स्वतः स्वात् स्वतः स्व मर्वेदः मी केत्-तुः में कें। स्वात् स्वते मर्नेदः त्या तर्वत् म्युः श्रुते स्वितः त्यतदः सः द्व। स्वास्वः वदः कें। केत्-तुः में कें। स्वाक्षात्र स्वतः स्वतः

चलेच च्रिल्ल झाटे स्टेट खे चचा क्रु. चटु उट्यू. च अटका च्रीका सुच क्रुचे जा जाचा है। अध्या टी. चला च्रीका सैचा चा च्रूट च्रित चा कुचा सी. मा सुचा च्राचा च्रीका सैचा च्राचा च च्राचा च्राचा च्राचा च्राचा च्राचा च्

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"ब्रिंन् श्र्रीयश्राया के स्वरा | ब्रिंन् ग्रीश्राद्धः स्वरा चे त्राचे त्र व्याप्ता व्यापता व्याप्ता व्यापता व्

"दःषीत्रक्षेत्राची त्रदशत्वाद। देव्यम्यहित्मीःस्वर्धेन्यायः यहेत्।"डेत्रासुन्तत्राचीदादहेयात्रूद्योत्यद्यस्यत्यःस्तरेत्।

"८ःर्क्वे विवसः ह्यासः सॅट देः धेद्रा यसः वर्डेयः सदेः सुः सेट्रा स्याप्त १८०० सदेः

र्द्यवः येत्। व्यास्य स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः य स्वाह्यतः स्वाह्यतः स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः यो स्वाह्यतः य

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"दावर्ष्णम्।
प्राप्तक्षम्।
प्राप्तक्षम्

न्त्रः क्रांचा अवस्थान् विष्या विष्या क्ष्या विष्या क्ष्या विष्या क्ष्या विष्या क्ष्या विष्या विष्या क्ष्या विषया विषया

याञ्चीय क्ष्मा मुन्न में न्या क्ष्मा क्ष्मा क्ष्मा विष्य क्ष्मा क्ष्मा

ञ्चन्याची द्वान्याची त्वान्याची त्वान्याची त्याची त्याची

ब्दः सदः चड्डिं क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः च्याः चेतः क्षेत्रः च्याः चयः च्याः च्यः

कृषी बुश्यस्य स्वार कुंचा श्रेश्चर । लूट कुंद्रेश ट्या स्टर की माने या खूट । लूट कुंद्रेश ट्या स्टर की माने या खूट । लूट कुंद्रेश च्या स्टर्श माने या खूट । लूट कुंद्रेश स्वार या स्वार क्षेया श्रेय । लूट कुंद्रेश स्वार या स्वार क्षेया स्वार विवार स्वार स्वार

"बै'यदेदे'दर्क्केंय। युक्कें अेद्द्रकें यदेदे दर्कें य बैनान दर्केंद्र। बद्द्रकें देव केवा नाय हे हिंद् श्रेस सुना अेद केंद्र वा हिंद् स्टाय बैन्यदे केंद्र कु छो सेद्रा"

लासकार्यन्त मुद्यायर्ज्याका विकायर्ज्याया निकायक्षेत्र क्षाय्य स्वेत्र प्राप्त स्वेत्र प्राप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्

बुबाचगारास्त्रम्।

अद्रशः क्रुअः देवः क्रेवः श्रीअः अद्रशः द्वातः व्यव्यावा व्यव्यवेवः वश्रा "द्वेः द्युः धेअः उःग्रेत्। ब्रिंदः व्यः स्वः क्रेवाः व्यव्याधाः वोश्वः व्यव्या

"दर्वः तुः र्क्षः त्रकेः त्वन्न का क्षुँ वा क्कुं वा त्या केवः वीः व्यव्यक्षेतः स्वा विकास केवः स्व विकास कायः स्व विकास केवः स्व विकास

त्राचक्ष्म स्वस्त्राचा स्वस्त्राचे स्वस्त्राचा स्वस्त्राच स्वस्त्रच स्वस्त

"ঝুল্ঝাল্রিন্। দ্রিদ্রির্তীঝান্রের্ত্তির্ভ্তির্ত্তির্ভতির্ত্তির্ভতির্ত্তির বিশ্বর্ত্তির বিশ্বর বিশ

"र्वेश्वर्क्षण विर्मेश्वर्त्त श्वर्त्त श्वर्त श्वर्त्त श्वर्त श्वर्त्त श्वर्त श्वर्त्त श्वर्य श्वर्य श्वर्त्त श्वर्त्त

अरुव-रि.विध्यकार्ख्य-री अरबारवाबा, तर्रा श्रीती पर्यम् स्थान स्थान विषया । वर्षा विषया । वर्षा विषया । वर्षा व

"উ'बेर। कु'अर्क्षद'উ'रेर। धुन्यकान्यविर। दकार्विकी वित्रकेंग्यावित्रीका विकासूदकार्षेत्।"डेकाकदकात्वाकार्वितावितिः दिवितात्वा

येगमानमान्यः भ्रीत्याचक्ष्म। विश्वस्यस्य स्थान्यः स्यान्यः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स

"दाया क्रेस्य मुक्ता महिंदास्य महिंदा स्थित । स्था क्रेस्य क्षेत्र महिंदा स्था क्षेत्र स्था क्य

"दर्रःग्रेअःध्रुगःम। ५ःख्यायायर्गे। दश्रार्हे५ःयायद्गार्श्वेदःयबदःर्वःविगः

पर्चेत्रस्य। हिंद्रस्य मुब्द्ध्य स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रस्य स्वास्त्रस्

"श्रुण्यास्य स्वाप्तास्य विषया व्याप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्

કુ. વૈશ્વ ક્ષેત્ર કષ્ે ક્ષેત્ર ક્ષેત

"यदे श्चेदा राष्ट्रस्थात् विष्ये हिंदा स्वाधित स्वाधि

पश्चमार्थानित्तुःश्चार्श्वमार्थानित्त्वानित्त्वे स्ट्रिट्यस्त्री विश्वमार्थानित्त्वानित्त्व स्वानित्त्व स्वानित्ति स्वानिति स्वानित्ति स्वानित्ति स्वानित्ति स्वानित्ति स्वानित्ति स्वानिति स्वानिति स्वानिति स्वानिति स्वानिति स्वानिति स्वानिति स्वानितिति स्वानिति स्वानितित

विरायाक्षणाचाने श्रुष्णेवावयाश्रुया यहा ची कुट वट या चवना वश्र श्रुणा चार्या चे स्वापा चार्या ची कुट वट या चवना विराया कुराया चार्या ची कुट वट या चवना वश्र श्रुणा चार्या कुराया चिराया चिराय

हायदा में क्षें न्या मुक्षा से का सुदाय न्या हैं में साम का यह साम में हिं या स्वाप की साम की सिंह में सिंह म

"र्हें में मा हें अश्वित धेव व्या "वेश ध्रम्य मार्चेट मेश दर्दे वें मार्ट अश्वित अश्वा विश्व भ्रम्य मार्चेट मेश दर्दे वें मार्ट अश्वा अश्वा विश्व भ्रम्य मार्चेट मेश दर्दे कें मार्ट कें

"ने'न'र्येश्र'षेत्र। यर्वे'च। यहेत् र्श्वेन'याहिन'ग्रीश्र'न'रेदे हीन'शर्वेत'त्या वेश्व'च'षेत्र। "हेश्वेर्मं वेश्वेर वेश्वेत्र'च। यहेत् र्श्वेत'याहियाहिश्व

"र्हें में र वर वर्ष में वर र विंद्र . . . "डेश सुमाश मार्बेट से परे पर सुर

"रः विः र्बरः तर्ने दः यः षोः षीव। दबः मिवेदः हेः यः अहयः वतदः स्त्रीरः यहदबः वय। दार्वे यः दर्वे बः अर्वे : श्रे : क्षे : स्वेदः र्वे रः ग्री बः ययः यव। यदः अर्के दिरः यदे : श्रीदः मिवेशः कृषः कः वमः मे : बेदः मिवेशः हें : यः अहयः वतदः स्त्रीरः यहदबः स्व

त्रीयात्वर्षा भ्रम्यश्चर्मः स्थान्य स्थान्न स्थान स्य

"ब. भ. पश्चिमेश. चर्जा व. खूर. टी. जय. खूर. येश. चू. म. म. म. च. म. च. भ. च्या. च्या. च. च. भ. च्या. च्या. च. च. भ. च्या. च्य

 गुःर्देव:रु:श्रेअश्वाह्य:गुश्रार्श्वरा।"वेशयय।

र्हे में र ग्रीश्राध्य स्थापन। र्शेटा दर्गेटश्राय संस्था बेशायन।

र्दे:क्र्यं रःश्चेश्रयम् र्वे:द्रान्य रःष्य्यःश्चे रःतुःतुः दे। "श्चितःश्चेश्रात्स्रदः र्देण्याः रे:तुश्च। तस्तः मत्रः मठिमानुः चनिवश्ययः श्चवः स्रायः द्वे। श्चितःश्चेश्रयः स्वायः स्वायः स्वायः स्वायः स्वायः

त्र "अपश्चार्वेद्रः वीश्वः सदः वीश्वः वदः वीः वदः वीः विश्वः वश्वः वदः विश्वः व

"ब्रिंद्र महिश्व मु: धा क्रव प्यम् प्रति विष्या मिश्च प्रति विश्व प्रति हिंद्र हिंद

"अर्थ अर्थ अर्थ मुस्स्य विद्या क्षेत्र है. त्री हिंद्र विका क्षेत्र हिंदा क्षेत्र क्षेत्र है. त्री हिंद्र विका क्षेत्र है. त्री हैंद्र विका क्षेत्र हैं त्र क्षेत्र हैं विका क्

विद्या क्षिया कुष्य ग्री मी प्राप्त स्वयाय ने क्षित स्वा क्ष्य मा मी ग्री मा मी मि स्व क्ष्य मा मि स्व क्ष्य मा मि स्व क्ष्य क्ष्य

"रःयर्'अ'र्ग्यरःर्ये'धेव।"लेबायर्'अ'र्ग्यरःर्येबाञ्चर्'यर्'वेव।

त्र्वाश्चार्चेट त्यार व्यवादित्य विष्टा प्रकार्ची त्या विष्ट क्षेत्र विष्ट विषट विष्ट विष

यद् साद्रम्य र्येश म्रीस रेगा रेगा हु धर सर सर या चस्त्र वहा वहा दे "र

"दह्दाःर्केषाः द्वेद्रायान्यः शुःरेद्रा"

प्रका "क्षेत्रका मुक्त प्रकार का का स्तर का मुक्त प्रकार की मुक्त का स्तर का मुक्त का स्तर का मुक्त का स्वर की स्तर का स्तर का मुक्त का स्तर का

"शे.रे.बाट.वे.लूरी "ड्रेबा उद्दे.खूर क्षेत्र बार्चट वी.ट्र.वे. शर्रेट ता क्या वी.

क्षेत्रायाने स्वास्त्राचित्राच्या स्वास्त्राच्या स

"८:८:क्ट्रॅबर्ड:बेग्।इ।"बेबर्ध्यवाबरम्बॅट्योबर्ड्या

"विंधिश्चश्चिरामी सुर्के हिंदायायर्केयायासेत्। अद्याक्तुश्चासेत् केतायानायतः यदेत्रास्य हिंदास्य स्थानायतः अद्यास्य हिंदास्य स्थानायतः स्

तर्भ। तर्क्षिं तर्म् भूम्म मेश्रावेरश्रयाः अर्ध्यः वश्यायाः भूति। व्याप्ताः भूति। श्री त्याप्ताः भूति। श्री व्याप्ताः भूति। श्री व्याप्ताः भूति। श्री व्याप्ताः भूति। व्यापताः भ

"उद्दर्भन्। मृतिन्द्रभास्त्रमानी हिन्दिन्दिन्द्रभास्त्रम्यास्त्रम्यास्त्रम्यास्त्रम्याः स्त्रम्याः स्त्रम्यः स्त

"रःश्वर्यात्र हिंद्र येद्र वी रःश्चर्यात्र विषात्र यद्य विषय्य स्था विषय्य विषयः वि

त्रां मिलेश्वायमा तहा हो नायित स्थाप स्था

क्षेत्रति द्वात्त्रीत्र्यात्त्र क्षेत्र क्

मुंचरमी मुंक्तिया मुंग्ना वित् मुंद्र मुंचर मुं

"भ्रेष्यसञ्ज्ञम् व्यास्त्रम् मार्चेद्रायद्रे विषामीस्राद्रायासस्त्रम् विष्यस्य मार्चेद्रायहदास्य। "वेद्राञ्जमसम्बेदास्त्रम् कृत्ये कृत्ये विष्यम्।

"श्रे-तिवानी श्रेट-तर्चेट्-य-दश्चे निश्च विदे-त्य-श्चेंद्र-खे-खे-खेन्-य-दश्चे व्यक्त विद्यान्त के विद्यान के

व्यत्ता यदःश्वाःश्विद्धाः यदःश्चीदःश्वेशः श्चेत्रः व्यत्तः व्यत्तः व्यत्तः व्यत्तः व्यत्तः व्यत्तः श्चेत्रः व्यत्तः श्चेत्रः व्यत्तः श्चेत्रः व्यत्तः श्चेत्रः व्यत्तः श्चेत्रः व्यत्तः व्यत्तः श्चेत्रः व्यत्तः व्यत्तः व्यत्तः श्चेत्रः व्यत्तः व

यन्त्रात्मध्यात्म्यः भ्रात्मण्यात्मः मान्यः मान्यः मान्यः भ्रात्मः भ्रात्मः मान्यः भ्रात्मः भ्रात्म

त्तुः स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम्यास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम्यास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास्त्रम् स्वास

 रेत्।"डेशयदेःश्चेत्ःस्वाशयविदःत्यावेत्।

"र हे. रेबार मुंच स्वापा विश्व स्वापा विश्व स्वेश स श्री र विवा हे. क्रिंस स्वित्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्व इव. स श्रीर स विवा वी वर रे. क्षिर स्वापा विश्व स्वेश स श्री र विवा हे. क्षिर स्वित्त रेश से. इवश्व श्वा श्री र से क्षित स्वाप्त स्व

"कुर:तुश्रामी:5व:य:त्वांचे:वेश्वद्दे:श्चेत्रायः। दःर्के:हे:मश्राधेव:ववर:5व:य: दे:देवाश्यहे:हेट:तुःश्चे:वर्षे।"वेश्वयदे:श्चेत्र:यःयः। दःर्के:ह्रश:5व:ग्चुटः।

"रःश्चॅं त्यं सु हे दर अवअर दु व्यॅद दु बा अप विहें वा बा कुर दु बा दुव र या श्चेद र वे वा विवास विवास विवास व

"द्रान्मुन्द्रहर्तुं अर्थः प्रविद्यात् अर्थः विष्यः विषयः वि

क्रम् मार्चेट मिर्मे स्थित स्थान स्

त्रुः संक्षित्रः विष्यं विष्यं क्षित्रः विषयः विषय

"नेप्तकालेकार्यन्। नेप्तकाबन्यालेकावाकालेकायव्याक्रेक्षाय्याक्षेत्रा "डेकायने" श्चिन्योकाक्षेयायमाक्ष्मकालेकायव्याक्षेत्रा

"रायाने सूरा सूर्या के सेन्। दिराम्बी सदी सूरा वर्षमा व्यन् या स्रोते सेन्। सुमानामा बिनायने सुनिरामी नामा वर्षमा

"उद्द सेद्रा हिंद्र ग्री म्बि स्वर्त स्वर्त

"डे लेग रेत्। "डेश परे क्षेत्र पर सुय त्या प्रताय प्रति सुग्य मार्बेट मी सु । सुग् स्या पर्येत्।

"दशः च्रीकात्मः विषाः तर्देदः ग्रीः खेद्र। च्रीकात्मः षणः सः सः सः स्वात्मः विकात्मः विकात्म

ग्रीटाग्रीटाटा। स्थानिक स्थान

"धर्'अ'र्गार'र्धे। वस'यहर र्षेत्। यर्ने'व'र्-रु-रे-रे-रे-रे-री-र्षेत्। 'रेक्'

"दः षदः तक्रमः तक्रमः तुः तर्चे चः षेत्र। "डेशः यतः चन्नम् चः दः। मर्क्तः संदेः क्ष्यः पक्रमः तक्रमः तुः तर्चे चः षेत्र। "डेशः यतः चन्नम् चः दः। मर्क्तः

"ष्याये। डि.पर्युत्रासस्य त्याया राष्यराम् कृत्यास्य प्यस्य प्रस्य तस्य त्यस्य हिं इवि.पाष्येता विश्वास्य महिंग्या संस्कृति स्था स्था त्यस्य तस्य त्यस्य त्यस्य त्यस्य त्यस्य त्यस्य त्यस्य त्यस्य

"अवाश वार्चर । ताश या ता भ्रेत हैया प्रश्चितश में हिंदाय वा श्चेता छे. भूता चे का प्रतास वार्चर । ताश या ता भ्रेत हैया प्रश्चितश में हिंदाय वा श्चेता छे.

"यबःग्'ण'येद्र'ई'दर्'वैष्"डेबाञ्चष्वबाषाम्बेद्र'मेबाण'यर्करायदेःदर्द्देबा

"अदशः क्रुशः देवः क्रेवः ग्रीशः श्वदः श्वेवः वृत्वयाः क्रेंः चरः म्वां वशः देवः देवः चेदः क्रुः देद्र। ब्रिंदः ग्रीशः श्वेशः विश्वः यदः श्वदः वृत्वयाः क्रेंः चरः म्वां वशः देवः देवः चेदः গ্রী:শাস্থা

"म्वर्सक्तायद्रीक्ष्रिं में अभ्यत्रम् व्यास्त्रम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम्यम् विष्त्रम् विष्त्रम्

"रः र्केंदिः स्वकार्के त्यात्या विं र्केंका याः श्रीयाः क्ष्या कां वित्यः क्षेत्रः स्वर्धाः ने कां वित्यः क्षेत्रः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्

"वर्षेर-द्रमण्यरके में बार्के चारणेश्वर चरा ही त्यमायर च्यास्य व्यास्य विद्राह्म देन्।" डेबाय द्रमार्था स्टर्मी वस्य के सें बार्मी वस्य ही स्वीत्र विद्यास्य ही स्वीत्र विद्यास्य विद्यास

"यन् अपन्यान में। विक्षित्र में विकास्य स्यास्य प्रमान्त्र। या के स्यासे विकास में वि

"ผูญ सक्ष विद्र-द्रमण केष कुर का महाधिव या यत्र छि। "वेष भुगका

নাৰ্ভ্ৰম-দীৰ্ব্যস্থা

"दशः में 'द्या दे 'धिव वा दिव ग्रुट्य वा कः देश यत्त्र । वर्मे व शक्षे में वा दे विकास । विकास । वर्मे वा वर्मे वर्मे वा वर्मे वर्मे वा वर्मे वर्मे

"यदेव्यास्त्रेत्। सर्क्षेत्रास्यक्षक्षियायत्रास्यस्य स्वयास्त्रीया येत्रास्त्रेत्। "डेत्रा यद्याद्यास्यास्यास्त्रेत्रात्रे स्वयास्त्री

"यन् अन्यान्यां न् नेयन्बायन् क्ष्याः क्ष्यः क्ष्याः क्ष्यः क्षयः क्ष्यः क्षयः क्ष्यः क्ष्यः क्षयः क्

सहमासवरसे विमानिकान्त्र के त्वस्य प्रस्ति स्थानिका के त्वस्य स्थानिका के त्यस्य स्थानिका स

भ्रे र्सेष्यस्त्रान्देरे से स्वर्द्धन त्या स्वर्त्वन त्या स्वर्ति ।

येः क्षेण स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्ण स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्

"रःर्केश्वात्वन्न कें यात्रात्वयात्। कें यान्वत्यश्वात्व कें यान्वत्यश्वात्व कें यान्वत्यश्वात्व कें यान्वत्य याक्षे विष्णुक्षेत्र "वेश्वास्त्रुक्षायान् विष्णुक्षेत्र विष्णुक

मिट प्रति बट व्यट प्रश्चुर वह्या ह्येषा वो सुर र्सेट । यर या द्रग्रर र्सेस है

यन्द्राचित्रः स्वाप्तः स्वाप् स्वाप्तः स

त्रियो क्षा योज्ञू स्ता विद्या क्षी त्र क्ष्यो त्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्ष्या क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्ष्या क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्ष्या क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्ष्या क्षेत्र क्षे

याक्त्रिं चया से । चुन् क्चा व्याचित्र में व्याचित्र स्वाचित्र स्

 स्वरायश्व स्वर्ध विद्या क्षेत्र विद्या विद्या क्षेत्र विद्या विद्य विद्या विद्य विद्या विद्य विद्य विद्या विद्य विद्या विद्य विद

ध्री संद्रा त्या के त

"के विषान्ध्र सेंदा। "वेश्वाय न्या मार्या अर्दे देवा वहिषा वेषा या या जान

"क्षें स्राहि पद्भे कुँ। क्षें स्राहि पद्भे कुँ। र्दे प्वेंद्रा क्षें द्वा प्यस्य कुण प्यायस्य प्राद्ये स्थाय क्षेत्र प्रायस्य प्राप्त स्थाय क्षेत्र प्राप्त प्राप्त स्थाय क्षेत्र स्थाय स्थाय स्थाय क्षेत्र स्थाय स

स्वाश्वा वार्चेट वीश्वा स्टावी म्नु वाड्या चें हें वा सावडिया वा प्रश्रूश वश्वा से विवाधित वार्चे वार्चेट वीश्वा स्टावी मुं विवाधित वार्चे वा

"दः क्षेत्रीया वार्च्चदः वी. हेसा दवद्या य। दर्गीयः सर्क्याः वाश्वसः बीसादः वा सी.

ल्ट्रा "ड्रेशक्त्र में प्रक्तित्यामा देश त्या प्रक्षित्या विष्ठा स्थित स्थित

व्यासिट्रायहरात्त्र्या क्षेत्रा श्रीश्राया यावया स्था सामान्या स्था सामान्या स्था सामान्या स्था सामान्या स्था स

"ୡ୕ୢ୶୶୷୕ୢଌ୕ଽ୲"ม๛୲୳ଽ୕ୠଽ୕ୠ୶ୖଈ୕ୡ୕୳୕ୣୗଽ୕ୣୄ୕ଌ୕ୣ୶୷ୡ୕ୄ୵ୢୄ୕ୗ୶ୖୣଌ୕ୡ୲ "୲ଌ୕୕ଊ୕୷୴୴ଌୖ୵ଊ୕୕ୢୢୄୠ୶୲ଊୖ୳୕ୠୣ୕ଽ୲ୢୗୖ୶ୣଌ୕ୡ୲ ୕ୄୠ୶୶୷୕ୢଌ୕ଽ୲"ม๛୲୳ଽୠଽୠ୶ୠୖ୲ୡ୕୶୲୕ୣ୕ଶ୕ଽୄୢ୕ଌୣୠ୕୷୴୕ୣଌୠ୷ୠ୕ୠ୷

"रःश्चेंब्रयेत्। म्ब्रयें। राष्ट्रयार्थेट्येत्। "डेश्वार्वे संयायार्थेयेत्। प्रतिवादी देव्यते श्चेप्यादेर्य्यम् द्याय्ययार्थेय्यश्चेर्येष्यः व्यवत्ययः स्वित्। मुष्यास्त्री वर्षा बुब्रज्या स्वामानिया मुक्षा यह बाल्टी टाजा खे. या होटा ग्री ज्ञा हिंदा हा स्वामानिया मुक्षा स्वामानिया में स्वामानिया स्वामान

विष्ण अवश्वाचित्रः श्रेष्ठ व्याः से स्वतः स्वतः

"र्ने. देश्चर र.ज. पश्चिता श्ची र.ज. प्राप्त प्र प्राप्त प्र प्राप्त प्र प्राप्त प्राप्त प्र प्राप्त प्र प्राप्त प्र प्राप्त

याँचर-ग्रीआह्रेश्वार्म् स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्यन्ति स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्यन्ति स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्यन्ति स्वार्यन्ति स्वार्यन्ति स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्थन्त्र स्वार्यन्ति स्वार्यन्

स्ट्री स्ट्री अन्त्र प्रश्नित्र प्रश्नित्र प्रश्नित्र प्रश्नित्र प्रश्नित्र प्रश्नित्र स्त्र प्रश्नित्र स्त्र स्त

त्र्र्य्याः स्टान्स्य स्वाप्तः स्वापतः स्वाप्तः स्वाप्तः स्वाप्तः स्वाप्तः स्वाप्तः स्वाप्तः स्वाप्तः स्वापतः स्वाप्तः स्वापतः स्व

त्रेचाश्चः चार्च्चरः वश्चः श्वः चार्त्वः चार्च्चरः चार्च्चरः च्यः चार्च्यः चार्यः चार्यः चार्यः चार्च्यः चार्च्यः चार्च्यः चार्च्यः चार्वः चार्यः चा

र्मे. म्यान्य स्थान्त स्थान्त स्थान्य स्थान्य

र्दे. मूर्य मुक्ता स्टार माध्य स्टार स्टार स्था है। क्षेत्र स्टार स्था स्टार

चेत्रवित्रक्ष्माञ्चर्रित्व स्ट्रिया स्ट्रिय स

उद्दार्था वर्षो र त्या । धुषाश्चा वर्षेदा वीश्वा मृद्या खेषा प्रवेदा वर्षे के विष्ठा वर्षेत्र । श्वेदा के व्यक्षेत्र वर्षेत्र । श्वेदा के विष्ठा वर्षेत्र । श्वेदा वर्य । श्वेदा वर्येदा वर्षेत्र । श्वेदा वर्षेत्र । श्वेदा वर्षेत्र ।

चुट्टावयक्षरग्री ग्री माट्टाबट विषा होता ग्री प्रत्या विषय क्षेत्र स्था प्रत्य क्षेत्र स्था प्रत्य क्षेत्र स्थ भ्रोषा प्रते ति होषा होता प्रत्य प्रत्य क्षेत्र क्षेत्र प्रत्य क्षेत्र स्था क्षेत्र स्था

"तर्ग्:व। र्विः र्क्वें चित्रः वात्रः।" विश्वाधीः देशः धुन्यशाचितः व्युः र्वेशः नित्रः विश्वः व्युः विश्वः व्य वश्चरः वञ्च श्वाः विश्वः व

द्यवस्य महिन्द्र स्वर्त्त स्वर स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त

विवेद तर्ष्कुता वर रेटक्ष है स क्षेत्र त्या से स्थूद दि तर्षेत्र प्रका क्षेत्र क्षेत्र स्ट स्ट मी विवेद तर्ष्कुता वर रेटक्ष है से से से स्वाप्त मोर्चेट दि तर्षेत्र प्रका क्षेत्र क्षेत्र स्ट स्ट मी वसाक्ष्र्यःश्चीत्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः स्व श्चेश्वाद्यः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्तः स्वान्त्यः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्तः स्वान्त्रः स्वान्त्रः

सदशः क्रुत्रः देवः क्रुतः द्वा स्थाः विद्याः विद्याः

यहना खेला लूटी चट्ट श्रीट जी अश्रीच्या पहना खेट पाल प्राप्त प्र प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप

त्र्रेम। प्रत्याप्तर्थाया श्री साम स्थित स्वर्थाया विष्ठ्या स्वर्थाया विष्ठ्या स्वर्थाया स्वर्धाया स्वर्थाया स्वर्याया स्वर्थाया स्वर्ये स्वर्थाया स्वर्थाया स्वर्थाया स्वर्थाया स्वर्थाया स्वर्थाया स्वर्थाया स्वर्ये स्वर्थाया स्वर्ये स्वर्ये स्वर्ये स्वर्ये स्वर्थाया स्वर्ये स्वर्ये स्वर्ये स्वर्ये स्वर्ये स्वर्ये

यन् अन्त्राम् वित्र प्राप्त क्षेत्र न्य्या क्षेत्र स्था क्षेत्र स्था

"पर्यान्यार्ये इत्याद्यार्यं रक्ष्याया स्थात्री विद्याः विद्या

"द्विकाश्चायक्ष्म।

"द्विकाश्चायक्ष्म।

"देवाकाश्चायक्षम।

"यन् सः नृग्यनः य् त्व् त्वसः नृस्याः र्यासः यहः व्यन् विः क्षः वर्षेत्। वर्षेतः वर्षेत्। वर्षेतः वर्षेत्। वर्षेतः वर्षेतः वर्षेत्। वर्षेतः वर्षेत्। वर्षेतः वर्ते वर्षेतः वर्षेतः वर्षेतः वर्येतः वर्येतः वर्षेतः वर्येतः वर्य

"द्रत्यूंद्र्यूंद्र्यूंद्र। द्रे चे स्व। अदशक्तुश्चर्यक्षेत्रः यथाद्र्य्यः चेत्रः यः सेद्रा द्व्यायुद्रद्र्यूंदे यथायगवाद्राद्र्ययुव्या सेद्रा "छेश्चायद्रा साद्र्या स्वाद्यः साद्र्यः साद्र्यः

त्रिश्वा बुश्वत्याक्र्म् दिश्च विषय्यान्त्र स्थलेश दिश्च श्विषयः श्वेत्व विषयः श्वेत्

यद्'रा'द्रग्रद्र' क्वें विरावस्य विराव क्वें विषय विदाय विदाय विदाय

स्ति। जुन्नमार्क्षं नितः श्रुटः न्यमार मिश्राश्चान्य श्री श्र्रेन् ये स्वेन्य स्वानि स्विन्य स्विन्य

"दर्वः तर्मे नः क्रेबः में। दः त्यः नर्मे दः यः बैषाः र्षेत्। अः कः देः त्येवः तर्दे दः वः र्षितः यौक्षः अदेवः वाद्वेदः द्या विषाः विषाः

यन् सन् मन्यं ॥ के स्मा निर्देश में निर्देश में स्विकाय वाया में क्षेत्र विवाय विवा

"दर्वः तर्गे च केव में माया हे हिंद् शीका दाया में क्षेत्र व क्ष्या व क्षया है के क्षेत्र का व क्षया है का क्षेत्र के क्षया के क्षया है का क्षेत्र के क्षया है का का क्षया है का क्षया है का का क्षया है का का क्षया है का का क्षया है का क्षया है का क्षया है का

"दे. द.चे. क्षेत्रा. युंच. यु

"न्ग्वि'अर्क्ष्मा'मश्चरार्ये। दांचेमा'वर्चे'व। श्चेंदांचें र त्यवाव। वर्चे'वर्दे न गुरः बर'व्यरार्वे न 'या'रे न 'ये चे चा क्षेत्र' क्षेत्र' क्षेत्र' क्षेत्र' व्यव।

यद्रायाद्रमाराष्ट्रायाद्रमाराष्ट्रमा वे उद्गाविष्ण व्यत्रायाद्रमाराष्ट्रमा वे उद्गाविष्ण व्यत्रायाद्रमाराष्ट्रमा वे उद्गाविष्ण व्यत्रायाद्रमाराष्ट्रमा वे उद्गाविष्ण व्यत्राया विष्ण व्याप्ण व्याप्ण व्याप्ण व्याप्ण व्याप्ण विष्ण विष्ण व्याप्ण विष्ण विष्ण

श्रुकायादेकायद्भान्त्यान्यात्र्यात्याक्ष्यां विषायद्भान्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्यात्यात्र्यात्यात्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात

"र्ख् चर-र्युक्ष ग्राप्त विष्ण श्री ग्रायक्ष विष्ण क्ष्म प्रस्त में स्वाप्त क्ष्म विष्ण क

श्रेश्चें र विवा वी शर्झें वियावा विवाद् के विवास से ते विवास से ते विवास से ते विवास से ते विवास से से ते विवास से ते ते विवास से ते विव

र्श्वेयशयादेकेरार्श्वेरायाद्या। धराङ्गेश्वावशर्गेदादेरायदशाहेयम्त्।

तक्ता।

प्रमानिक्तां विद्यानिक्तां विद्यानि

"दे'दरि' द्वश्राह्मश्रासद्ग दार्ह्मश्रामञ्जा मुझ्या मुझ्य

यन् अन्तर्भर र्येश्व श्रेश्वयाने श्वर्येन् रित्र प्रश्वयामा श्रेंद्र त्यापन् युक्त यन् यन् यन् यात्र प्रश्वयामा श्रेंद्र त्यापन् युक्त यात्र विश्वया स्त्र स्त्र विश्वया स्त्र स्

योजेया अर्थंद्र योजेव त्या श्री तर्शे श्री त्या क्षेत्र योज्ञ योज्ञ व्या श्री त्या विद्या स्था योज्ञ व्या स्था योज्ञ व्या योज्ञ यो

"तर्वे, य। श्रःकृता हे. क्व. देश तर्वे। वर्ष के अ. श्रेश श्रेश श्रेश श्रेश श्रेश श्रेश है. विवास के क्षेत्र हे. विवास के क्षेत्र है. व

"ष्य सि हैं: वें र विंद् ग्रीका यक्ष्म व। द केंबा है: वेवा हैद दवेंका विका स्वाकामार्केट मेकाक्ष्मामी के के किंदा केवा स्वाका हैद।

र्दे में र श्रीकारे देवा या यह हा यह या वका वह है। "यह है में का श्री यह वह से प्राप्त के से प्राप्त के से प्र

"दुर र्वं क्षेर् दूर | दार्केश त्रु क्षेर व्या केश क्षेर व्या क्ष

"कुःसळंत्रःचे:रेत्।"चेत्राञ्चमत्राम्बेंदःसर्गे। । वर्षेसत्रात्त्म

"इरायात्वु धिकायानार्वेदा "लेकार्स् व्यापादिवा वाहेका से क्षेत्राया व्यापाद्य व्यापाद्य विकायान्य विकाय विक

ब्रें श्रें कें कें रहे ब्रा श्रुणका मार्बेट हें में राजाय वर्षे राज्य। "हिंद मी कायविदाय यदेव पारेदा टकेंदि कें या कुकाद में बाद हे बार्बेर व्यव्य रेणकाद में बाया केंदिर ॥ यय।

चन्नायदिः सर्ग्वे स्त्री दः क्ष्यायदे स्त्री दः स्त्री स्त्राय स्त्री स

"र्वि.श्र.त्वतात्वात्वीत्राश्चेत्रात्वात्वात्वेत्वात्वात्वात्वेत्वात्वात्वेत्वात्वेत्वात्वेत्वात्वेत्वात्वेत्व यहतः र्क्षेत्र त्वरात्वात्वेत्र र्क्षेत्रात्वार्यकाः स्वतात्वेत्वात्वेत्वात्वेत्वत्वात्वेत्वत्वात्वेत्वत्वात्व

भ्रम्भामार्वेदाने अरावस्यायात् हैं में राष्ट्रियास मार्वेदानि मार्वेद्यास स्वाप्त स्व

यम् द्रमान्याः विवान् मेश्वरः प्रमुप्तः वश्व । "कुष्मश्राम्बरः । देदः स्ट्रियः सम्बर्धः विवान् मेश्वरः प्रमुप्तः वश्व । "कुष्मश्राम्बरः । देदः स्ट्रियः सम्बर्धः यदे । स्ट्रास्ट्रियः सम्बर्धः । सम्बर्धः सम्बर्धः । स्ट्रास्ट्रियः सम्बर्धः । सम्बर्धः । सम्बर्धः । सम्बर्धः सम्बर्धः । सम्बर्यः । सम्ब

यीरायोश्चर्यात्रेश्चर्यात्र्य्य्याः विश्वर्याः विश्वर्ये विश्वर्याः विश्वर्ये विश्वर्ये विश्वर्ये विश्वयः विश्वययः विश्वर्ये विश्वर्ये विश्वयय

"द्वश्च प्रज्ञद्वा पर्क्वः प्राचन प्रक्वः प्रज्ञा स्त्रा स्त्र स्त्

"दर्गे न। दवु दवियाक्कु या नहेत्।"डेश हें में राष्ट्रीय क्षेत् सेंटा नदे से सेंग्राणी वित्त स्थादर नक्षित्।

भ्रम्बाक्ष मार्चेट प्रदास्त्र में प्रत्येत प्रकार क्षेत्र मार्थ में प्रत्य का में प्र

यन् अर्केदे अर्केन् । वन् भीत्र विश्व क्षेत्र विष्य क्षेत्र विश्व क्षेत्र विश्व क्षेत्र विश्व क्षेत्र विश्व क्षेत

"र्ङ्क्स व नी क्षेत्र चे द या में हि देव द मा के प्रेंद त्या है। प्रेंद व द मा के प्रेंद त प्राप्त है। प्रेंद व द मा के प्रे

यन् अन्त्रार्स्यायम् त्यार्थात्यम् विष्या । "ब्रिन्या स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य क्षेत्रेन्। अयात्र स्थित्य स्थित्। "क्षेत्रायने स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य स्थित्य

यदः अद्यारः व्यायम्दः अद्धरः मेंद्रः। यदे श्चेदः ग्चेश्वः "देवः द्याः उत्वेषः वियाः ग्चूदः। यः रेद्रा यदः अद्यारः व्याविश्वः देशः शुद्रः।

क्षेत्रक्ष मार्च्यः द्वः भावत् याः क्षेत्रः भावतः स्वा याः मार्थः स्व याः स्व

यह्र संस्थान विश्व वर्षे स्थान वर्षे स्थान वर्षे स्थान वर्षे स्थान वर्षे स्थान स्था

द्याग्रद्रम्यायव्याप्रवेषाः ग्राट्याय्याः व्याप्ताः व्यापताः व्यापत्यः व्यापताः व्यापताः व्यापताः व्यापताः व्यापताः व्यापताः व्यापत्यः व्याप

यन् अन्तर्भः देश विष्य केन्यः यम् त्रिष्य विष्यः विषयः व

चन्-भुन्-भुन्-भुन्-भाग्नाम् । विद्यान् । विद्यान । विद्यान् । विद्यान । विद्यान् । विद्

विं र्रोदे विंग् न विंद् त्यायम्बर्धास्त्य के विंद्र यादमाने माने "नेश्वायय।

"डे बेग बेम पर अर्गम में "बेश पर क्रिंग पर क्रिंग पर्ग त्यु दे

"यरे क्रीता धेव वयर हिंद क्रीक विं सें र यर्बेद य यहें व दर्वे काय रेदा"

"शुःषाचर्चेन् पायद्वेन न्वेंश्वाया सेन्। "ब्रेश्वायने श्लीन्यवें यर्वे अश्वार्षेन्।या

यदे भ्रीदान्य र्शे केवा यें लेना यनदा श्रुटा "यदा अप्तार्म हिंदा श्रीकाटा यन देंना के यक्ष अप्याले सेवा "लेका यदे भ्रीदा श्रीका देवा

"बिंद्रात्यास्यार्द्यास्य र्ह्यास्य प्रत्यास्य स्थान्य स्थान्

"दश्र ध्रम द्रम वा ने भेत्। यद भात्म वा वित्र ग्राम वित्र ग्राम वित्र ग्राम वित्र ग्राम वित्र ग्राम वित्र श्री वित्र श्री वित्र श्री वित्र ग्राम वित्र श्री वित्र

"हिंद्रःहे लेगायः भ्रुगामी र्षेद्रा"

"त्रमः विषाः भ्रमां वार्षे वा स्वयं स्वयः स्वयः वार्षे वा त्रे क्षेत्रः वारः श्रुषाः वी स्वयः स

श्रेमशःभ्रुग्राशः त्रशः ८८वः यः ८६वेत्।

"यदे श्चित्। ब्रिंत् ग्री विंवा देश देश शे विंवा वेश यद् शाप्त न्या प्राप्त विश्वायद् । श्चित्र ग्री कें विंवा वेश विवास विश्वायद् । विश्वायद् । विश्वायद् । विश्वायद् । विश्वायद् । विश्वायद् । विश्वय

यरे क्रीट डे. बट श्राचया यर क्रीका क्राच्या विकाय हे क्रीट विकास स्थाय या प्राप्त क्रिया है से प्राप्त क्री विकास क्री क्री क्री विकास क्री क्री विकास क्री क्री क्री क्री क्री क्री क्री

"र्वि..."य5्स५ग्र-र्येश्चेष्ययक्तुःस्रविश्

यद्रास्त्रान्यान्यां अवार्ते द्रासूत्र यक्क्यायात् । "विः धिस्राद्र स्ट्राद्र विवायाः स्वा वक्रवः धिः खेल्। यद्र सद्याद्र यो "बेस्य यदेः श्चेत्र प्रोस्तर्यः।

यदे क्रीद चीका दर श्रद यविव देश या व। यद सादगार वेंका से देश वी विं ...यदे से ...रेद्रा डेका यव दीवा

द्र-क्रि-अीया-प्राप्ताय-रश्चन्य स्थान्य स्थान

त्रश्चार्या खेश हे स्विया विर्वित या देवा त्र विर्वित या देवे त्र विर्वित या विर्वित विर्वित विर्वित या विर्व

"ॸॖॻॱॾऀॴॱॴॠॗॖॴॺॱॸॣॸॱॎऻॾऄॱहेॱॼऀ॔।"ढ़ॏॺॱक़ॕॱॸॣॻ॔ॺॱॸॣ॓ॺॱॷॴॺॱॴ॔ॿॕॸॱॺीॱख़ॖॱ ड़ढ़ॱॾॣॕॻॱॾऀढ़ॱॾॖॸॖॱॼऀॱॸॖ॓ॱॴॱढ़ॾॖॺॱॸॖ॓ॱॺॻॱॶॖॻॱॾऀॴॱॴॻऻ

"वित्रित्रिकाके लिया बेर्। "लेकाञ्चयाका यार्बेट वट कत् त्रमा क्रेका या वेर्टेर यस्याग्रह्मायहामा

भूत्रभू त्रभवार्थ्य स्थान्य विष्यः होत्त्र क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः स्थान्य स्थान्य

विभाक्चिर-मिर्ज्ञायर-पद्धिमाने सम्बन्धि। स्थान्यस्य द्वाप्तान्यस्य स्थान्यस्य स्थान्यस्य स्थान्यस्य स्थान्यस्य "स्थान्यस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्यस्य स्थानस्य स्यानस्य स्थानस्य स्यानस्य स्यानस्य स्यानस्य स्थानस्य स्यानस्य स्थानस्य स्थानस्य

"क्षेत्रकार्याच्या देश अप्तान्त्र में क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

ध्रम् वार्चित्रः मेश्रम् वित्रः मिः स्वरः स्व

सिर्याय वार्चर वीया वारा जी बिराल्यी सिराल्यी सिराल्या हिंगीय वीट्रा मुद्रिया वीया वार्ट्रा मुद्रिया वीया वार्ट्रा मुद्रिया वीया वार्ट्रा मुद्रिया वियाया वियायाया वियायाया वियाया वियायाया वियायाया वियायायाया वियायाया वियायायायायायाय

"ग्रॅम्बर में बिया में बर्ग येग्बर श्रुबर श्रु ग्रेब्र वर्डे र व्या स्टर्म चुंबा बेंब्रा मंत्र बेंग में बर्ग येग्बर श्रुबर श्रु ग्रेब्र वर्डे र व्या स्टर ग्रे

"दर्र-दर्र-ष्य-विश्व-वि

"र्देव ग्रुट् । द्रेंब र्चे मादेश प्राप्त के अपना माने माने मादेश हो माने स्थाप के अपना माने स्थाप माने स्थाप के अपना माने स्थाप के अपना माने स्थाप के अपना माने स्थ

यदे.श्चीद.ग्री:जमां भावा विक्रां च्या क्षेत्र विक्रां क्षेत्र

"अ'र्स्म् अ'यर्' अ। हिंद्' यदे'र्से' भव'वया हिंद्' यक्ष्य'व' यर्डेम्' मे "बे्ब' यदे'र्सेक्ष्य'व यर्डेम्' मे "बे्ब'

অন। "প্রবাশ নার্ছিন দীশ শ্লী নমন্ নে মন প্রবাশ প্রথম বিশ নিন্দ নার্ছিন শ্লী না প্রিম নির্দিন বিশ অনা

"য়৾৽ঀয়৾৾৾ঀৼয়য়ৼয়য়৸ড়ৄ৾ঀৼয়ৣয়ৼয়য়য়ড়ড়৾য় য়ৣ৾ৼৼয়৾৽য়ৢৼয়য়ৄৼয়য়৸য়ঀৼয়ৣ৾ঀৼয়ৣয়ৼঀ৾৽য়ৢৼড়৾য়ৼয়ৢ৾য়য়য়ড়৽য়ৣ৽য়৾ৼয়য়য়ড়৽য়ৢ৾য়

"ब्रिंद् 'ञ्ज्याश्चामार्केद मी वया क्रेंग्सेद्र । विं धिश्वाश्चा विया मी या हेश ह्येया प्रेवा हैश धेंद्र प्राह्येंद्र ग्रीश्चायुद्र क्षेत्र विश्वाश्वर्था "बेश्वायद्र अदि सीया वदाव ह्ये दा दा दा विया सेद्रा

 श्चेत्वयःयरः वर्देन्।

दक्षटार्ट्र.लटाचश्चरःश्चेशाच्चाः वेशशाक्ष्टराट्ट्राक्षेत्राः शास्त्राच्याः विद्याः स्त्राच्याः स्त्राचः स्त

"विं विं स्था" बिंसा यदे : श्चेत्र : श्चेत्र : स्वांत्र : स्वंत्र : स्वांत्र : स्वांत्र

"र्वेत्र'ग्रद'वर्षे प्रकाशुः त्यद्राधे दत्र वद्दे हें वर त्या महिंद प्रवेद प्रकाशित व्यावया प्रदे ही द्राप्य ह्राय व्यावया प्रदे ही द्राप्य ह्राय व्यावया प्रदे ही द्राप्य ह्राय व्यावया व्यावया प्रदे ही द्राप्य ह्राय ह्य ह्राय ह्या ह्राय ह्

यद्भाद्रम्यः येषः यवद्भाक्षंयः वेदः। यदेः श्चीदः श्चीकास्कार्वः वात्रः विवासे

यश्चम्य विःश्चितः त्यायश्चित्।

स्वायने श्चित्रं त्याय विश्वेतः त्याय विश्वेतः विश्वेत

यदः श्रीदः वे श्रेश्रमः श्री श्रें दे त्रदः विषाः धेव यदः श्राद्याः श्री श्री विद्याः श्रें दे त्रदः विषाः धेव यदः श्री व्यव्याः विद्याः विद्

"र्नेव न्या छे खेया श्रुट र्सेट । श्रे यावव या र्से याट त्या श्रुट र्सेट । "बेश श्रुयास यार्सेट स्थेसस दर्सट श्री स्पेट्र।

 वश्राणुत्यायश्राविषानुद्रः स्टः वी वषा विष्टे हेषा यद् अप्तार्था व्यवस्था । स्वार्वे प्रवार्थे वष्णे । स्वार्वे प्रवार्थे वष्णे । स्वार्वे प्रवार्थे वष्णे । स्वार्वे प्रवार्थे वष्णे । स्वार्थे प्रवार्थे प्रवार्थे । स्वार्थे प्रवार्थे वष्णे । स्वार्थे प्रवार्थे वष्णे । स्वार्थे प्रवार्थे प्रवार्थे प्रवार्थे प्रवार्थे । स्वार्थे प्रवार्थे प्रवार्थे । स्वार्थे प्रवार्थे प्रवार्थे प्रवार्थे । स्वार्थे प्रवार्थे । स्वार्थे प्रवार्थे प्रवार्थे । स्वार्थे प्रवार्थे । स्

"यदेवःमी वर्षोःय। देदःर्क्षेशः हिंदः हिमायः श्चेषः वर्षे। "लेशः मदः यानवायः विमामीश्रायय।

"देत्। देत्। व्यास्य दः र्हें शहित् हिसाय श्रुत्। ते वशत् व्या व्या हुः वस्त्र । वस्ति । वस्त

"यर् क्रीर्यर्थे थेर्। "डेबायर् अप्नार्येबाले स्वारेण्या

य्यात्त्र श्राक्ष्यात्रम् श्री अवश्वात्र विश्वात्र विश्वात्य विश्

यक्ष्म विक्र्यम् प्रति अया वितः स्रेटः विष्ठः स्रेटः विष्ठः स्रिटः या विद्रः स्रेटः विष्ठः स्रिटः या विद्रः स्रेटः विष्ठः स्रिटः या विद्रः स्रेटः विष्ठः स्रेटः विष्ठः स्रेटः विष्ठः स्रिटः या विद्रः स्रेटः विष्ठः स्रेटः विष्ठः स्रेटः या विद्रः या विद्रः स्रेटः या विद्रः स्रेटः

ति "क्षेत्राका मुन्न मु

"अ्वाश्वार्वेदः। यद् अश्वयत् व्या हिंद् श्रीश्वर्यः वी हें हें वा या भेरायत् वा हिंद् श्रीश्वर्यः वी हें हें वा या भेरायत् वा हिंद् श्रीश्वर्यः वी हें हें वा या भेरायत् वा हिंद् श्रीश्वर्यः वी हिंद् श्रीश्वर्यः वी हिंद् श्रीश्वर्यः वी हिंद् श्रीश्वर्यः वी हिंद् श्रीश्वर्यः विश्वर्यः व

"ઽૹૹ૾ૢૻઽૢૻઽૢૹૢઌૻઌૻ૱ૹઌઙ૽ૺૼૹૢૢૣૣૣૣૣૢઌ૽૽ૢ૽ૢ૽ૢઽૢ૽૾ૢૢ૽૾ૢ૾ૢૢઌ૾ૢૹૢઌ૽૽૱ૹ૾ઌ૽૽ૢૼઽૢૢૢૢૢૺ૿ૹ૽ૹઌ૽૽ૢૺૹૢ૽ૢૺઽૢ

ग्रुबायावे स्वाद्धि स्वाद्धि प्राप्त । वि स्वाद्धि प्राप्त स्वाद्धि । स्वाद्धि स्वाद्धि । स्वाद्धि स्वाद्धि । स्वाद्धि ।

यद्भव वालक्ष्मा श्रीक्षा श्रीक्षा यद्भ स्ता त्री स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्री स

ब्रान्यान्तिः श्रीत्रायाः विवास्य स्त्रायाः विवास्य स्त्रायः स्त्रायः विवास्य स्त्रायः स्त्रायः

"हेव त्वेयाणवा वो तर्वे त्व "वेश श्रुव प्रश्चिषाया वेश वेश विश्व श्रुव प्रश्चिषाया विश्व विश्व

यक्ष्म अर्था स्वाक्ष्म के स्वाक्ष के स्वाक्ष्म के स्वाक्ष्म के स्वाक्ष्म के स्वाक्ष्म के स्वाक्ष के स्वाक्ष

"के लेगा बेरा "लेबा स्माया वॉट मीबा सर्वे। दर्शेसबाद बादीबा

"हेव. पत्रिय. त्या. यी पर्यो. या श्चि. य. प्याद. वट. ब्रिट. त्य. त्या. ये श्चि. य्या. व्या. व्य

"ब्रिंट् वि. ह्या. ला. लाड्या ट. श्रा. पर्वो र. यर. ला. तर. केव. क्या. हुरा "ड्रेश. क्षेत्रा श्रा वि. यं

"दार्वे बन् भेता "बेश श्रुव यश यय। "देर सा बदा यदे श्रुद ययदर श्रुव उद सेद मे वि से से से सुर बेन यदे में सेदा वेंब ग्रुट स्यय हेव सा देदा रह नि दे सेंट य संस्टेश देश से सास सहद स्थान

वित्र क्षः यन् सः यन् सः यस्य सं वित्र स्त्रः यक्ष्य । "दः व्हेंदेः दर्गे यः षः यसः वित्र स्त्रः यक्षः यन् । "व

बैरा विश्वा यह्माः हेव : व्यान्य द्वा प्रवास : क्रिया स्वास : व्याप्त : व्यापत : व्या विश्व या विश्व या विश्व विश्व विश्व के श्रिक के

"पन्द्रभेदा द्वा ग्राट्यन्द्र्य ग्राट्यन्द्रभेदा व्याप्त विषय्य विषयः व

भ्रायवर चरायदे म्वस्य स्त्रात्त्र क्षेत्र श्री हुत्र स्वर्ग स्वर्ग मित्र स्वर्ग स्वरंग स्वरं